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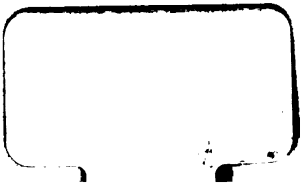
THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS

INTIMATE REMINISCENCES OF NOTABILITIES

BY

HENRY HAYNIE

KE 3499



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To the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS

Abraham Lincoln

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS

By HENRY HAYNIE

CHEVALIER IN THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR
AND AUTHOR OF "PARIS, PAST AND PRESENT"

WITH 32 PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AND
8 FACSIMILES OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

NEW YORK · FREDERICK A.
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TO MY DAUGHTERS,

HYLDA AND HELEN,

THIS VOLUME OF "FRAGMENTS OF LIFE'S EARLIER FEASTS" IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

H. H.

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THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY; ABRAHAM LINCOLN; QUEEN VICTORIA; KING EDWARD; AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

"I DO not mean," says Tacitus in his "Memoirs of Agricola," "to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. All of Agricola that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the record of fame." This sentiment embodies a profound truth; but then Tacitus lived in the days long anterior to the invention of the interviewing system.

"What I want to know is the colour of the trousers he wore, and did he take snuff," said Thackeray to the great London authority on whom he called to

learn something about George Washington while writing "The Virginians." As it was with Thackeray, so will it be, most likely, with some of those who read this book. Your twentieth century public would like to know all about the personal appearance of Celebrities, their mannerisms, their dress, their daily habits.

Such inquiries may be suited to the tastes of the day, but as the fascination is profitless it has not been too closely followed in this work. But if I have said very little of the personal appearance and peculiarities of certain Personages whom I have had the good fortune to know more or less intimately, there is perhaps a satisfactory reason therefor. A book is the one place where a man or woman need be neither hideous nor handsome. Besides, there is always a difference of opinion as to whether this or that person is pleasant in features or is of forbidding aspect. I might indeed have pictured all those who are mentioned here photographically, so to speak, and the temptation was to do so, but I feared the never-ending repetition that that line was sure to bring about. The imagination of my readers will doubtless enable them to conjure up substantial visions of the faces and figures of those whom I have left unphotographed.

What was there to be gained, anyhow, in making my Males and Females different from other mortals when it comes to portraying their physical perfections or imperfections? It is true we already know some curious particulars in this direction about celebrities who lived in the long ago. Ptolemy, William

the Conqueror, Henry of Navarre, Louis XVIII., and Gibbon were very fat men. Edward III. and the Countess of Tyrold squinted. William III., Richard III., the Duke of Parma, Saint Martin, and the Duc de la Tremouille were all humpbacked. Lord Byron, Henry VI., and Charles II., king of Naples, were clubfooted. Philip of Macedon, Hannibal, Potemkin, and Saint Marc were one-eyed; and the Emperor Claudius, the poet Malesherbes, Erasmus, and Demosthenes all stammered. In the Middle Ages there was an unreasonable prejudice against red hair because it came to be believed that Judas Iscariot was red-headed. Antipathies existed before the coming in of the present up-to-date century, and one should not be too personal when writing of distinguished people.

The real purpose of this work is to show, not the features or the fads of the illustrious and eminent personages therein mentioned, but some interesting characteristics and distinguishing qualities perhaps hitherto unknown. It is not pretended that these observations are perfect, or that they are even excellent but it is confidently hoped that they are interesting, and it is believed that they will have their use in the study of those dealt with.

The Duke of Wellington once regretted that he was "so much exposed to authors." Possibly some of those named in this book may lament the exposure to which I have submitted them. If so I shall sincerely regret that any indiscretion on my part has given them annoyance. I do not anticipate any complaint of that kind, however.

It only remains to add that some of the material in these sketches— for they are only that—was used in letters written for the American and foreign press, but it has been much changed in the transfer from newspaper correspondence to this present work.

. . . . . .

The importance of the mission that is confined to writers of every class is very great. It may be said of such a person that he or she is master of public opinion and the dispenser of reputations; that on her or him daily depends the admiration or the hatred of thousands of their fellow creatures. There are, of course, as many kinds of individuals in the business of writing as there are in other callings.

No pursuit in life is filled with only perfect persons, and no class or calling which is composed of human beings is invariably praiseworthy. The modern bookman or publicist is a producer, or at least a propagator, of ideas. We know that of new ideas there are none whatever, and there have been none during the several thousand years in which thinking beings have existed.

But there are a great many forgotten ideas, stored here and there in curious old nooks and corners on earth; and as writers mentally look around they find these once well-known thoughts and weave them anew into living associations. It is the function of publicists to conceive these ideas and to give them birth again. Men who are occupied with their pleasures or their business have not the time to bake their own bread or to mend their own shoes, much less to conceive new

ideas; so the baker furnishes them with loaves, the cobbler repairs their boots; and the books and newspapers supply them with mind-material quite as necessary to their welfare as are the more material needs of life.

Partly by education, mainly by experience, but above all by natural aptitude, the brain of a writer is in perpetual gestation, and when the newly conceived idea has germinated, developed, and taken on new life, it must be let out into the world, or else it is useless, for it must be born to be useful either for good or bad. He or she gives this new idea birth and form in a newspaper, magazine, or book; and if this is not done, then will that writer die, for he cannot live if the very first function of his life is not accomplished.

Your best publicist is not always a partisan. He ought to be independent, but he must be passionate,—not for the earthly, but full of feeling. He should not have attachments for politicians, for leaders in society, or for business men; if he has, there will not be a day in his existence but when he will have to go back on himself or be accused of treason by an acquaintance. Every abuse denounced, every fault uncovered, every reform defended, every honest municipal act insisted on, will make him ten thousand friends and ten enemies among his readers. But the ten thousand friends will forget him that very day, and will never willingly do him any service, while the ten enemies will never forget him and will punish him on the first occasion.

If there is one weak spot in journalism which can rightfully be complained of it is its anonymity. American newspapers are much given to declaring their

own superiority over the foreign press. Laying aside the question of whether in its political, social, and literary aspects this superiority is or is not to be admitted, there is certainly one side where it is inferior, and it is this, that articles are almost invariably anonymous. Now to be anonymous in writing, whether private or public, is frequently to be unfair if not cowardly. Anonymity in the press may be made to serve many purposes. But the worst of it is that the reading public permit themselves to be more impressed by the opinions of an absolutely unknown person than they would be by a signed article. Why should the dictates of an individual behind a mask be taken as the utterings of an oracle, and he or she be considered almost omnipotent? Where the article is signed, where the re-creation of ideas bears the name of the writer, he is responsible for whatever of good or bad there may be in that article. If it attacks or misrepresents some one, that person knows who the offender is. If it is advice offered, or pedantic opinion thrust on the reader, the name will let the public measure the fitness or the unfitness of the sparrow to criticise the eagle, or the gnat to sit in judgment on the elephant. I am a firm believer in personal journalism as against impersonal journalism, that is to say, the anonymous. For more than twenty years, nearly every article penned by me, whether in English or in French, had its signature, my own proper name, and in that time I wrote something like three thousand articles, or above six millions of words, for the press and reviews of this and foreign countries. There were enough words in that multitude of printed matter to make a hundred books.

My calling in life began, like that of Benjamin Franklin, as an apprentice in a printing office. After a few years at the case came the soldier, after that the reporter, then the editorial writer, and finally the foreign correspondent. During those earlier reportorial days, and during the later years of "our special" abroad, I met many famous, even illustrious persons. I have been all over North America and Europe, also far into Africa, and everywhere I met and made acquaintance with eminent and distinguished men and women. First among these and foremost of them all was our great president, Mr. Lincoln, whom I knew in my youthful years. Before his election I lived in the same Illinois city where he resided. There were volunteer fire companies in those days, and I was torchbearer to a hose company. We wanted a new cart, subscription papers were started, and among those upon whom two of us called was "Honest Old Abe." Asked to subscribe, the then almost unknown man said he felt sure the town needed a new hose-cart, and if the town did not, evidently the boys did. He guessed he had better give something, but before doing so he wanted to consult with a certain little woman about it.

"I'll do so, boys, when I go home to supper—Mrs. Lincoln is always in a fine, good humour then—and I'll say to her over the toast: 'My dear, there is a subscription paper being handed round to raise money to buy a new hose-cart. The committee called on me this afternoon, and I told them to wait until I consulted my home partner. Don't you think I had better subscribe fifty dollars?' Then she will look up quickly, and exclaim: 'Oh, Abraham, Abraham! will you

never learn, never learn? You are always too liberal, too generous! Fifty dollars! No, indeed—we can't afford it; twenty-five's quite enough.'" Mr. Lincoln chuckled gleefully as he added: "Bless her dear soul, she'll never find out how I got the better of her, and if she does she will forgive me. Come around to-morrow, boys, and get your twenty-five dollars."

And his beaming countenance will be in my mind's eye for ever—it grows more and more beautiful as the years roll by.

From that city I went to Chicago, with a view to studying law in the office of a relative, Judge Rucker, and then the Civil War broke forth. One morning in the early days of April, 1861, I enlisted in the very first company raised in that young and vigourous city. Of my experiences during the war I shall say nothing here except that it was my bad luck to pass some time in notorious Libby prison.

The war over, I entered into journalistic work, and remained in Chicago until early in the spring of 1875, when I sailed for Liverpool. Arrived at London, a great event in my life occurred, that of being presented at Court. It was a trying ordeal the walking up to and bowing before Her Majesty Queen Victoria, then to walk backward and out of her royal presence. If the Queen saw me I did not know it; but in 1881 she received me on her yacht and we talked together for quite a while. I remember, of this drawing-room presentation, that I was much less astonished by Her Majesty's appearance than I was by the extremely low-necked dresses worn by the ladies gathered in the palace parlours. *Décolleté* is hardly the word for it, and so vivid was my letter descriptive of the scene that

Queen Victoria

the editor to whom it was sent headed it with the startling catch-line, "Naked and not Ashamed!"

General Robert Schenck, the American minister, was my presenter, through the kindness of the then Lord Chamberlain. The latter official has no little work to do during the London season. For a few days before Levées and Drawing-rooms the well-known office at the northwest angle of St. James's Palace is besieged by callers and inundated with the cards of those intending to be present themselves or to present others to the Sovereign. To pass in review the names of two or three thousand persons is no light matter. In a country like England it would be impossible to draw any hard-and-fast line depending on birth, on inherited or acquired rank, and the sole judge of the fitness of any person to pay his or her homage to the Sovereign is the presenter, subject to the approval of the Lord Chamberlain. There is, however, one exception. The colonel of a regiment is bound to present his officers on demand, as the British ambassadors in foreign countries are obliged to recognise presentation at St. James's as entitling a person to a similar honour at foreign courts. In other cases the only obstacle to the presentation of any person of fair character is the difficulty of finding a sponsor. Theoretically the English Court is the reverse of the proverbial Greek city. Any lady or gentleman can go to Court if a sponsor be forthcoming, but the naturally mixed and ever-changing condition of society necessitates perpetual vigilance on the part of the important functionary whose golden key significantly indicates his office. So well do the Lord Chamberlain and his assistants know their world that instances of the

dreadful ceremony known as "gazetting out" are few and far between.

Those rejected by the Lord Chamberlain never protest, but accept their doom in silence, and give up with a sigh all hope of executing in the presence of the Sovereign the manœuvre of getting out of a room without exposing the broad of the back. This feat would not be surpassingly difficult to a man of only ordinary clumsiness did his sword not display a vicious tendency to get between his legs and throw him down, but it is a far graver affair for a lady embarrassed by a train of the regulation length. Long practise and the skilful assistance of the Court pages can alone secure success in the retreat from the throne. Many *débutantes* imagine that frequent rehearsals and profound study under the eye of a highly-paid teacher of dancing and deportment will save them from any exhibition of awkwardness, but unfortunately lessons learned in private vanish from the mind in the presence of royalty, and the white-robed neophyte oft-times makes but a poor attempt to effect her escape in due order. For months past her mind has been bent toward this supreme moment; her dress, which admits of no colour, has been at once a grievous care and a solemn joy; she has practised with an old train of mother's over and over—hundreds of times; but as she hears her name read aloud by the Lord Chamberlain all her self-possession vanishes, and did the white-wanded pages not deftly clear the hateful train, gratified pride would have a humpty-dumpty fall and no mistake.

The male creature is told by the Lord Chamberlain very precisely what he must and what he must not

wear; ladies, on the other hand, are bound only by two points—one being the length of the train, the other the low corsage. It is, of course, the height of cruelty to compel England's fair daughters to risk their health on a bitter March morning in dresses so scooped out fore and aft as to leave very few female charms to the imagination, *mais, que voulez-vous?* Besides, the Queen—for it is of her time that I am speaking; King Edward may have established quite another ceremony for all I know—used to grant many dispensations to those who could present the Court physician's certificate that an exposure of their shoulders would be dangerous to their health. It would have been a gain to moral appearances, however, if some of the elderly ladies whom I saw that day in 1875 had been permitted the indulgence of covering their ancient shoulders.

When only a boy, as it were, I first saw Edward VII., king of England. But he himself was then a youth of my own age, and although he was the Prince of Wales, and accompanied by a noble Duke, no particular impression was made on me by his royalty. In after years, when I came to know him as a man,—still the Prince of Wales, however,—I reminded His Royal Highness of that first view of him, and he laughed heartily. But he was immensely pleased when I told him that I saw him hunting prairie-chickens on "Long John" Wentworth's farm. Those reminiscences paved the way for an acquaintance with which he honoured me while I remained in Europe. In my collection of curiosities and valuables is an old hat which, when new, the present king of Great Britain gave me at a German watering-place, so that I might

be in the fashion of the neighbourhood. We met often in the Riviera, and especially at Monte Carlo. It was also my good fortune to know, to a much lesser degree, however, Princess Alexandra, the present Queen. At a special performance of "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West show, given at Paris in 1889 for the benefit of the Jamestown sufferers, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales volunteered to come. On their arrival at the grounds where Colonel Cody's camp was located, it was my privilege to give arm to the Princess from her carriage to the box which the royal party were to occupy. The Princess is very deaf, and conversation with her was almost impossible.

From London I went to Paris, and there commenced a residence in Europe which lasted for twenty years almost without interval. Dear Paris! beautiful, intelligent, clean, and hospitable Paris! how I have ever loved thee, thou *ville luminaire*, thou capital of civilisation, thou my happy home for two decades of time, Paris was my headquarters, but meanwhile I was free to go and come whenever it pleased me to do so for being a free lance, so to speak, I always chose my own subjects and environments. This perfect liberty of action enabled me to go anywhere and everywhere I liked, and thus it happened that I became somewhat familiar with the continents of Europe and Africa as the years rolled on, as in the meantime I was constantly meeting and making acquaintance with the illustrious men and women of the Old World,—rulers over empires, kingdoms, and principalities; presidents of republics, statesmen, diplomats, and publicists; royal and noble personages; painters, sculptors, com-

The Prince of Wales (1881).

posers, singers, and musicians; scientists, philosophers, and philanthropists, poets and men of letters, travellers and explorers—a long list of Celebrities in fact, some of whom are to be pleasantly pictured in the pages of this book.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD SCHOOLMATE NOW A GERMAN BARONESS; AND THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND HIS WIFE.

ONE day a cable message reached Paris from the publisher of a great newspaper in the United States requesting me to go to Berlin and see the Emperor Wilhelm, the Crown Prince Frederick, Prince von Bismarck, and Count von Moltke, and get their opinion about General Grant, then on his death-bed. That was perhaps the most enormous "assignment" I was ever called on to perform, and I had no real belief in its probable accomplishment.

At Berlin the American Minister positively refused to help me to meet any of the persons named, so I had to depend on my own devices. Inquiries were made of brother journalists in the German capital, and thus it was learned that a very pleasant gentleman at the Foreign office had once been King Wilhelm's minister to Washington, and that perhaps he might assist me. So I went to the German State department, sent in my card, and was soon received by the Baron von R. He questioned me closely, remarked that he had passed some very pleasant years in our country, and that, moreover, he had married an American, hence he was in part my compatriot and would see if something could not be done for me.

Indeed he thought a meeting with the Crown Prince might be pulled off; but as for the Emperor, that was impossible, as he was in feeble health, and the physicians had forbidden him to see any one, Ambassadors only excepted. If I would come back at three o'clock he would let me know more about it.

I was there on the hour and as the Baron greeted me he said: "We will go for a drive; you are to dine with the Baroness and myself at five, *sans cérémonie;* to-morrow you will talk with Bismarck." When the ride was ended the carriage turned into a private park, and the horses were pulled up before a fine mansion. "Ring the bell and walk in," he said, as he stepped back, ostensibly to speak to the coachman. I rang the bell, the door flew open, and a handsome woman was on the threshold.

"Hal Haynie!" she cried, as she held out both hands in welcome. "Do you know me?" And after a moment or so of searching look I answered with her maiden name. Our grandparents were from the same county in Virginia, our fathers had been children together in Kentucky, and we two, "Em" and "Hal", were born in the same small town in Illinois. We were of about the same age, had gone to school together—boys on one side of the room, girls on the other; very likely she was one of my earliest sweethearts, and this was our first meeting in more than a quarter of a century. When the Baron told his wife at luncheon of my visit to the Foreign Office, and had shown her the name on my card, she remembered me, and then they planned the joyful surprise which I have just outlined.

That special mission of interviewing accomplished,—it is mentioned more fully, in another chapter,—I re-

turned to Paris, but not a great while afterward went back to Berlin; this time when the silver wedding of "Unser Fritz" and his English wife, the Crown Princess, was to be celebrated. As before, the American Minister again refused his assistance; the Baron was no longer at the Foreign Office, having been sent as Ambassador to Rome, and the imperial Master of Ceremonies declined to recognize me as a special correspondent unless I showed him a written letter from the editor of the newspaper I claimed to represent, declaring me his authorised commissioner to this *fête*. "Get that letter, have it viséd at the Legation of the United States, then bring it to me, and we will see what can be done for you." The silver-wedding ceremonies were to be on the morrow, I was considerably more than three thousand miles from that editor, the outlook was discouraging. The fact, learned from the Lord Chamberlain, that tickets had been issued to two American and three English correspondents only aggravated my discomforts, for it would never do to be "scooped" by them.

I had taken on as guide-courier a capital fellow who did all he could to cheer me up, but it was impossible to get rid of my worriment. We knocked about an hour or so, sight-seeing; then I asked the courier if he supposed we might see the interior of the old schloss where the *fête* would take place, and he said "Of course we can." It had occurred to me that if I was not to be permitted to witness the show itself, I might describe the palatial halls and then pad out with what happened in the streets the next day. So we went in at the main gate of the old royal castle, and then, in the great courtyard, something occurred which enabled

me not only to witness all the ceremonies, but to do so from a spot within a few yards of where the aged Emperor and his Empress, the Crown Prince and his wife, and all their retinue, stood to receive the homage of an illustrious throng.

My courier was an ex-army officer who for some family reason was obliged to resign from the service. Financial reverses had followed, and he was glad now to get work as guide; and he certainly was a good companion. As we were crossing the courtyard we met an army officer. Then I heard German oaths, not in anger, but in joy; I saw this officer and my courier hugging each other; they shook hands frantically; there was more happy profanity; and then the courier apologised. He also explained matters. The two had served together in the same regiment; they had been together in the war with France; they had both been mentioned in the same general order, issued by Von Moltke and read to the army, for an act of bravery which brought them promotion on the field of battle. "I am now on the staff of the Crown Prince," said the major; "if there is anything I can do for you, let me know, and I shall be glad to do it for my old comrade."

"This man is on the Crown Prince's staff——To-morrow is the silver wedding——I wonder if he would take me to see the Crown Prince?" Such was the form of thought which suddenly flashed across my brain, and I seized the opportunity. Hastily I told the major why I had come to Berlin, how I had been refused a ticket to the ceremonies, and the disgrace that would follow my failure; and I asked him to request of his illustrious chief an interview for the American cor-

respondent to whom he had once talked on the race-course about General Grant.

The gallant major twirled his moustache for a few seconds, then he said: "Well there can be no harm in my asking His Imperial Highness. Wait here for a few minutes." A short while later he was leading us by a private stairway to the Crown Prince's office in the Castle, and then, leaving my courier in the ante-chamber, he walked me unannounced into the presence of the heir to the throne of Germany.

The Prince not only deigned to remember me, but he shook hands, asked a few questions about Paris, and said he supposed I had come to Berlin to write of the silver-wedding festival. I told him that that was precisely my mission but that the Lord Chamberlain had barred me out, and now my hopes of success depended on the gracious assistance of His Imperial Highness himself. A smile was on his face; he saw the point, and he exclaimed:

"So the Master of Ceremonies said you should not go in, did he? Very well, I think I will invite you to this ceremony on my own account." He spoke at some length in German to the major, and then said to me in good English:

"If you will come to the Castle to-morrow morning at precisely half-past seven o'clock, my aide will meet you at the main gate and he will look after you. Dress in your evening suit of clothes and wear a long overcoat, one that will cover you from neck to heels. Don't be later than half-past seven. Good afternoon."

It is needless to say that I was at the Castle on the minute next morning.

The Prince Imperial of Germany (1881).

"If you had come later I could not have passed you in," remarked the officer. "The new orders for the day go into effect at eight o'clock, and after that no person may enter without a ticket." He led me to the Crown Prince's office, and there said: "You are to remain here until eleven o'clock. Make yourself comfortable. If I do not come for you, another officer will, for you are to be taken to a place very near the throne platform, where you can see and hear all."

The time passed quickly. From one of the windows I saw dragoons massing in the Scloss-Platz; from another window everything that went on in the main courtyard was visible. Chariots and carriages, drawn by two, four, or six horses richly harnessed, came rolling in, and these brought the Emperor and Empress of Austria, Grand Dukes from Russia, Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, great dignitaries and diplomats,—who not else from every part of Europe; even the French Ambassador was in the coming throng.

By and by another officer came; he led me around and up and down, through dark halls, by narrow stairs, and across empty rooms; and thus from the wing of the old Scloss where I had waited to that part of it used at court festivals, from the simple office of the Heir Apparent to the enormous chamber of the Golden Cloth, to the Knights' Hall, with its large buffet and immense sets of silver dishes, golden tankards, and bowls of silver and gold, to the White Hall of royal splendour, to the Throne Room. But to reach this spot we finally entered a gallery for court musicians, all in military uniforms richly embroidered with gold lace, and here my leader whispered a few words to the

bandmaster. Then we went down a short flight of steps to a door.

"Throw your overcoat there on that chair," said he, "and when the musicians up there begin to play, gently open this door, step quickly through, and close it behind you. You may find two or three other persons there, but be at your ease and fear nothing, for no one will question you."

Presently I heard the orchestra; I stepped into the other room, and there, within thirty or forty feet of, and almost directly opposite to the Emperor Wilhelm and his Empress, and the Crown Prince and his Princess, I assisted at the entire ceremony. After the Emperor and Empress of Austria had kissed the venerable Monarch and his august consort, after they had hugged "Unser Fritz" and his wife, came royal personages to shake hands with the receiving group; then passed the bowing throng of ambassadors and ministers, the State and Church dignitaries, nobles, and all the other invited ones. Many of these were spoken to, and smiling answers made; it was a joyous, noisy crowd who moved on to turn, near where I stood, into another hall. Some of these personages looked at me, doubtless wondering who in the world the official could be that stood so close to the throne dressed only in plain black clothes. And you should have seen the American minister when he discovered my presence there! He turned pale, then red, his eyes bulged out, he scowled, and then he grinned toward me. As he disappeared I could afford to smile in my sleeve, as I pitied him in his confusion.

Pope Leo XIII (1881).

CHAPTER III.

POPES PIUS IX. AND LEO XIII.; THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY; AND THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE master preoccupation of nearly every one who goes to Rome is significant. Monarchs, statesmen, diplomats, publicists, special correspondents, novelists, painters,—everybody in fact, Protestants as well as Catholics, Mohammedans and infidels, the pious and the irreligious, the young and the old,—all of these, and no matter what the motive that takes them to the Eternal City, have but one strong desire, and it is to see the voluntary prisoner of the Vatican. The Vatican is a structure of over ten thousand rooms hinged round about the largest house of God on earth. Men of action and men who think, those who make history and those who write it, feel as by instinct that that enormous pile is still one of the great stairways or lanes to future history, as it has been to past history. Vatican! how well the word seems to suit the gigantic and ancient palace, heavy with centuries and souvenirs, which has grown bigger and bigger in the shadow of St. Peter's. Into this place my footsteps have taken me repeatedly, and therein I have had audience with two Popes, Pius IX. and Leo XIII. As the attendant ceremonies of each of these presentations were very similar, I will describe only one of them.

Notified to appear at a certain hour of a certain day,

at the time appointed, and dressed as requested, I went to the Vatican. In the great place of St. Peter's there were half-a-dozen priests, a few tourists, and innumerable guides looking for brief employment. A Swiss Guard, as always, was on duty at the large bronze door, with several of his comrades, all of them attired in picturesque costumes, near at hand. These I passed and went into a lofty ground-floor hall where an officer scanned my letter, then pointed the way to a broad staircase of stone up which I ascended, unaccompanied, toward the apartment of His Holiness. Presently a vestibule was reached where more Swiss soldiers were on guard, and from this hall entrance was made into a room where several laymen uniformed in red velvet had charge of the door that gave access to the Pope's residence. Here every man not a prelate must leave his hat with these guardians before he can be admitted to the Pontifical audience.

After this I crossed several ante-chambers; in one of these a few secretaries to Cardinals were attending the return of their masters, while another room was occupied by members of the Palatine Guard. On the right was a third chamber ornamented with rare old tapestries, and it was followed by a fourth where some *Gardes Nobles* were on duty. Thus I passed the sentry watch of the Swiss Guards, the red-velveted laymen, the Palatine Guards, and the guards of selected noblemen; truly the Pontiff was well protected. To the right of this fourth room was the private chapel of the Pope, and a fifth room, called "the ante-chamber of honour," was finally entered. Here two chamberlains, one dressed in violet cloth, the other wearing a cape and sword, were found; and when a fine looking *Garde Noble*

opened a door, these chamberlains conducted me into the presence of one who from all points of view was a lovable old man, a scholar and a thinker; and in the presence of that great man whom the world knew as Leo XIII. I bowed reverently and respectfully.

His Holiness asked me many questions about America—our conversation was in French—and I answered him to the best of my ability. He spoke of the Catholic Church particularly, and seemed a little surprised that I did not know Cardinal Gibbons; but I regained his approval somewhat, I think, by claiming Archbishop Ireland as a good friend. Encouraged by his kindness, I even ventured to tell him of the distinguished Archbishop as an army chaplain, during our Civil War, carrying cartridges to his Minnesota soldiers at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and the story pleased him. He said it was strange that a Protestant should care to see the head of the Catholic Church, but admitted that many of his visitors were Protestants. Then one of the chamberlains gave me a sign, and I withdrew from the presence of His Holiness, not, however, until he had blessed several articles which I had brought, and which afterward made some Catholic friends of mine very happy.

Another venerable but more temporal Sovereign whom I met and talked with is the Emperor Francis Joseph, who has ruled over Austria for upward of half a century, and in that period has known more troubles, suffered more sorrows and endured more family disgraces than any other Monarch ever did. Recent events have brought out distinctly the figure of one who more than any other

reigning Prince seems to be invested with a double majesty, that of unending grief and that of the imperial sceptre. His son and heir committed suicide; his Empress wife was assassinated; near relatives have disgraced his name, and the crown he bears seems destined to be heavily banded with some sort of shame until death takes him away from earth.

I had the good fortune to meet the head of the House of Hapsburg by the merest chance. It is no easy matter to be presented at the Austrian Court; for it is essentially Olympian, and the many sons of Maria Theresa seem to have engendered a sufficient number of demi-gods to supply all the society that the Jove at Vienna might ever require, although as a matter of fact the venerable Emperor himself cares but little for society of any sort. There is no longer any place in the Empire for a Cæsar, however, and the head of the State is compelled to bow to the will of the nation as expressed in Parliament.

In the fifty-six years that he has borne the sceptre Francis Joseph has had many strange experiences. He struggled bitterly against Magyarism in Hungary, but finally accepted that principle with profound joy. He declared that he would rather lose his life than the Italian provinces, and then he went to Venice to embrace the man from Savoy who had taken those provinces away from him. One day he said: "I am very glad that all those who were condemned to death for treason against majesty were not executed, because I have since been able to make some of them my ministers."

Francis Joseph put on the crown of Austria-Hungary in 1848, but it was not until some forty odd years afterward that I had the honour of meeting him, and

then in the south of France. He has long been fond of the Riviera. The picturesqueness of the Mediterranean coast pleases him. Down there he finds rest from the fatigues of sovereign duties and renews his strength for future work. It was when he visited the late Empress, then staying at Cap Martin, that I met him, and he was very kind. It was promised, however, that nothing should be written of that conversation, but I may properly say that he displayed interest in American affairs and expressed his admiration for our progress among the nations of the world.

I saw the Empress quite often that winter. Her Majesty is not living now, but there can be no harm in saying that for many years she was a prey to sufferings born of chagrins and sorrows, and that her nature was rather extraordinary. There was in her such an assemblage of haughty pride and of commonplace simplicity that many believed her mind unsettled, and she not infrequently astonished those about the Court by her strange conduct. On one occasion, when the King of the Belgians and the Duke of Aumale were in Vienna and at the Palace, this imperial Diana showed such disdainful haughtiness toward a certain noble in attendance on the Emperor, and at the same time was so tenderly caressing with a servant, that Leopold II. whispered to his uncle, "*Assurement elle est un peu toquée.*"

The King of the Belgians was father of that Princess Stephanie who became the wife of Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary. There was no love in that match, however, and it was not a great while before the tragedy of Meyerling startled the world. After her husband's suicide Princess Stephanie

remained a widow until quite recently, and then she made a dreadful *mésalliance*. Her royal father refused to forgive her, and when her mother died at Brussels only a few months back he forbade his daughter's presence at the palace funeral.

I had the honour of meeting King Leopold at Brussels in 1888, and I met his brother, the Count of Flanders, a year later at the Paris Exposition. No one ever sees the King of the Belgians in plain clothes. He always wears a military uniform, even when at work in his study or when walking in his private park. He is a tall, fine-looking man, is fond of music, is quite a good painter, and abhors tobacco in every form. Though a good rider, and spending much time in the saddle, His Majesty cares but little for horses, and will not ride one that has not been carefully trained for his private use. But the late Queen was fond of riding to hounds, and could drive a coach and four with the best woman whip in Europe. One of Leopold's peculiarities is that he will never wear gloves, and building houses is among his pet hobbies. He is wonderfully even-tempered and somewhat inclined to scepticism, as though he had adopted the maxim laid down by Napoleon I. at St. Helena: "The way to rule is to understand and to forgive everything." The title of "Droit et Adroit" was applied to him when he was recognised as the dean of European Monarchs.

I also knew the late Duke of Cambridge. When the English-Irish Liberals were last in power there was a disposition on the part of the venerable Commander-in-Chief of the British army to resign the "uncommon cares and responsible worries" of his military position,

and he occasionally expressed the opinion that it would perhaps be to the interest of the service if a younger man were in charge at the Horse Guards. Suddenly however, the Rosebery forces went to smash; "the Only General," Lord Wolseley, was without backers on the Ministerial benches; and the elections were so overwhelmingly Conservative that the old Duke of Cambridge was almost as frisky as when at the head of England's soldiers in the Crimea. For the Duke, as well as for all his kinfolks of the Royal Family, from his niece, the Queen, down to the youngest born, there was no "getting on" except when the Conservatives were in government. Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, and all the Anglo-Saxon princes and princesses —with the exception of the Prince of Wales and that sister of his who was married to Frederick III.— heartily hated "Old Gladstone," and even "our Joe," in those other days.

I met the Duke of Cambridge for the first time at Woolwich Arsenal in 1875, while being shown over the place by an ex-sergeant of the Royal Artillery. Fortunately for me, Field-Marshall Cambridge was there that day, making an unexpected call, and so we met. I thought him then a man of imposing presence, with a clear, penetrating eye, an open, ruddy countenance, and on the whole quite soldierly looking. His Royal Highness and my sergeant guide were not only of the same name, but had been together in the Crimean war, where the latter had won the Victoria Cross, so when they met that day in 1875 the two shook hands quite heartily and even joked each other after the fashion of our Grand Army veterans. Some

thirteen or fourteen years afterward it was my good fortune again to meet the Duke of Cambridge, this time at Homburg, where he and his grandnephew, the Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII.—were taking the waters. The people used to see a very famous and charming American lady, who has gained high reputation on the stage, walking every morning, now with the Prince of Wales, now with the Duke of Cambridge, under the trees which surround the springs of Homburg, and it was during one of these early "constitutionals" that His Royal Highness deigned to recognise and to chat with the present writer. Before leaving Homburg the Duke invited me to call on him when next in London, and it was thus I happened to be received by the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards in Pall Mall ten or a dozen years ago.

The "Bible of the Girls of the Period," as the British "Army List" is scoffingly called in England, tells us that the sovereign is the nominal head of the land forces, and that he, through the Secretary of State for War, is the supreme authority. It may be mentioned, parenthetically that this Secretary is invariably a civilian, and that once in a while he is the ostensible reason for upsetting John Bull's government. It is the sovereign who is supposed to sign every officer's commission, but in the latter years of Queen Victoria's reign, they were signed "George," the signature of His Royal Highness, and he was engaged in signing commissions at the time of my call at the Horse Guards.

Almost every possible subject connected with the army was brought up at this visit. He said that

among the many things which he was called on to decide or give counsel about, one of the most frequent was that of anxious parents whose son, a youthful officer in some garrison town, was becoming entangled in the toils of a manœuvering mother, and was on the point of contracting a misalliance. Subjects were constantly coming before the Duke of Cambridge which were of that character which in the German service would engage the attention of a "court of honour," and in the United States service would call for charges and specifications. But the Duke said he made it a rule always to avoid a Court-martial where it was possible to do so. He had the same marvellously retentive memory that General Grant had, and, like the latter, never forgot a fact or a face. He was a man of minute details, had more than merely official acquaintance with line officers, and was inordinately fond of routine work. He laughingly confessed that there were scores of generals, even colonels, in London who could give him points and a beating at that ingenious pastime called *kriegspiel.*

CHAPTER IV.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, HER HUSBAND, AND HER COURT AT PARIS.

ONE did not have to look through a magnifying-glass to discover the débris of majesty within the walls of Paris in those good-natured days of the French Republic. Up in the Faubourg St. Honoré we used often to meet a man of medium height, with mournful eyes, and never a smile or sign of animation on his plain countenance. This, the last king of Naples, was Francis II., commonly called Franceschillo, who had succeeded his father Ferdinand, infamously known as "King Bourba", in 1859. While he reigned his kingdom was a scandal to the civilized world; but he was dethroned and driven from Naples by Garibaldi in 1860. Then he found refuge at Rome, under the Papal power, until Victor Emmanuel's troops occupied the Eternal City, whereupon he sought safety and repose in Vienna for a while, and thence he went to Paris. In a novel entitled "Rois en Exile," Alphonse Daudet calls him King Christian of Illyria. He was a stubborn man and had an almost childish belief in his rights to exercise despotic power. In Paris he lived in a small hotel on the Rue Boissy d' Anglas, within a stone's throw of the Place de la Concorde; there he used to hold his Court. He never gave up the hope of regaining his throne some day; nor was his

wife, Marie Sophie, one bit more inclined to accustom herself to her position as a "*reine en exile.*" As I knew him, Francis II. seemed to be a person of great piety, and there certainly was need of much repentance in his case, for his sins and crimes were many.

Another Bourbon who no longer wore a crown, and whom I also often met, was Isabella the Catholic. At her Palais de Castile, in the Avenue de Kléber, she held two afternoon receptions every week during the season, while her occasional splendid dinners to the Spanish and French aristocracy of the capital were famous at that period. The ex-queen was gracious, yet very simple in her manners, and there was but little of the etiquette of court observed at her pleasant receptions. To me she was always an interesting type, nor was there a more sympathetic personage among the many ex-majesties who were then living in France. It was never claimed by anyone that the mother of Alphonso XII. was a woman of great intelligence, nor was she young or beautiful; but she was good-humoured and charitable, and Paris liked her.

In the early years of her exile, and before the re-establishment of the monarchy, she was anything but a millionaire so far as her own resources were concerned. Out of the small allowance sent her by Spain she gave $20,000 annually to her husband, Don Francis d' Assise, from whom she was separated, while most all the rest of it passed into the hands of her relatives, her personal friends, and her companions in exile. At certain times she was in the most embarrassing position, and creditors threatened her on every side. So hard pressed was she now and then that she was com-

pelled to pawn her jewels, even her robes, to secure money with which to buy food and pay servants' wages. But in the midst of these botherations and preoccupations Queen Isabella never lost her good humour or her charming style.

In the meantime Don Francis was getting on as best he could in a small house out by the Bois de Colombes. As he had been nothing more than the husband of the Queen in Spain, so when the revolutionary wind blew them both over the border, Isabella dropped him altogether when they reached France. In the Republic the lot of Prince-Consort to this royal lady had become very different from what it had been in the Kingdom. In his villa he had only a cook and two servants to wait on him, with his son, afterward known as Alphonso XII., who was his only companion. The house where they lived was built by a former hairdresser to Empress Eugénie, and was next door to the suburban residence of the editor of a Paris newspaper with whom I often dined, so that I frequently saw "le petit père," as the village people called Don Francis, and His Royal Highness. In the course of time Alphonso came to the throne, and then things changed for the father. He was given a much larger allowance, and was sent to live in state and comfort at Epinay. It was a splendid mansion, filled with paintings, and over which floated the Spanish royal standard, that he now occupied. Before Alphonso XII. purchased it for his father it was used as a boarding-school. The young King also increased his mother's allowance, one might say enormously so; for she not only paid off all her creditors, but bought the immense house in the Avenue Kléber known after-

ward as the Palais de Castile, and for which she paid $280,000. Moreover the King insisted that Queen Isabella should "make up," so far as outward appearances were concerned, with her husband, and thus it came about that Don Francis d'Assise was not infrequently seen at her afternoon receptions, if not always at her dinner parties.

There used to be a very curious story told in Paris of Queen Isabella's parents, and perhaps it is worth giving here. Her father, Ferdinand VII., who died in 1833, was a strange, coarse man of violent temper and repulsive exterior. Extremely suspicious of his subjects, he was always trying to test their affection, to penetrate into their homes, that he might learn if he was beloved by the people. One evening he left the palace in disguise; some new rumours that he was unpopular had disturbed him, and he could not rest until he had investigated them. As he approached the borders of the royal park he found that he had forgotten his tobacco, and seeing a light gleam from a little shop where his soldiers were supplied, he bent his steps toward it. On entering he only found a boy, who had been left in charge by the tobacconist. While making his purchase His Majesty noted the singular beauty and intelligence of the lad's face, and asked him his name; the boy answered that it was Lorenzo. The King then lighted a cigar and skilfully led the conversation till he had induced the youngster to speak of the Sovereign, and then the boy disclosed a heart of such loyalty and love for His Majesty, whom he did not recognise, that the King exclaimed: "Would that all my people were educated like this; then would my throne stand firm!" Then he left the

youth, gazing with astonishment at a gold piece in his hand.

The next morning Ferdinand VII. called in his Chamberlain, and said:

"The tobacconist yonder has a son of great intelligence; I wish him placed in the Royal College."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the Chamberlain, "the college is only for the sons of nobles."

"Obey my orders," replied the King sharply.

Some time afterward His Majesty paid a visit to the Royal College to learn of the progress of his protégé. The teachers praised the boy, but complained that the other pupils ill-treated him and would not associate with him because he was not a noble.

"Lorenzo, come here," said the King, and, putting his arm about the young man, said before them all: "Kiss me, my boy." Then, taking a decoration from his breast, he pinned it on Lorenzo's coat, saying, "I make him noble: treat him as if he were my son."

The old King had married his fourth wife, and still was childless. His infirmities grew upon him, and he was now stricken with a fearful disease, so horrible and repulsive that all fled from him. Lorenzo had left the college, was now an officer in the Spanish army, and His Majesty had not seen him for years. One day he came to the palace, and the King said to him,—

"Do you still love me, Lorenzo?"

At that time the King was disgusting to behold, swollen beyond semblance to humanity, sans eyes, sans teeth, and sweating blood.

Lorenzo threw his arms around this mass of mortal corruption, and cried out:

"I still love Your Majesty. I would give my life to save you one single pain."

"Then you shall never leave me," said the Sovereign.

After that Lorenzo was always at his side, and as the attendants had all fled from the palace, only the young officer and Queen Maria Christina, daughter of the King of Naples, were left to watch the bed of death.

The young Queen was in "an interesting condition," but this did not prevent her falling passionately in love with Lorenzo. She was sensible enough, however, before her child was born, to have a new law passed securing to it, whether male or female, the right to the Crown, and that was how Isabella came to the throne. The Queen now plunged deeper and deeper into sin, and, fearing for the future, began to secrete great sums of money, even replacing some of the Crown jewels with paste ones. In this she wanted Lorenzo to become her accomplice, and reluctantly led before, he now saw his chance for power over her. Soon the time came when they sat together with the corpse of her husband.

"I will always remember your services, Lorenzo," she said; "I will reward you with honours, titles, and riches."

"One title will be sufficient, Madame," he replied, with a smile.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"That of your husband, or you go to prison!"

And so the tobacconist's son ascended a chair alongside the throne as consort of the Queen Regent.

In all probability Isabella inherited some of the dreadful disease, as well as the Crown, of her miserable father; for she was afflicted with a kind of leprosy,

which baffled the best physicians and defeated the healing powers of the most renowned ointments. So hideous were her hands and arms that she wore gloves constantly. Thus it happened that those who, on approaching Her Majesty's presence, were obliged to kiss the hand of royalty, always kissed a glove.

CHAPTER V.

THE RIVALRY OF DON CARLOS AND THE COUNT OF PARIS FOR THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

WE were greatly amused at Paris in 1894 by a spirited discussion which arose among the Royalists and Legitimists over the succession to "the French Throne," so called. Inasmuch as France was thoroughly and overwhelmingly republican at that moment, the question was only theoretical, so far as the nation in general was concerned, and the people could afford to regard all who claimed the "Crown" with disdainful indifference. But the question raised by those who were then known as the "blancs d'Espagne" and the "blancs d'Eu" was not without interest as an amusing incident in European politics. On the one side was Don Carlos, the Spanish Bourbon (pretender not only to the throne of Spain, but to that of France); on the other, the Comte de Paris, as head of the Orleans family, and who, until his exile, lived at the Château of Eu, whence the expression, "blancs d'Eu."

The common origin of these two princely branches is Henry IV.; the Don Carlos family and that of Orleans are alike children of the "vert gallant" king, but Don Carlos was a lineal descendant of Louis XIV., while the Orleans prince was only a nephew of that great monarch. To make good his claim of right of

royal legitimacy,the Comte de Paris must prove that the direct descent of Louis XIV. was extinct, or that it had been rendered unable to reign by some good cause. The first hypothesis did not exist, for Don Carlos certainly had Louis XIV. as a direct ancestor, but the second remained, and here was where the controversy began between the "whites" of Spain and the "whites" of France.

The Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., having been called to reign in Spain, his accession caused disquietude in Europe, as it was feared one day to see on the same head the French and Spanish crowns. Then followed the long struggle known in history as the "War of Succession," which was carried on to serve Bourbon ambitions. That bloody struggle was ended by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), which brought peace to Europe, and in that document France recognised the order of succession established in England by acts of Parliament in favour of the descendants of Queen Anne and the Protestant line of Hanover. Louis XIV. engaged himself to hinder as far as he could all attempts at restoration of the son of James II., to whom he forbade sojourn in France, and on her side England recognised Philip V., Duke of Anjou, as king of Spain. But that treaty also reproduced the renunciations of Philip V. to the throne of France, and of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of Spain, and the diverse reciprocal renunciations were to constitute an eternal and inviolable law, so that the crowns of France and Spain "can never be united."

It was those last words which constituted the whole question of ten or a dozen years ago. It was clear enough that if Don Carlos became king at Madrid he

would be bound by the renunciation of his royal ancestors; but as he was then proscribed, and was living then outside of Spanish territory, the point was, did the treaty of Utrecht bind him, and did it make him lose his right of the elder *vis-a-vis* the Orleans House. Since the crown of Spain was denied him, must he, a new Esau, see his hereditary right to another crown lost for a dish of lentils? The problem was all the more delicate since a legal appreciation was necessary, in placing himself on the dynastic plain, of the consequences of the succession of the Duke of Anjou at Madrid. Before that king's time the Salic law, excluding women from the throne, did not exist in Spain.

In that country then, as now in England and in Holland, a Queen could wear the crown; but the Duke took the French custom with him to Madrid, and the Salic law became the rule in Spain, as it was in France. It existed until the reign of Ferdinand VII., who, having no sons, declared his daughter Isabella queen of Spain (as we have already seen), to the detriment of his brother Carlos and the latter's children, by an act which is known as the "Pragmatic Sanction." The Liberals ranged themselves behind the young queen—she was the grandmother of the present king—while the partisans of absolute monarchy rallied around the Carlist flag. For many years the struggle between the two parties filled the history of France, and only in recent years another Don Carlos, a collateral descendant of the former claimant, renewed his efforts to take possession of power. But his success never amounted to much except in the northern provinces, in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees. South of the river Ebro constitutional ideas always triumphed, and

everything allowed it to be believed that if Spain modified her political institutions she would turn toward a republic and not toward doctrines of excessive reaction. Don Carlos and his son Don Jaime have, therefore, little or no chance at the Escurial of being the successor of Charles Quint, but that is just what lent interest to their wonderful claims with respect to the House of Orleans.

Of course there is no show for either Carlist or Orleanist ever coming to the throne of France, but my story of this farce-comedy is not yet finished. Before the Comte de Paris called himself Philip VII. he signed his letters and his works Louis Philippe, quite short and quite royally. He was Comte de Paris for outsiders, Louis Philippe for his friends, and Louis Philippe he remained during the Empire and after the Empire, so long as the old Legitimists kept faith in the Comte de Chambord—"King of France and Navarre"—at Froshdorff. In a little court of ex-pages of the "King of the Barricades," the Count continued the traditions of the constitutional usurpation, executing to the letter the will of his father, the Duke of Orleans. But suddenly it was learned that he had gone to Froshdorff to visit the aged pretender; for there was a fine inheritance to gather, a princely fortune in ringing millions, and the fidelity of old and young Legitimists, even to the enemies of the younger branch. The idea was that "Henry" would immediately abdicate, that there would be an immediate fusion of the Royalist and Orleanist parties,—aye, the re-establishment of the "throne of France," with the Louis Philippe II., of the impenitent Orleanists metamorphosed into Philip VII. He ignored his own grand-

father and went back to Philip VI., king of Crécy, who threw France into the Hundred Years' War. He attached himself to Saint Louis and to the primitive Capétians; Philippe Égalité was pardoned, just as the Constable de Bourbon traitor of the House of France, and France herself were pardoned.

But that was what some people would call a "bluff;" and when the Comte de Paris went humbly to Froshdorff to demand pardon for his family he politically made an ass of himself. He bowed low down before the White flag of Chambord, hoping to become a dynastic heir, and yet everybody in France felt that if the old pretender should ever become Henry V., then Don Carlos would appear at the Court of France as designated successor to the royal crown. He was certainly seen at the obsequies of the Comte de Chambord as the chief mourner; the widow would not permit him to place himself in the first row, and he was obliged to walk behind the Bourbons of Spain in that funeral procession.

Nor was that all. The aged pretender did not leave a single penny of his many millions of money to the House of Orleans. As for the two parties, the Legitimists retired to their lands, while the Orleanists contented themselves as best they could. Meanwhile impertinent questions were being put by this or that person. Suppose the Comte de Chambord had had children, would the Comte de Paris have gone to Froshdorff? would he have wronged the memory of his father and his grandfather?—would Louis Philippe II., have called himself Philip VII.?—would he have made the modern monarchy capitulate before the roy-

alty of the Middle Ages?—and since he had wished that there should be only Legitimists and no more Orleanists, why there should be no more of them. From all sides the Comte de Paris was getting the same kind of response that was received by the cropped fox, which proposed to the other foxes to cut off their tails, and from that day the royalist party ceased to be a danger for the French Republic. For the Comte de Paris committed other mistakes which lost for him, even in foreign lands, all political consideration; and when he persisted in manifestations which only drove him from his own country, he played his rôle of king in exile in a paltry frame. Finally he passed away from earth leaving as his heir to "the throne of France" a young sprig of a Duke who has nothing whatever in his moral or mental character to please the French, or any other people in the world.

King Louis Philippe exiled the Bourbons and the Bonapartes; the Second Empire exiled the Orleans family; and finally the Third Republic exiled all of them. The Orleans dynasty was almost as much *parvenu* as that of the Napoleons. It went back only to Philip, younger brother of Louis XIV., a poor enough sire at best, and most of his successors were but little better. There are only two to name here, the Regent and the conventional, who voted his own cousin's death, and who had to submit to the same fate a few months later. It was the latter's son, Louis Philippe, who became King of the French in 1830; and he took on the crown as a deposit, so to speak, for the Comte de Chambord, then ten years of age. But he took his time about fulfilling the promise made to the

royal mother of the young prince; he exiled the son, imprisoned the mother, and reigned on his own account until the revolution of 1848. He was the father of five sons and three daughters: the Duc d'Orleans, who was thrown from his carriage and killed just outside the Paris walls; the Duc de Nemours; the Prince de Joinville; the Duc d'Aumale, whom I often met and visited as his guest at Chantilly; the Duc de Montpensier; the Princess Louise, who became Queen of the Belgians; the Princess Marie; and the Princess Clementine, who married the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. It is the son of the last named, Prince Ferdinand, who now rules over Bulgaria. The heir to King Louis Phillippe's crown, the Duke of Orleans, who met with sudden death in 1842, left two sons, the Comte de Paris, and the Duc de Chartres; and nearly all of these personages were at one time united in England, a country hospitable to all who are put outside the law, or who put themselves above the law.

When the Comte de Paris, head of the "House of France," was exiled in June, 1886, quite a number of persons accompanied that pretender from the Château d'Eu where, ever since Monsieur Thiers let him and the other Orleans princes and princesses return to their native land, he had lived in summer time, to the white cliffs of Dover, and thence to Tunbridge wells, in the heart of Kent, where he was to pass the first two months of his remaining days on earth. The scene of parting in the old château was indeed a striking one. All were standing, the young Duke of Orleans at the side of his father, the Comtesse de Paris close by, with the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and other relatives forming a second group.

After all had been presented, not only to the Royal Pretender, but to his son, the count went from group to group and said something in cheerful tones to this or that person. It was not easy to believe that a Prince who could thus royally receive, and be thus loyally surrounded, was about to leave his country on a common steamer, chartered for $1200 to carry him across the "silvery streak" into exile. There was considerable weeping, but no great excitement, when the Comte de Paris and his party went on board, and in due course of time he reached the port of Dover. The welcome to English soil was cordial, though limited to not more than thirty-five or forty persons who were assisting the mayor to do the honours of his office. This arrival at Dover formed a striking parallel to a similar scene witnessed in that town some fifteen years previously, when Napoleon III. sought refuge in England. Then the crowd was so great that the ex-Emperor and Empress could hardly reach the hotel; now so few were present that there were hardly enough of them to give the foreigner exiled from his own land a hearty cheer of welcome to a more hospitable one.

On the death of the Comte de Paris, his son, the Duc d'Orleans, became the most prominent of the pretenders to the "French throne," and, in France, he was supported by those who called themselves Nationalists, who were the party of Boulanger bereft of their showy leader. But the Duke was not fitted, morally or mentally, to become a popular idol, and besides, instead of taking his exile with a dignified respect which might have earned him respect and admiration, he amused himself by playing the part of a sham

king. In 1890 he broke the law of exile, appeared in Paris, and demanded, as a French citizen, that he be permitted to do duty as a French soldier.

It was a sophism for him to say he was a citizen, because, and from a monarchical point of view, that was the rankest kind of heresy. It is contrary to monarchical tradition, contrary to the opinion of the most illustrious defenders of a monarchy, contrary to the opinions and acts of all kings and emperors, past and present. Providence has attached to the person of princes a situation which they cannot repudiate. God has made them princes, and princes they must remain. Be that as it may, however, the young Duke's "bluff" produced no effect whatever on the public, and though he was kept in prison a few months his fortunes were regarded with indifference everywhere. Released from jail and again sent out of the country, he still managed, in one way or another, to keep himself before the public, though seldom in a kingly way. When a vulgar Parisian weekly paper called "Le Rire" took occasion, from the early reverses of Great Britain in South Africa, to print a shameful caricature of Queen Victoria, the Duke wrote a letter of congratulation to the man who had endeavoured to hold that venerable woman up to scorn and ridicule. It was most ungentlemanly conduct on his part, and everybody expressed their deep displeasure over it, if not contempt for the Prince himself. Indeed he lost the support and friendship of his best followers by that commendation of the caricaturist, even as he lost the sympathy and confidence of the leaders of the United Orleanist and Legitimist parties when he snubbed the Duc d'Audiffiet-Pasquier, who had long

managed their affairs in France, by telling him that he knew better than did the Duke the proper course for a king to pursue.

Less political, but not less scandalous, was his escapade in the autumn of 1891, when it was a question not of a throne, but of "my lady's chamber" in the Rue Prony. The Duke's liaison with a certain famous *diva* born out of Europe was no mystery for those of us who were "in the swim," and even the latter's husband knew all about it. If the great *cantatrice* had kept on supplying the fellow with pocket-money he would have remained quiet, but the day she shut the purse he flew to the English courts and brought suit for divorce, naming the Duke as co-respondent. Then French royalists set to work denying the story, swearing by all the gods that it was untrue, and without foundation beyond the fact that the Duke had platonic admiration for the *diva*.

The correct version of the amorous incident of "little Nell" and *le petit Coquin* may be told here. More than two years after his release from the prison at Clairvaux, the Duke of Orleans, then in London, made the acquaintance of a *prima donna*, who was singing in opera at Covent Garden. Perhaps his artistic enthusiasm was at first purely platonic, but certainly after a short while it was a passion which knew no restraints, and — but it is well not to go too deep into details. From London the *diva* went to St. Petersburg, and to that city the Duke followed her. Then she went to Vienna, still accompanied by His Grace, and they appeared together at the Opera House, she dressed in such a magnificent way that all society ladies present were made terribly jealous, and he standing up in the

box with an enormous sunflower at his buttonhole. The Austrian Court was so indignant about it that the Duke was invited to make his stay as short as possible, while it was whispered into the *prima donna's* ear that her health required an immediate change of scenery. It was about time for her to return to Paris, to keep her engagements at the Opera, and so she started for the French capital. A few days later the Duke also left Vienna for Paris, but, not caring to attract public attention, and to turn aside all suspicion, this Prince of a Royal Line disguised himself as a footman. To escape police vigilence, he wore, not blue spectacles and a false beard, as did Boulanger once upon a time, but the clothes of a lackey!

It was "rather hard lines" on the "Heir Apparent" thus to be compelled to follow a beauty who, without respect for Majesty, had left her lover to his cruel fate simply to keep her professional engagements. But as for her "gallant," Satan must have been on the fellow's side, else he would have been arrested at the frontier, and what a blow at earthly bliss that would have been! For a man may sigh and sigh all to no purpose in the prisons of the French Republic. The Duke safely reached the *diva's* "home," the local press reporters were on the alert, and of course the ardour of the guilty couple got into the newspapers. Things have come to a such pass nowadays that everything gets into the papers, and not even a mimic Dauphin and a Queen of Song, nor any one else for that matter, can escape exposure. As a result the Duke of Orleans sought safety by instant flight, while the great *cantatrice* was informed by a stern Minister of the Interior that if she did not behave herself differently in the

future he would be obliged to escort her across the border. The scandal never did her the slightest harm, for she was, and is a singer without a superior, and it is not only easy but customary to forgive a successful person.

As for Don Carlos, the name has a strikingly romantic attraction; the two syllables are beautifully sonorous, and go well with the trade of war. I used to meet the Don frequently before he was exiled from France, and it always seemed to me that he united in himself a strange concentration of the more varied of the romantic types. I could see in Don Carlos something of Don Quixote, for did he not go over the mountains to draw his sword against the windmills of the revolution. He was also a sort of Gil Blas, for he loved adventures; and he had, in good measure, a lot of Guzman d' Alfarache, but that, too, was in his favour; and by seeking well one discovered in his person a little of the crafty skill and tendency to mockery of the famous epigramist, Lazarille da Tarmes. Somewhere about 1874 or 1875, Don Carlos, seventh of the name, had himself declared King of Spain by the Basque Provinces, but as at that time Henry V.,—as the Comte de Chambord called himself—was still living, the pretender to the crown of the Castilles had no spare sceptre on hand. The death of his uncle changed everything, however, and put the Treaty of Utrecht in evidence once more. Thereupon Don Carlos took his son—or nephew—aside and said to him,—

"Infante, I am going to imitate Charles Quint, but without burying myself alive in the Abbey of Saint-Just, and abdicating. I pass my Spanish sceptre over to you and name you King, under the title of Jaime

Don Carlos of Spain

I. As for myself, I shall arrange for France to acclaim me Charles XI." Of course the Infante accepted, and thus it came about that Don Carlos was the head of the "blancs d' Espagne" within the French Republic.

A short while after Don Carlos had been sent out of France, he set about taking unto himself a second wife much to the chagrin of a certain former acquaintance of mine, who had been his private love in other years. This new spouse to the Pretender was a woman of the best stock, a flower of the old nobility of France, transplanted to Bohemia, and whose proud family motto is "*Dieu ne daigne; Roi ne veux, Rohan suis.*" There were, however, plenty of obstinate monarchists who were ruffled to the highest degree by the humility of this marriage. What! cross with a "châtelaine," who after all, was only one of his subjects, that was indeed to derogate. It would be ever so much better to end his royal life in sterility, or under a monk's robe, than stoop so low as to wed even a Rohan. But the "king" was in love with the "subject;" and the fact that she had millions and millions of money was not displeasing to her new husband, who was endowed with the fault common to hidalgos of not having any considerable fortune of his own to sustain his boasted position.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPEROR DOM PEDRO AND THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA.

A MAJESTY whom I knew and often met in the later years of his life had been an Emperor, and it so happened that I was one of the few who saw him off at the railway station when he was leaving Paris for the South of France in 1890. He was a handsome old gentleman, and his head was hoary. He had a flowing beard, eyes full of benevolence, and the long nose of the Latin races. He never displayed luxury in dress but was particularly neat and clean, and had all the elegance of a person of good taste and manners. He used to walk along with thoughtful step, taking in all the peculiarities of Parisian life, as became a philosopher, and yet he was a dethroned monarch. He was an *empereur en exile*, who only a year or so previously occupied an immense position in the world and reigned over a domain in which three States like France and two United Kingdoms could be placed. One morning Revolution entered his palace without knocking and demanded that he should pack up, leave the capital, and go elsewhere. He could have asked asylum of twenty kings if he had liked, but he preferred to go to Paris and take his seat on the very hearth of the Republic. Dom Pedro III., with whom all the personages in the "Almanach de Gotha" had

been corresponding, had now become plain Pedro d'Alcantara.

At Athens, in the days of Demosthenes, a person named Ctesiphon enjoyed the privilege of walking about with a crown on his head. This right offended the jealous democracy in the highest degree, a fact which gave birth to a famous speech which tyrannical teachers used to compel certain good boys to translate in their salad days.

Dom Pedro wore a high hat like the rest of us, but his soon got well worn about the brim, he had to take it off so many times returning the salutes of those who met him. He was an old acquaintance, so to speak, for he went to Paris on the morrow of the disasters which France had undergone in her war with Germany. His presence at that moment was a novelty quite unexpected, a thing that had never before occurred, and since then he had met his own downfall. Betrayed by Dame Fortune, for consolation he returned to Paris, more like an Amarchasis than a Denys of Syracuse, for, though an ex-tyrant, he was never a tyrant in any way whatever.

It was wise of Dom Pedro to go to France, for he could pass a much more agreeable life in Paris than was possible at Rio de Janeiro. There he was shut up in a palace prison out of which he could go only at certain hours. A so-called master over others, he was forced to obey twenty subordinates. The slave of etiquette, watched by foreign ambassadors, a target for the press, he was tied hand and foot with the thread of politics. He had to rack his brain to keep the equilibrium of the cabinet; had to determine whether war should be made on Chili or peace con-

cluded with the Argentine Republic; had to resolve all sorts of bothersome questions. But now, without being as rich as a Rothschild, he had enough to enjoy all the comforts of civilisation, and before he went South to die I saw him frequently.

In November, 1888, I was at the Institute when the French Academy was distributing its annual prizes, given, so to speak, to encourage literature and virtue, and among those rewarded that day by the "Immortals" was the Queen of Rumania. When Camille Doucet, the Perpetual Secretary, named Her Majesty as one who, under the *nom de guerre* of "Carmen Sylva," had been awarded a prize, he said:

"The new Botta prize could not have been inaugurated under more favourable conditions, several works by women having been very appropriately submitted to the Academy to compete for it. One of them deserves special notice. It is entitled 'Pensées d'une Reine,' and it came to us noiselessly like all the others, and signed with the charming but modest name of Carmen Sylva, which sought to conceal from us the real one of the author. This false name, celebrated in Paris as at Bucharest, was already known to all of us, however. These 'Thoughts of a Queen' were indeed those of a Majesty who is the friend of letters and the arts, who is a philosopher and a poet, but who, above all, is a woman, and she seems to have been speaking of herself when she wrote: 'There are women as majestically pure as swans; touch them and you will see their feathers ruffle up for a second, then they turn away silently and take refuge in the midst of the flood.' Let not Your Majesty turn aside her head. Do not fear that your white plumage will be ruffled. What you have written with so much grace under the delicate dictation of your admirable intelligence has received from the Academy a reward which the Queen may not claim, but which the author merits for the nobleness of the sentiments expressed, as also for the elevation of her style, which is of rare beauty and of a perfectly French elegance. A medal of honour, a large gold medal, is awarded by the Académie Française to the 'Pensées d'une Reine.'"

The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva")

Queen Elizabeth was born in a château in the midst of a great forest in northern Europe. So precocious was her intelligence that she knew how to read by the time she was three years old. After she was confirmed she paid a long visit to Berlin, where she was well received by the Queen of Prussia, and there she met Prince Charles von Hohenzollern, who, later on, became her husband. After her father's death in 1863 she went to live with her aunt, a Russian archduchess, who took her on a second tour of Europe. Her marriage followed soon after her return to Germany, and it was not long afterward that her husband became ruler over the newly created principality of Rumania, which was made a kingdom in 1881. She was crowned Queen in May of that year, and on that occasion her husband said to her:

"You have a fine mission to accomplish. It will be for you to console with your gentleness those whom I am obliged to treat severely. It will be your place to intercede for them."

From the first her husband's subjects were her foremost thought. She gave material aid to home industries which were fast decaying. She founded schools and societies to help and encourage various crafts and arts. She strove to elevate the ambition of the people, to encourage music, the drama, literature, and morals. She herself translated many of the standard German and French books into the Rumanian language for her new people. She published a volume containing the quaint songs and legends of the Rumanian peasantry. She revived the art of weaving, which had nearly disappeared from the land, and she set the fashion for the Rumanian nobility and upper

middle classes by adopting the national costume as far as practicable, and by using only home-made materials whenever possible. When war between Russia and Turkey broke forth, and her royal husband led his Rumanian soldiers away to help the forces of the Czar, she headed the staff of nurses which was to care for the sick and wounded. She devoted her entire time to their care, and gave them consolation in their dying moments. After that war, and when the Powers had made her husband's country a monarchy, she was crowned by his side and became the Queen of Rumania.

The favourite residence of this royal couple is Castle Pelesch, on the rocky slopes of the Carpathians. About twenty-five years ago the King, then Prince Regent, was so much impressed by the romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of the ancient monastery of Sinaia that he determined to build a palace on a site noted for its picturesque grandeur. During four successive seasons he personally supervised the construction of this mansion, which is today the wonder of the Turkish frontier lands. Halting for a few moments on the bridge that spans the turbulent Pelesch, the tourist sees the château, with its high roof of dark oak, its cone-shaped turrets, its tapering tower, with metal vanes glittering in the sunlight, standing out boldly against a background of blue sky and green firs. It is up in one of those turrets, that Queen "Carmen Sylva" does all her literary work,—she writes poetry as well as prose,—and it was there that she received me. In that very room where we talked for nearly two hours she wrote the biography of her brother Otto; it was there she wrote a romance about Wales and the Welsh, and numerous other books.

A *propos*, it was this last-mentioned work which brought her a high honour in the autumn of 1890. That year she was requested by Queen Victoria to represent her at the annual Eisteddfod in Wales, and she not only went, but she was crowned with befitting solemnity as a bard by the Arch-Druid. It was the first time in six hundred years that any king or queen had attended the national gathering of Welshmen, a gathering which has retained in all their pristine picturesqueness many of the pagan and pre-historic rites and ceremonials of the druidical ages.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE, PRINCE VICTOR, AND GENERAL BOULANGER.

BARON HAUSSMANN, the famous Prefect of the Seine during the Second Empire, with whom I was very well acquainted, once told me an anecdote of Prince Jerome Napoleon which is worthy of record in these pages. At a meeting of the Council of State, over which Napoleon III. was presiding, and at which Prince Jerome was present as a near relative of the Emperor, the Baron was presenting a plan for military recruitment, and was proving, with the aid of figures, that there would be great difficulty for France to gather together all the soldiers needed in case of war. The explanation was rather a long one, still the Council listened to the scrupulous Prefect with interest, the Emperor being especially attentive. Suddenly Prince Napoleon, who had been very restive, sprang to his feet and interrupted Baron Haussmann with a certain amount of insolence in his voice:

"So, Monsieur le Baron, in order to have your soldiers you must add up a lot of figures?"

"Yes, Monseigneur. Do you know of any other way of obtaining them more surely or more wisely?" asked Haussmann.

The Prince disdainfully replied, "When I have need of soldiers I certainly shall not seek them in the green copy-books of Monsieur le Préfet de la Seine!"

Jérôme Bonaparte

"Then where will you look for them?" demanded the Emperor, who was evidently annoyed by the insolent tone of his cousin, and Jerome, beating his big heavy foot on the carpeted floor, replied with emphasis:

"Sire, I will stamp thus on French soil, and legions will spring up!"

"It is true," added my old friend, ironically, "that the Emperor shrugged his shoulders, but a few years later he thought only too often of the imprudent advice of his rash cousin, who, with the braggartism so peculiar to his family, was to lead him in a single month to the defeat of his organized armies and the downfall of all the Bonapartes."

Like the Comte de Paris, Prince Jerome never showed himself in places of public resort,—I am referring now to those days from 1875 to 1886, before all Pretenders were exiled from France,—but he was "at home" to some people, and it was my good fortune to meet the Prince not once but several times. He was practically the last of the Bonapartes, for after his death there remained only young fellows who never understood a word of the doctrines of the founder of their dynasty, and who had the same retrograde opinions as the most hardened royalist.

With Prince Jerome disappeared the second series of the Napoleonic race; and he certainly was the only one of the House who faithfully preserved, like the imprint of a medal, the features of the great Emperor. Meeting him in the street,—a thing by no means rare during my earlier years in Paris,—it was like an apparition. Of course he did not accentuate the resemblance to such an extent as to wear the grey frock coat and the cocked hat, but his manner, his hand

intentionally held behind his back, his forehead, his Cæsarian nose, the chin, the fixed look, the high shoulders — all these characteristics represented the mask of Napoleon Bonaparte slightly turned into a more modern form. Nature has indeed stamped this son of King Jerome as an authentic Bonaparte.

History may perhaps say that he was something more than his reputation made him out to be, and that his dreadful unpopularity was unjustified. His death led to no change whatever in France, for he had only a few personal friends and no political party. With him the last vestige of the *épopée* which filled the commencement of the nineteenth century descended into the tomb. The Empire had long since entered into the obscureness of history, and he whose features looked so strongly the memories of a past was gone. He was a dreamer who could not carry out his own ideas; he dragged along an impotent life in spite of his powerful faculties, and died, as he was born, in exile.

It was while he was living at the Palais Royal, and filling it with the importunate murmurs of a dynastic opposition to which he invited clever men out of work, that Edmond About gave Prince Jerome the sobriquet of "Forsaken Cæsar." The nickname clung to him ever afterward. The death of the Prince Imperial in far-off Zululand made him the platonic heir and head of the House, but hardly had he in his imagination crossed the street to go to the demolished Tuileries than his son Victor showed himself at the window of the abandoned residence and also began to ply the profession of being "younger branch." Then followed quarrel upon quarrel over a

throne that could not be vacant because it was no longer in existence.

One could not be long in the presence of Prince Jerome Napoleon without realising that he was marvellously gifted by Nature. Few things in science and in letters were unknown to him. He was an orator of great power, was distinguished as a writer, a rare conversationalist, and a man of undoubted energy,—in brief, he was possessed of almost every requisite necessary to accomplish a great work. But he always followed the wrong paths. Born at the foot of a throne, he conspired against the Emperor who overwhelmed him with benefits. He protested violently against the *Coup d'État*, yet on the following day did not hesitate to reap the advantages derived from that crime. He was the evil genius of the Empire. His Palais Royal was the rendezvous of all those who were brewing conspiracies. Not to love the Empire and the Emperor was a passport to his recognition, and be gave bad counsel to every one. Intelligent to a high degree, he refused to make use of his intelligence for good purposes. A prince of royal and imperial blood, he tried to kill Imperialism. Nobody was braver than he really was, yet he so acted as to be considered a poltroon by friends and foes alike. All his richness of mind, of heart, of birth he wasted or flung away, and finally he died in Rome, almost alone, for some of his family could not reach his death bed in time, and he would not see his son, the young Pretender.

Prince Victor, whom I also knew, is not a Bonaparte; he is a Savoyard. He has neither the Napole-

onic mask of his father, nor the profile that his brother seems to have borrowed from his grand uncle, the young general of the Italian Campaign. Tall, heavy, and bony, he has the round head and flat face of the Victor Emmanuel family. He became a Pretender before his turn, urged on by a few Imperialists who took seriously the political testament left by the son of Napoleon III. But in order to force himself to the front of the party, he had first of all to pass over the body of his father, and implicitly condemn the latter's words and actions. This he did not hesitate to do. Without any of those strong personal qualities which if they do not justify hardy ambitions, at least excuse cynical defections, he went about living in the most false and humiliating position any man—let alone a prince —could have done. His friends were the shareholders of his reign to come, and his soldiers were his bankers.

In his retreat at Brussels he was supposed to be working hard to acquire the knowledge necessary for governing France. He was labouriously preparing for some sort of political thunder clap, as meanwhile he was conscientiously diving deep into history in search of facts concerning his own race. Inexperienced and susceptible young men belonging to Bonapartist families rallied around him and printed on their cards, "Attached to the Person of His Imperial Highness, Prince Victor." These formed a sort of Court for the Pretender, who was waiting for heaven knows what: for France to grow weary of living without him; for eagles to fall from the skies and plant their talons on the laurelled points of republican standards; for the army to come over to his side; for the people to recall him with millions of ballots!

That was the dream of a foolish Prince who renounced his own father,—that other prince, a sceptical, artist-prince, irregular and instructed, intelligent and useless, who passed through two revolutions and a reign without being able to find the tiller of the helm he wished to seize. Victor was at Rome when that father lay dying, but he came away without having received the paternal forgiveness, and returned to his Belgian lodgings with a band of crape around his arm. Then he secured a few more partisans to his cause, for the death of their leader released certain families from their self-imposed oath of royalty, and thereupon he began to issue orders as the indisputable and sole heir of Cæsar. That was all; for nothing ever came of it,—and there never will. Yesterday he might have been the representative of that House which brought so much glory and so much misfortune to France, but to-day he is no more than a disqualified Pretender, a deserter from the Bonapartes, merely a young man with so much a month coming in from the poor old Empress Eugénie.

"O, Toulon!" exclaimed Victor Hugo, "it is through thee that uncles commence and nephews finish!" Sometimes the place is transferred to Brussels.

Hardly had all the "Pretenders" and their immediate heirs been sent out of France, hardly had the cry "*Vive le Roi!*" died away, when we heard the cry "*Vive Boulanger!*" The "Man on Horseback" had made his appearance on the political stage of Europe.

I often saw General Boulanger, having made his acquaintance when he was Minister of War. For

awhile he was the popular idol of France, and yet nearly all his popularity was attributed to what the French call *la bêtise universelle.*

George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger was physically a good-looking man. Of average height, and with a well-knit frame, he presented all the appearance of youth and vigour, though he was fifty years of age when at the height of his popularity. His physiognomy betokened cool courage; the blue eyes were bright and clear; the nose, pure in its outline, surmounted a heavy blonde moustache which met a beard that hid a mouth which rarely smiled. His forehead was high, and his hair was of a light chestnut tinge. His father was a Frenchman, his mother an Englishwoman, whose maiden name was Griffiths. (A nephew of hers was one of the brightest journalists Chicago ever knew).

Educated at Brighton, England, young Boulanger was sent to the French military school of St. Cyr, where he graduated three years later, his subsequent record as a soldier being excellent. Early in 1886 he became Minister of War, in which office he was seized with ambition which in due course of time led him, too, to seek safety in the Belgian capital.

Previous to this, however, he was the temporary idol of the day. Monologues were written and spoken in his honour; his portraits were sold by hundreds of thousands all over France. A Tyrtæus of the café concert named Paulus was one of those who put Boulanger on a pinnacle, and his song, "En Revénant de la Revue," soon sung by almost everybody, threatened to send the "Marseillaise" to join the "Chant du Départ" in the oblivion of a fickle public's regard.

General Boulanger

We had him in sugar, in chocolate, in gingerbread, doing duty as a brandy-bottle, as a pipe-bowl, as a walking-stick, and so forth. The illustrated papers showed us every week how he was going to treat Bismarck and the German army, and one election-day, when Paris was covered with the names of candidates for Parliament, suddenly all of these names were covered with green posters, which read: "Let us vote for General Boulanger."

There is no doubt about it, the man was for awhile very popular with those of the upper classes who sought a means of injuring the Republic, as well as with the lower classes who knew not what he was or what he wanted. As for that, on these important points, he himself seemed as much at sea as everybody else in France. He was a strange personage, and the French are always a strange public. They spoke of him in the deepest mystery. Some said he was going to re-establish the monarchy; others declared he would be the president of a new government; while still others shouted: "Can't you see that he intends bringing about something peculiarly his own!"

Meanwhile the General confided his secret to nobody; yet all of us could feel that he was a conspirator, and the Egeria who backed him with golden ducats, if not with good advice, was a *grande dame* of the Champs Élysées known as the Duchesse d'Uzes. It may be added that she was a truly vinous duchess, for her money came out of the champagne trade.

Personally Boulanger was a good fellow, skilful in speculating on public credulity, on disordered imaginations and on human vanity, the best possible qualification for an ambitious man. But he had no

great or generous views. He knew how to tell some men such things as best suited their respective stations in life, while to the masses he spoke those things that aroused their chauvinism. No one excelled him at banquets in expressing to hearts warmed up with good red wine all the momentary enthusiasm, all the unreasoning and sentimental excitement with which they were swelling in those trying days. Knowing how to talk buncombe, how to get into the newspapers, how to ride pompously on his famous black charger, Boulanger became not only the hope of theories and barricades, but the ally of aristocrats and the tool of Royalists. Often ridiculous, yet always interesting, he was a strange composition of all the conflicting ambitions of those opposed to the French Republic. He was egotistical to the highest degree, yet an intelligent man and a pleasant acquaintance; still, from the first I never looked on him save as a charlatan, and time sustained me in my prediction as to his complete downfall. Not another government in the world would have put up with what the Republic endured from this man during three years. However, there is no abuse but will come to an end some time; and finally a High Court cut short the odyssey of the world he dictated by condemning him to life imprisonment in a fortress. He did not wait to be arrested, but fled from Paris at night in disguise, like a common coward, and then he rid Brussels of his presence by taking his own life. *Felo de se* was the ultimate end of an over-ambitious adventurer, and Boulangism in France was dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EGYPTIAN VICEROY, AND A POLITICAL SCHEMER FROM INDIA.

My acquaintance with Oriental Celebrities has been limited to the late Shah of Persia; to Ismail Pasha, sometime Khédive of Egypt; to the Bey of Tunis; to Gemal-ed-Din — a thorn in the side of the English government of India; and to a few Sheiks in Algeria and the Great Sahara.

In 1875, when Ismail Pasha was at the height of his power, he determined to send an army against the Abyssinians and compel King John to show more respect to Egyptian pretentions on the upper Nile. The Khédive's Minister of War sent an officer of high rank to Paris and London to engage Europeans who had had experience in war to go to Cairo and help to lead the Egyptian troops in that campaign.

It so happened that that special military envoy and myself were in the Union army together, and he saw fit to offer me an engagement in the Khédive's service, with rank and pay equal to those of a lieutenant-colonel in the American army. I accepted it conditionally; that is to say, it would first be necessary for me to return to the United States, and then proceed to Cairo. This was agreed to, and my friend then took me to the Paris tailor who made the uniforms for the English, French, and American officers of the Egyptian army, where I was measured. He then went to London, and I left for New York.

Arrived there on a Sunday morning, I found the newspapers full of the news of the Khédive's downfall. The financial bottom of his viceroyalty had dropped out, retrenchment was the order of the day, the expedition against King John was declared off, and my engagement as an officer in his army was cancelled. Thereupon I returned to Paris, and was living there when Ismail Pasha, who had succeeded in borrowing more money, sent a force of several thousand men against the Abyssinians. Ill-led by a native pasha, though he had several American, French, and English officers under him, the Khédive's troops were drawn into an ambush, and nearly every man of them perished. If I had gone to Cairo direct from Paris in 1875, my bones, in all probability, would now be bleaching somewhere in northern Africa.

Ismail Pasha, after his deposition by the Sultan at the instance of France and Great Britain, which Powers had assumed "dual control" of Egypt, went to Paris, and, as he stopped at the same hotel where I was then living, it was but a short while before I was presented to him. During his stay in the French capital I saw and talked with him frequently, and always found him a calm, smiling, and courteous person. No one could be more affable, yet no one knew better how, with absolute will,—a perfectly oriental characteristic,—to remain a closed book to all by keeping the conversation within the limits of those generalities which are never compromising. If by chance he went a little further than he intended to go, he fell back, in the most amusing manner, on a favourite expression of his, "Ceci, cela, etcetera." When he wound up a sentence with "This, that, and the other

thing," there was an end to that particular topic of conversation.

The ex-Khédive was then about fifty years of age; he was stout and short, with soft eyes, and he had a way of blinking them that led one to suppose him near-sighted. Very astute and witty, in spite of his somewhat heavy outward appearance, he always gave me the impression that although he was talking in French he was thinking in Turkish. He was as skilful in statecraft as the most renowned diplomatist, and the influence which he undoubtedly exercised over all who came in contact with him was due not only to the great authority which he had wielded in the past and to his high birth, but also to his incontestable authority. Accustomed to command, knowing how to make himself obeyed, and feared by the Arabs, who saw in him the grandson of great Mehemet Ali, he exercised over the people of Egypt a fascination which would have prevented them from abandoning themselves to an upstart like Arabi Pasha, to a fanatic like Osman Digna, or to a prophet, true or false, like the Mahdi.

With all his lavishness, his splendour while Khédive, Ismail Pasha was hardly so costly to the country as his predecessor, Said Pasha, and in giving he never looked for any gratitude from the recipients of his bounties. Nor did he bear malice toward those who had turned against him after having benefited from his favour, and this suppleness of character, which many persons consider as a symptom of contempt for humanity, was not at all surprising in an Oriental who, when he was Viceroy of Egypt, was a much bigger man than his master the Sultan at Constantinople.

When he left Cairo, rather than appeal, as his Minister of War implored him to do, to the chance of arms, in order to retain his throne, Ismail deemed that it would be sufficient if he opposed the mere force of inertia to the pressure brought to bear on him by those who wanted to get rid of him, and who afterward, and during many years, regretted that impolitic act. Besides he was a true believer; therefore he believed that his hour of trial had come; hence he withdrew with dignity, without protesting, hoping, however, that a day would come when the force of events would restore him to the throne which he had abandoned on the simple telegraphic order of his spiritual and political superior the Sultan of Turkey.

There was a while when it seemed more than likely that his hopes were to be completely realised. That period was from 1883 to 1885, and at one time his probable restoration to the throne of Egypt was actually announced in the leading journals of Europe. For not only was his son and successor, Tewfik Pasha, so sick and tired of the constant troubles and revolutions which were going on in the country that he was misgoverning, that he, too, wanted to abdicate, but the world in general was becoming heartily tired of him as the head of "the Egyptian question." Ismail Pasha held in his hands the solution of a question which was then threatening the peace of Europe. On him seemed to depend the future relations of France and England,—the balancing of the influence between those two rival nations. A tacit understanding on the part of the Continental Powers, a little disinterestedness on the part of Great Britain, was all that was needed to restore him to a throne from which he should never have been removed.

There was never anything small or mean about Ismail Pasha, and he was what might well be called "a cheerful giver." His generosities were magnificent, and he would have given away a pyramid or two if anybody, or any nation, had cared to have one. When General Sherman informed him that fifteen or twenty American military men could give Egypt a creditable army, he engaged forty or fifty such Americans, and paid them well for their services. Generous and open-handed, Ismail's mania was giving, his great fault never to think of the liabilities incurred. In accepting the financial aid of the Continent, he did not discern the political consequences, nor the jealous intrigues which were to turn his monetary difficulties into a source of international meddling and encroachment. Blindfolded, he allowed himself to fall into the hands of the money-lenders; from high to low, all Continental usurers threw themselves upon Egypt as an easy prey. So long as he had securities to offer, the anterooms of his ministers were overcrowded with bankers anxious to lend him millions at a percentage prohibited by the penal laws of their own country. Cringing as long as they could hope to get something out of him, they continued to urge him to take their gold, while he mortgaged Egypt; then they found it advantageous to settle up their affairs. Had his been the case of an ordinary mortal, a court of law would have reduced their outrageous claims to fair and just proportions. But he was a Sovereign, and they, the kings of Jews, or rather the Jews of kings, were powerful enough to bring to bear the authority of their respective governments to enforce their claims. Ismail surrendered all his private properties to the value of $25,000,000; but they insisted

not only on financial but also on political sacrifices; and when he would not agree to this latter the usurers compelled the Sultan to depose Ismail and to place Tewfik on the throne.

But the ex-Khédive would never admit, neither at Paris, when we were talking together, nor elsewhere, that he had ever been guilty of wasteful extravagance except in one instance, and that was the inauguration of the Suez Canal, which he and M. de Lesseps had constructed. The brilliant *fête* which he gave at that time was an apotheosis that lasted several weeks. It was a series of majestic and imposing mirages, and in the midst of the wonderful surroundings of ancient Egypt, modern progress was not permitted to lose anything by the contrast. Ismail spent more than $20,000,000 at that time, and perhaps there is not another more extravagant display of royal magnificence in all the annals of history.

When the fateful telegram came, removing him from power, Ismail Pasha packed hurriedly, took a special train for Alexandria, and sailed thence on his yacht "Mahroussa" for Naples, accompanied by seventy members of his harem. From Naples he went to Paris, and it was there that I made his acquaintance in the summer of 1882. He told me that his first visit to Paris was in 1843, when he was sent there to receive a French education, and was authorised to attend the classes at the Polytechnique. He used to go every Thursday evening to the Tuileries, and often dined with the Royal family on Sundays. He remained in Paris for nearly seven years, when, it being believed that he had acquired sufficient education, he was recalled to Egypt. There the crafty work of an Ar-

menian named Nubar placed him in the direct line to succeed his uncle, Said Pasha, the ruling Viceroy, and in course of time he ascended the Egyptian throne. He governed, with almost despotic power, until his removal by his Turkish master, whose ill will and jealousy he had so grievously excited.

Born in Cairo, December 31, 1830, he died March 2, 1895, at Constantinople, where he had been permitted to establish himself in a palace on the European side of the Bosphorus. When dying, he pleaded to be taken back to Egypt, but not until he was a corpse would the Powers consent to this. The obsequies in Cairo on the 12th of March were marked by all possible pomp and circumstance, the procession presenting that strange jumble of Oriental and Western life which is so typical of that city on the Nile. In the Mosque of Rafai, beside the tomb of his mother and two of his daughters, Ismail was finally laid to rest in a mausoleum which he had himself designed, but which will probably never be completed.

His son, Tewfik Pasha, reigned as Khédive until January 7, 1892, when he died suddenly at Helonan, in the fortieth year of his age. Then Abbas Hilmi Pasha succeeded to the Khédivate at the age of eighteen. The seventh of the Mehemet Ali to be at the head of the Egyptian people — it might be said, with the kind permission of the British nation — this young man has never shown any particular wisdom, and, what is more, he is not liked by that people who now wield the real power in the country which he is supposed to govern. But if the English have no great fondness for the present Khédive, it can be said in his favour that Americans and other foreigners in

Egypt do not dislike him, but, quite the contrary, appreciate his services, his politeness and his hospitality.

I cannot recall a more picturesque character than my old friend Gemal-ed-Din. One day in February, 1884, I happened to come across an article in the "Journal des Débats," signed by Ernest Rénan. It was very short, not more than twenty lines, and in it he spoke of a great schemer against British government in India, an Afghan entirely separated from Islam, yet one of the most important leaders in the Orient, Gemal-ed-Din, at that moment in Paris. I determined to interview this Celebrity "in slippers"— for he certainly was that, as I soon found out—and I succeeded, though it was no easy matter to meet him. He was a man of medium size, very swarthy complexion, and about fifty years of age. He had on a long, flowing black gown, a fez, silk stockings, and Turkish slippers sharply pointed. He spoke a little French, but so imperfectly that I was glad enough, on his suggestion, to permit his secretary to remain and be our interpreter.

Gemal-ed-Din soon showed me how warmly he loved his country and how implacably he hated England. He not only hated the English, but he was a redoubtable adversary of England, against which he had sworn as fierce an oath as did Hannibal against mighty Rome. He belonged to one of the princely families of Afghanistan, the Seids, who claim to be descended from the Prophet. When still a young man he was mixed up in one of the many intestine wars in which Afghanistan is noted, and fought bravely

for the Emir Afdal-Khan at the head of the warriors of his tribe. Afdal-Khan was defeated, and Gemal-ed-Din had to fly for his life. He went to India, where he remained long enough to see for himself how great were the sufferings of the native populations under the iron band of English officials. He took an active part in the great outbreak known as the Indian Mutiny, or Sepoy War, beginning at Meerut in June, 1857, after which he went to Constantinople, where he received a government appointment, and attracted attention by the boldness with which he expressed the ideas of which he was the apostle.

For his opinions he was soon expelled from Constantinople, and went to Cairo, where he taught philosophy and the sciences in an Egyptian university. As he made no concealment of his hatred of England, and as the Afghanistan war furnished him many opportunities to give expression to this hatred in his lectures, the British Consul at Cairo persuaded Tewfik Pasha to arrest Gemal-ed-Din and hand him over to the English military authorities at Suez, whence he was sent to India for safe keeping. There he was closely watched, but he succeeded in forming a very extensive acquaintance among the native rajahs and nabobs. Then he escaped, went straight to London, and reached that city at the same time as the news of the capture of Tel-el-Keber by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had also won the battle of Kassassin. A fortnight's stay in the British metropolis was quite enough for this Oriental schemer, and then he went to Paris where I first met him some twenty years ago. But I saw him many times after that until he suddenly disappeared from the city, and I have never heard of him since.

While in Paris Gemal-ed-Din published a paper in Arabic characters, called *El-Orouat-el-Osta*, the English meaning of which was "The Indissoluble Tie." This paper was backed by a formidable society whose members were scattered through India, Egypt, and Arabia, and had its headquarters in the holy city of Mecca. The avowed purpose of "The Indissoluble Tie" was to unite all the diverse sections of Islam; to instruct the Mussulmans as to the opinions expressed concerning them by the Europeans; to keep them informed as to all that was passing in the Western World; to advise them as to the line of conduct they should adopt in order to shake off the yoke; and to keep them posted as to the forces which England had at her disposal. It harped on the fact that Great Britain, with a comparatively small force of soldiers scattered all over India, is the mistress of the richest empire on the face of the globe, and oppresses a population of over 290,000,000 souls, a fifth of whom are Mohammedans. It often pointed out the line of conduct that Great Britain adopts when it seeks to subjugate a country; how it gains a foothold there under cover of the most friendly pretensions; how, once there, it intrigued now with the native rulers against the people, now with the people against the princes, making, now to the one and now to the other, the most attractive promises, placing at their disposal its officials and soldiers, who soon succeeded in getting the whole government of the country into their own hands; and how in doing this, it all the time protests that it is acting in the most disinterested manner.

I remember one copy of *El-Orouat-el-Osta* wherein my esteemed confrère," Gemal-ed-Din, pointed out

the misfortunes which the intervention of England had brought on Egypt, the disorders caused by the army of occupation, and the discontent of all classes of the population, which at that time was being manifested by many unmistakable and alarming signs. In that article he addressed himself personally to the Khédive, showing him that England was treating him exactly as she had the Indian princes whom she had subjugated, and whose States she had annexed to her Empire by means of their own troops, of whom she got control under pretext of reorganizing them.

In those years the Mahdi was giving the English much trouble in the Soudan, and in regard to him Gemal-ed-Din said that he was neither a true nor a false prophet, as the European press were calling him. He was being revered by the Mussulman world only as one of the descendants of the great Prophet and as a pious, devout man who was following the line of conduct laid down by his ancestor. His mission was to suppress certain innovations in the Mohammedan religion, to proclaim justice, to establish the equality of all true believers, and to advance the cause of Islam by making it a power in the midst of the surrounding nations.

After fifteen years of fasting, this Mahdi, at the prophetic age of forty, came forward as a "Messiah," seized El'-Obeyd, the chief city of Kordefan, in 1883, and in November of that year utterly destroyed Hicks Pasha's army of 10,000 men. In January, 1884, General Gordon went out, at the instance of the British government, to arrange with the Mahdi for the peaceful withdrawal of certain garrisons in the Soudan; but no terms could be made, and Gordon became closely

beleaguered at Khartoum by the Mahdi's forces, and there he was murdered in January, 1885. Soon afterward the Mahdi died, and the Soudan became, for many years, a scene of horrible tyranny and bloodshed. Finally, however, the country was subdued, and temporarily pacified by the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, who made a great campaign, and then soiled his reputation by committing a deed which the whole civilised world condemned. Outside of Omdurman, by the Nile, rose the Mahdi's tomb, a yellow dome clear above everything. By orders of Kitchener it was levelled with the ground; the body of the Mahdi was dug up; its limbs and trunk were thrown into the river; and the head was taken to Cairo, whence Lord Cromer sent it to Wady Halfa to be reburied.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME IMPERIAL, ROYAL, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

THE most glorious of all the discoveries on which Genius has ever laid his hand is the invention of printing. It is a boon of unqualified good — its possession is entirely beneficial. It has multiplied the faculties of our minds, has enlarged the limits of our resources by giving to each individual the knowledge of the whole human race. Where there is lack of knowledge, evil is produced. Ignorance is of no use whatever in this world, whereas knowledge steadies the head, disciplines the mind, and teaches man patience and how to persevere. It is true that there is a sort of literature which spreads corruption wherever it goes, and a great deal could be said against sensational novels in which villains are made to flourish like green bay-trees, but as such books are the exception we will pass them without further comment. Much more deserving of reproof is the "yellow" journalism of the period. In certain newspapers space is given only to crime and sin, to accounts of dishonourable acts, to the dirty linen of private families. Only too often does the American reporter who deals with the criminal in the dock descant on his splendid nerve, tells of what he eats for dinner in his cell, and, if sent to witness his execution, vapours off a maudlin paragraph or two on the fate which consigns

so promising a creature to the rope or to the electric shock. Unfortunately it is easier to denounce all this sort of thing than to suggest a remedy for it, and so let us pass on to a more agreeable subject.

No modern civilised country would be able to get on now without printed books, and so necessary are they to our mental life that a large part of the working world is made up of *gens de lettres*. So true is it of the present time, that men and women may avow they are writers without blushing; that even kings, queens, and emperors are showing pride in literary work of their own. There are not a few crowned persons living who are famous authors, poets, novelists, or dramatists. "*Il n'y a pas de sots métiers, il n'y a que de sottes gens.* Every one comes into this world destined to a purpose, and, as a rule, if there is a false start, the mistake will correct itself in due course of time.

There is an old tradition which represents writers in dirty cloth or flannel slippers, dressing-gowns of calico or gingham dreadfully soiled by grease, ink, and snuff, with disheveled hair and unkempt beards seated in a rickety chair at a littered table, hard at work in composing a few lines so as to gain a little money to be well spent in a wicked orgie, or to be wasted by removing a bit of the misery which hangs over some poor devil's home. I should like to offset this old familiar picture by showing, so to speak, some few *littérateurs* I have met who wear satin slippers richly embroidered in gold, who are robed in royal or imperial ermine, and who, surrounded by crowns and sceptres, as it were, are busy with their pens in sumptuous palaces.

To be the chronicler of grand personages it is not necessary that one should have ever been on familiar terms with them, nor do we need to be very precise and exact as to their goings and comings in daily life. A narrative, even when it is rapid and more or less interesting, is only an animated report or journal, nothing more, still this sketch of a few such writers whom I knew is not to be in any sense an apology. It is intended as an homage to the art of literature,—an art that is truly without rank and has no frontiers, and which is always democratic even when monarchs themselves take up the pen. There are several queens and kings who may be classified among *gens de lettres*, and indeed the ambition of crowned heads to share some of the burdens of the simple public seems to be a characteristic trait of our period. Far off in the north of Europe it is Oscar II., King of Sweden-Norway, who voluntarily cultivates both prose and poesy. As an author-poet he has had numerous successes, and I once had the honour of assisting at the first performance of an opera at Stockholm, the libretto of which was written by His Majesty. Queen Victoria also laid down the sceptre, so to speak, to take up the pen in her time, although her "Journal of our Life in the Highlands" is very much of personal literature.

The Emperor Wilhelm II., of Germany, who seems determined to have a hand in everything, has not only composed songs, but has written a book or two. In Portugal, the father of the reigning King translated Shakespeare's plays and poems for the enlightenment of his subjects. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the chief of a people who are rather rude, not to say unciv-

ilised, as yet, has written two melodramas, while autocrats themselves have been bitten by the literary tarantula and had the *cacoethes scribendi*. Alexander III., father of the present Czar, was ever ready to take his pen in hand as a bookman. He wrote several histories, and he personally collected and edited the different official reports made of the siege and battles of Sebastopol. This latter volume contains some of the most thrilling war stories that were ever printed.

The late Shah of Persia was another monarch who was troubled with the itch for writing, and he wrote at least four volumes which were descriptive of his two trips through Europe. In 1889 I was duly presented to the "King of Kings" while he was visiting the Paris Exposition of that year. His Majesty said a few words about literature in general, and then voluntarily promised to send me his "Impressions de Voyage" when the book was printed. I have never been able to read Persian, however, but one may be permitted to guard the illusion that the late "King of Kings" wrote an extremely remarkable book.

Another Majesty whom it has been my good fortune to meet personally, and who is *une vrai lettre*, is the Queen of Rumania, elsewhere mentioned more at length. She has chosen her literary subjects widely, and novels, essays, dramas, histories, etc., have been written by her virile pen. She is a very intellectual Queen, and I admire her greatly; not as a Majesty, but as a woman with a good heart and a clever mind. Of the sorrows and griefs which have greyed the hairs of "Carmen Sylva" there is one which American women will well understand and share in sincerest sympathy. In the midst of a beautiful garden that

surrounds her residence there stands the tomb of a little girl, and on the headstone one may read these words: "Weep not, for she is not dead, she sleeps;" and there is a small reclining statuette of a child who seems to be pleasantly reposing in her white marble robe. "Weep not," and yet the Queen-mother of that dear sleeping daughter still weeps, mourning bitterly the loss of her little girl. In a romance that has Carmen Sylva for its royal author one may read this phrase:

"A home without a child is like a bell without a clapper; the silent sound would perhaps be very beautiful if there was only something to awaken it."

Alphonse Daudet, the distinguished man of letters, was always a generous friend. The Daudet family were genial, hospitable, and of rare intelligence. Alphonse was a famous novelist and dramatist; his wife was a distinguished *littérateur*; his brother Ernest was a brilliant writer; his son Léon has achieved an excellent reputation in literary work.

In all probability Alphonse Daudet had visitors to his house, in the way of special correspondents and interviewers, from more countries and more capitals than any other man on earth, but it cannot be said that he welcomed us merely to secure publicity for himself, for he really did not care much for passing compliments. These representatives of the foreign press — *confrères*, he always called us — were shown into a very large library-study where, amid many books, they found the "master," bareheaded, his gypsy-like hair unbrushed, a single eyeglass stuck over the left eye, very nervously walking up and down

the room with the aid of a stout cane, awaiting them. While thus stamping about, or while talking with some one of us, he usually smoked a short pipe which was given him by Flaubert, and which he relighted eight or ten times in half an hour, and each time with the glance of a near-sighted person into it as if to see had it really "gone out."

On the entrance of a visitor, if they had met before, Daudet gave the new-comer a hearty handshake, pointed to an open box of cigars, said "*Asseyez-vous. Comment ça va?*" and at once began a conversation about some book or, perhaps, a monologue, in which case the caller, if at all "literary," was in a sort of paradise, for the words of the host were as so many brilliant gems. I shall not attempt to paint the expressive mimic which accompanied each phrase — a shake of the head, shrug of the shoulders, arch look, gesture of the disengaged hand with its accompanying toss of the bushy hair, as meanwhile the *monocle* fixed itself on the caller as if to photograph and seize the latter's hidden thoughts; or his unpronounced contradiction of what was being said, or his mute reticences, or an admiration that was unable to find words with which to express itself. Nor shall I attempt to give the accent, the inflections of the voice — that deep voice of the south of France, penetrating, caressing, sweet to the ear like the voice of a woman, or full of mocking irony or of sarcasm,— a voice which was frequently transformed, which changed its *timbre*, which imitated other voices, and which helped to make his visitor better understand and know the personages of whom the master was talking.

Alphonse Daudet was in a certain sense a man but

Alphonse Daudet

little known, and was often very much misunderstood, yet he was ever a steadfast friend to those whom he knew and liked. He liked those who gave him no trouble, and who were, in his opinion, worthy of their own reputation. No one in his intimacy was ever permitted to whisper to him any of those muttered "well perhaps," or "I should say," or "really I am afraid," or "it certainly seems to me" which are so much of the vernacular stock that many persons keep on hand to indulge in behind the backs, or out of the hearing of their acquaintances. Year after year the *on dits* kept repeating that he was crazy to get into the Académie Française, and as often was he obliged to submit to the interviewers on that subject. The newspaper editors were for and against him in these semi-occasional outbursts, and one of them finally said, "Daudet does not dare to present himself as a candidate because there have been so many scandalous things in his life."

Annoyed by this, and similar flings, the famous author wrote "L' Immortel," simply "*enterrer à tout jamais cette question*," as he declared; and whether or not that novel did forever bury all his chances of being one of the "Immortals," Daudet never, not in the best days of his brilliant career, surpassed it as a literary work of art. He may have written books more exactly perfect, but never did he turn out superior pages, either for their dramatic intensity, or for their *virtuosité* of execution, than those in the chapter about the duel, and which, in my opinion, will long remain one of the classical morsels from contemporaneous literature.

The novel created a great sensation, almost a scan-

dal, among Parisians, for it was the worst attack on the French Academy and its "Forty Immortals" ever penned by any one. Some time after its publication Daudet thought of putting the story on the stage, and a *scenario* had actually been accepted by one of the managers, but on more mature consideration that idea was abandoned and he wrote the "Lutte Pour la Vie" to take its place at the same theatre. I was present at the first night of this piece, as I had been present two years before when Daudet's own dramatisation of his "Numa Roumestan" was originally brought out at the Odéon. The title rôle of that novel, and play, was supposed to have been intended for Léon Gambetta, but Daudet never confessed it. He once told me that it and the "Arlésienne" were the only two pieces he ever made alone for the stage.

It is not my intention to review the literary career of the great novelist, but I do wish to refer briefly to his happy home. And right here I must deviate for a moment from the direct course of my remarks in order to emphasise that word "home." I shall speak now as one having knowledge of the subject,—knowledge gained during a long experience, not merely one year, or two, or three, in some Paris boarding-house, but during a period of nearly twenty years. It is the customary thing for Anglo-Saxons—and these include not only English-American, but Teutonic-Germans who are never slow to sneer at the French for their political instability and for their immorality—to assert that history, literature, and statistics unite to condemn the citizens of France and to denounce them as ungovernable and dissolute, powerless to make the human race progress, and as opposed to all family virtues. I

shall not now attempt to refute these conclusions, except to insist that they are as absurd as they are untrue — and they certainly are both; but this is positive, Frenchmen are much better than the portraits drawn of them, even though the likenesses are drawn with pigments made in Paris.

There are some observers who study foreign peoples only in books and newspapers and are quite satisfied with this half-anonymous information; but there are others who study them in actual life. We study them as they are in their own towns, their own parishes, their own families; and the strength of family ties, and the peace of married couples, and the virtues of homes are as distinct and satisfactory in France as they are anywhere else on earth. The conception of the French family rests on first, love of one's own mother; secondly, on the husband's admiration of and respect for the wife; thirdly, on the wife's affection for and obedience to the husband; fourthly, on their combined tenderness for their children; fifthly, on respect for aged persons, with veneration for the dead; and lastly, an unbounded, unselfish love of country. In brief, the French family type rests on the observance of what has been well called the eternal decalogue, and there is a great deal of individual and of collective happiness in most French homes. It may be true — and indeed it is true — that there is no word in the French language which is precisely the equivalent of the English word "home"; but most assuredly there is the same sacredness, the same peaceful, moral, and loving life in the houses and among the families of France that there is in Anglo-Saxon lands.

So let us look for a few minutes into the home of the

late Alphonse Daudet. In front of the master, at the other side of the same table, her day's work done, the wife has come to seat herself. Their son Léon is reading a book or searching through some volume of reference, and the hour is propitious for tranquil labour. The noises in the street have ceased, the silence is salutary, a stick of wood is burning in the fireplace, and the flame which devours it throws a flickering light on gilded picture-frames. Never has the intimacy of domestic happiness, never has the serenity of any home visited by glory, elsewhere, shown a more pleasant eloquence. The wife, musing over the present or dreaming of the future, is lulled into sweet and peaceful thoughts, and at this table, where talent is contagious, near to the man who is her all, and whose pen has written so many masterpieces, Madame Daudet feels herself impelled to work, and on the white sheets of paper under her hand she lets fall in harmonious stanzas of prose or verse her many thoughts. In the preface to his "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé," as published in his complete works, Alphonse Daudet renders public homage to the happy influence which this companion of his life had always had on him.

"She is so much an artiste herself that she has taken part in all that I have ever written. There is not one page that she has not read, retouched, and powdered over with the azure and the gold of her own noble self, modest, simple, and so little woman of letters though she be, and withal a gentle wife and a loving mother."

Daudet once told me an amusing story about his disposing of the rights of publication of his novel,

"Sapho," in the United States, and I shall repeat it here in his own language:

"I was long familiar with the respect accorded to literary property by the people of the New World, but recently I received a letter from New York which plunged me into stupefaction, and, I may add, into delight. A publishing-house offered to sign a contract with me for the reproduction of my next two works. I read and re-read this epistle. I had triumphed; I had conquered America. I subscribed to all the curious conditions in that contract. It was necessary to make a duplicate,— you Yankees are a practical people, — and my new publishers were afraid that the steamer might be shipwrecked and the contract go to feed the fishes. I therefore made a duplicate, and I copied out all the crabbed sentences in English [here he made a grimace] of the lawyer's clerk. I pushed my heroism still further. My would-be publishers had written: 'If you accept our conditions, telegraph us your affirmative answer by means of some Latin word, and sign your despatch with the name *Cousin*.' I immediately cabled the word *Omnibus*, followed by *Cousin*. Evidently the New Yorkers were afraid of the pirates and were taking business precautions. As soon as 'Sapho' was completed I sent a copy to the American publishers and waited for my check; instead I received a despatch asking if my title was 'Sapho' or 'Sappho.' I did not answer; what difference did one or two p's make to me? A day or two later I got a second despatch worded as follows: 'Sapho objectionable.' I replied: 'Put in two p's;' but it seems that this despatch did not refer to the two consonants. The word 'objectionable' meant that the publishers were afraid of the novel itself. My 'Évangeliste' had pleased them, and they had supposed all my other books were to be in the same line, and so the contract was cancelled."

CHAPTER X.

A GREAT ENGLISH AUTHORESS AND A FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT.

IT was my good fortune to meet George Eliot in the summer of 1880, soon after her marriage to Mr. Cross, at their house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London. A great writer, who was an admirer of female beauty, once said of George Eliot, "She is not handsome, but when I am talking with her I find her beautiful." That was also my impression, and I thought then that a man might really do something a great deal worse than love an ugly woman.

When taken to call on George Eliot, I was not an over-enthusiastic admirer of her, and, after the fashion among men and women, I had already drawn an imaginary portrait of the author of "Adam Bede." But never did reality respond so feebly to an ideal as did the image which had formed itself in my mind of that distinguished person. A friend had informed me that she was not handsome, yet I was hardly prepared to see a gaunt woman whose large head was out of proportion to the rest of her body. On that head she wore a bonnet-cap, antiquated, and of singular make, and her black dress of thin material clung closely to her bony frame. Her skin was yellow-tinted; her transparent hands were almost fleshless; her feet were hidden in cloth shoes which were a mile too large.

Presented to her, she gave me a hearty welcome, and at the sound of her sweetly modulated, velvety voice, I passed under the charm and dominion of a materially ill looking, not to say unsightly woman. In conversation she did not show any particular brilliancy, or get off any clever *bon mots*, but she knew how to "draw a fellow out," by suggesting elevated ideas and reflections, and her visitors — her masculine visitors — always left her enchanted with themselves, as well as astonished to find so much cleverness in so small a person.

She received every Sunday afternoon, from two to five o'clock, and guests were pretty sure to run across men and women famous in letters, the arts, and sciences, at her "at homes." I found her perched up in an immense arm-chair, quite serene, and well protected from a glaring lamplight on the table at her side by a shade of large size. It was always her habit to exhaust a subject, or satisfactorily to round up her remark to a guest just presented, before noticing the arrival of a new visitor; hence it was some little time before I could pay my respects to the distinguished lady. While she was talking to me Herbert Spencer came in, and as she called out to the philosopher I moved away.

A while later I was introduced to Mr. Cross, and he gave me the impression of a gentlemanly person of remarkable sincerity, and possessed of deep admiration for all that was elevated and good. If he did not have the gift of incarnating in some artistic form the ideal which he sought, no one could better appreciate the abilities of another or could encourage more. In the frankness of his eyes there was something of a regard that disposed one in his favour; and, to see him with

the eminent woman whom he had chosen for companion, one was forced to believe one's self in the presence of two faithful friends united by the conformity of their tastes and habits and absorbed in the same work. But that which struck me most of all was the enthusiasm which the younger of these two persons showed for the other.

That afternoon George Eliot declared that each time when it was known she was about beginning a new book she was overwhelmed with letters from unknown correspondents giving her advice as to the best way of carrying on the plot or of bringing her characters out of an embarrassing situation. Others wrote her when a book appeared, to affirm that they recognised themselves in her personages, or had found their friends set forth in her heroes and heroines.

"For instance," said George Eliot, "when 'Middlemarch' was published, three different young persons wrote to tell me that I had guessed their most intimate thoughts and feelings, and that I had expressed them through the mouth of Dorothea. I begged the three to send me their photographs; they did so, but their exterior at least did not resemble my heroine such as I understood her to be."

I believe that many other novelists have had similar experiences in their careers.

Not very long after my return to America I received a French book from Paris which contained this strange dedication:

"L' heure est venue où Jésus va triompher, car l'Évangile n'apporte plus au monde la guerre mais la paix. Puisse l'Église comprendre la premiére. Le Juif est au pied de la Croix, où il attend les Juifs — et beaucoup des Chrétiens."

Of course there is nothing remarkable about receiving this book, but there is a curious story connected therewith which is more than interesting. Before relating it let me say that not many years ago a Frenchman of genius, one of the greatest scholars and philosophers of the nineteenth century, a man who was in the Roman Catholic church to be an evangelist, came out of the New Testament to cry aloud: "No, Jesus was not the son of God." But inside of a month another cry was heard. A Jew, a writer of plays, in the main a vaudevillist rather than a dramatist, a man who was taught to revile the Christian religion, lifted up the New Testament and cried aloud: "Yes, Jesus was the son of God."

The world everywhere took Ernest Renan at his full worth, and his utterances worried the Catholic church not a little, for he was known to be an earnest man. But the world did not take Albin Valabregue at his word, for he was only a writer of amusing pieces, such as "Durand et Durand," "Bonheur Conjugal," "Ménages Parisiens," "Bas Bleus," etc., to mention only a few of the numerous plays at the Palais Royal, the Vaudeville, or the Gymnase theatre, which made all Paris laugh heartily during many years.

"What news have you from America?" wrote Valabregue to me four or five days previous to my leaving France. A year or so before we had agreed to be collaborators in the preparation and adaptation of certain plays, and our joint efforts were entrusted to a friend of mine at New York who proved himself unfit for the position. When I found this out I recalled the manuscripts, and they were lying in my desk

when Valabregue's letter reached me. I took them at once to his house in the Rue Ampère.

This street is a fine thoroughfare to the northwest of the Parc Monceau, and it forms a sort of boundary to the artistic zone in that part of Paris. There are four of these great zones in the French capital—Montparnasse, Montmartre, Monceau, and the Champs Élysées. The plain of Monceau was once the toughest country outside of Paris, and about the only houses in that suburb then were occupied by thieves, or the "petites amies" of gallant Parisians. When King Louis Philippe constructed the fortification-walls that now surround the capital, the plain, lying beyond the beautiful garden-park which the Duc de Chartres laid out in the eighteenth century, was included in the city boundary, and no other district in the city has been more swiftly or more richly built on and embellished since then. It was in that part of town that Gounod and Alexandre Dumas *fils* and Meissonnier lived; there where the Duchesse de Pomar, William Seligman (the rich American banker), Dagnan-Bouveret, Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Adam, and hundreds of other famous persons are still living.

The Rue Ampère is not longer than three or four ordinary blocks, and nearly all of its own celebrities reside within a single block. At one corner of this block, immediately in front of the Duchesse de Pomar's palace, is the mansion where Marie Bashkertseff once lived, and it was there where she first met Bastien Lepage, for love of whom she died, though not in that house. It was afterwards occupied by Madame Adiny, an American *diva*, then the leading *prima donna* at the Paris Opera. In this same block also lived the late

Howell Osborne, Walter Gay and Humphrey Moore, two distinguished American painters, Mrs. Josie Mansfield, and at No. 83 lived Albin Valabregue.

When we had arranged about the plays I told him of my intention to go away, whereupon he expressed his regrets — almost tragically. He declared that he had had me in his mind almost constantly for two months, as he had been counting on my aid in the disposal of a work which he had been writing diligently during the last two or three years, and which was going to be either a complete failure or the most successful book of the century. He begged me to put off my departure for another fortnight, as his volume would be published within that time, and he wanted me to have the first chance to make a lot of money out of it. He said:

"*Oui, oui, mon ami*, a great deal of money, or,"— a thoughtful pause—"not a single penny. There can be no medium or midway to it, for it will be all or nothing. Personally I am as sure that it will be a grand success as I am sure that you are sitting here in front of me. Six months ago, when I mentioned to a Paris publishing firm that my manuscript of this work was about finished they made me an offer which showed that they had complete confidence in it. But their offer was inacceptable, as they proposed paying only thirty per cent. of the gross sales. Believing that my brain is quite equal to their plant and capital, I refused their terms, and decided to bring the book out at my risk and expense. With this end in view I rented a house, started a printing establishment, swore the typesetters to secrecy, and read all the proofs myself. No one in the secret ever said a word about my

work. No one, not even my wife, knows anything about the subject; nevertheless I have refused 200,000 francs for it. I would not sell it to any one before its publication; and when it comes from the press and bindery it can be bought only at my printing-house. I am sorry you are leaving so soon, for it would please me to have you assist at my great triumph, and besides, I should really be glad to let you share in some of the pecuniary benefit."

Touched by Valabregue's enthusiasm, and by a generosity which he declared should extend to the book-rights for England and the United States, I thanked him in proper terms, then asked that he confide to me advance proofs which I could read on the steamship, and thus be able to talk with *connaissance de cause* on my arrival home. This suggestion he promptly vetoed, and declared he would not let any person in the world know anything about the book before the proper time. But if I would remain over he would put a copy of the book into my hands two full days in advance of its publication, saying that I should have it twenty-four hours ahead of every other person, no matter whom, and that ought to give me plenty of time to cable its value and importance to some American publisher, who would gladly accept the chance on my own terms. "Remember," he again exclaimed, "remember this will be the most remarkable book brought out in many, many years. It will not surprise me at all if it becomes as popular as the Bible, and indeed it ought to, for it teaches a religion and a goodness ———."

He suddenly stopped speaking, and looked at me almost savagely with his dark Hebrew eyes. They

burned into mine with an intensity and search that I had never seen in them before; and whether he feared he had said too much I cannot say, but he had the look of a madman at that moment. Presently, however, the fixed stare was withdrawn, and he resumed the conversation. He declared that as it was a book which would revolutionise Christianity, all religions in fact, it would be immensely popular everywhere, and this was precisely why he claimed that it was going to be the grandest success or the worst failure of the age.

The vagueness of my friend's remarks, and the knowledge which had been gained at our clubs and through certain newspaper paragraphs, impelled me to think that he was either an enthusiast or insane; for it was not comprehensible that this amiable *boulevardier*, this popular playwright, this delightful critic, this successful man of letters, this Paris Jew, was to be the one who was going to revolutionise all religions either by assimilation of them to his own, or his own to them. And as I could not understand him in this new and mysterious rôle, it occurred to me that he had better be called back to more common things, as time was precious. So I asked him if he had any new plays or plans for us to talk over. He sprang to his feet, strode the floor for a few steps, then exclaimed.

"Yes, I have several pieces and lots of plans; but I will not let you share them with me, for I shall not myself encourage them. I have put them all away, and perhaps for ever. Yonder desk is full of plays already written out or in *scenario*, but they shall never see the light of day again. I have done with the theatre, and henceforth shall consecrate my life to this

new work and the faith it teaches. I am rich enough now to begin doing good in a way which you will know about when my book is issued. By retiring from the stage I give up at least $20,000 yearly, for my pieces bring me in that much on the average. But I shall do even better than that with my book; and even if it is a failure it pleases me to follow the great discovery which I have made to its logical conclusion. It is a discovery for religion and for the happiness of mankind as far ahead of the present idea as the Eiffel Tower is larger than this penholder. He picked up a small wooden penholder lying on a blotting-pad; then he held out his hand, grasped mine, and said, "*Adieu, et bon voyage*," to which I replied, "*Adieu, et bonne chance.*" He came with me to the door, and I have not seen him since.

In due course of time the book was out, and it was the one that I have quoted the strange dedication from. A copy of the "Philosophie du XXme. Siècle" was also sent to the Vatican, addressed by Valabregue to His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, but intended for His Holiness the Pope. It is impossible for me to know what value Leo XIII. ever set upon the volume; but this much is certain, and no matter what it may be worth from the philosophical or religious point of view, the book remains none the less a curious specimen of that great originality which is constantly being sought for in the crucible of Paris, which is the most wonderful of all crucibles, and which is for ever in a state of ebullition.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE OF HUMANITY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED BENEFACTORS.

In a book of this kind, containing, as it does, impressions of illustrious and distinguished persons, it would almost seem that the place of honour rightfully belonged to one who was humanity's greatest benefactor. I not only knew Professor Louis Pasteur personally, but he was my friend during several years. He was born in December, 1822, and during a life of almost three quarters of a century nearly every day of his professional existence was spent in benefiting animal life and mankind. Huxley once declared that the discoveries of Pasteur would suffice to cover the ransom which France was forced to pay by Bismarck after the war with Germany.

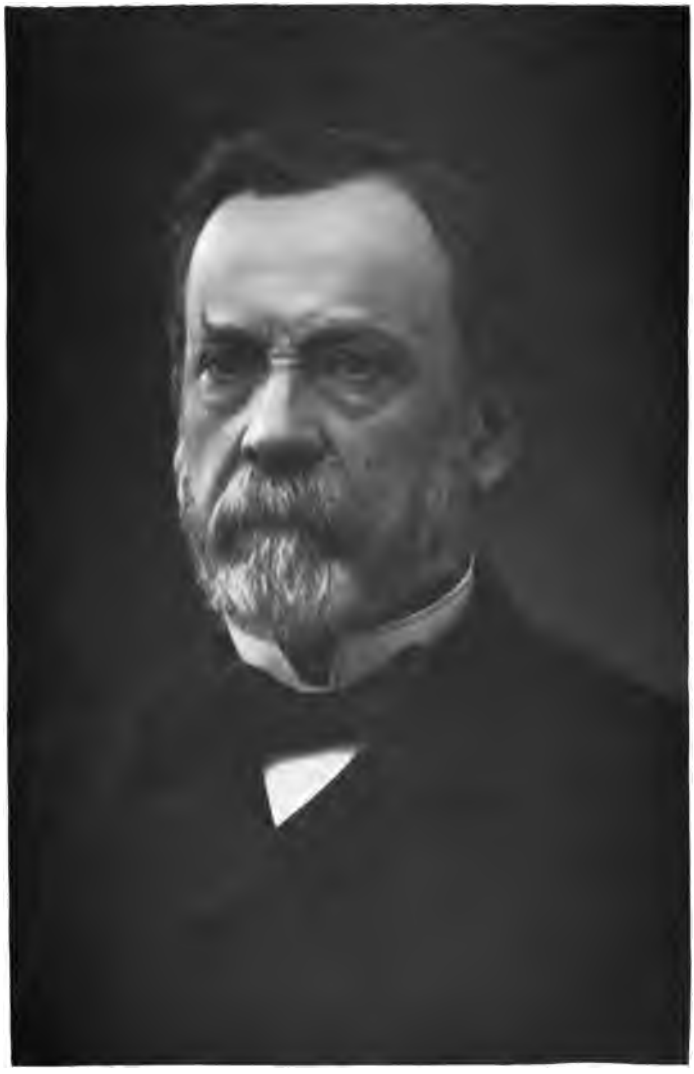
This man whose genius was so fecund, whose intellect was so clear and incisive and so marvellously adapted to analysis, did not succeed very well in the beginning of his career. He was obliged to struggle a long while against the prejudices, routine, and iron-bound ignorance of accepted science. His discovery of the means of attenuating virus transformed surgical and medical practice. He applied his ideas to researches on carbuncle diseases, chicken cholera, septicæmia and hydrophobia. After having established his ability to prevent diseases in vegetable and animal life he utilised his discoveries for the benefit of mankind. Humanity

owes much to Louis Pasteur; for his immunity for man against that awful malady known as hydrophobia is more certain than is the cure of any other ill or grief that man is liable to be afflicted with. The success of his treatment for mad-dog bites is now proved conclusively, and is accepted by everybody except the anti-vivisectionists.

Among Pasteur's earliest patients for hydrophobia were four small boys from New Jersey, who were taken over to Paris by Dr. Frank S. Billings, and it was I who presented him and them (Dr. Billings's report of this will be found in the *Medical News* of Jan. 23, 1886), to the illustrious savant in his laboratory, then in the grounds of the Normal School in the Rue Ulm.

I shall never forget that morning in the late days of December more than eighteen years ago. There were other unfortunates who had been bitten, waiting their turn to be inoculated with the life-saving *bouillon*, and these represented all conditions, all classes of society. The last arrivals, apprehensive as to the results of their injuries, and not oversure of this prophylactic method of treatment, expressed surprise at the calm confidence shown by those who had preceded them. It was easy to see that they were mentally asking themselves the question: How is it that they are able to take things so easily, and laugh and talk so merrily over it all? Then they would brighten up with hope, and when their turn came they entered the private office with confidence, seated themselves on the operating-stool, and stood the ordeal well.

When our turns came, Dr. Billings and myself took the boys in, one at a time, to where the illustrious Frenchman awaited them. He did not understand



Louis Pasteur

English, and so I whispered Billings to notice closely this apparently unemotional being, and he would find him possessed of a tenderness and sympathy far beyond that of ordinary women. One of the victims, Eddy Ryan, was but a little more than three years old, and he showed fear at the first inoculation. Mrs. Ryan, who was of the party, took the boy in her arms and tried to reassure him, but could not. Tears of sympathy gathered in the master's eyes, and as he wiped the "pearls" away he said to me in French:

"Tell her to stand over there where *le petit* can see us care first for the others — it will encourage the dear little fellow."

One of the lads, Patsy Reynolds, also grew frightened, and rebellion was imminent. I took him to one side and put it to him as a young American not to be outdone in pluck by a French boy who had just come out of Pasteur's room looking perfectly happy. "Well, sor, will yer give me a quarter if I bate him?" whispered Patsy: and when I shoved a silver piece into his hand the young rascal went in without the slightest show of fear or suffering.

That was in the Rue Ulm, as I have already stated, but less than five years afterward Pasteur was at work in his own institute in the Rue Dutot, beyond the Boulevard de Vaugirard. The site could not have been better chosen. It crowns a hill of considerable elevation, and from his front windows Pasteur could look down on the Champ de Mars, the Invalides, the Trocadero, the Bois de Boulogne, and all that part of Paris in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe. The building was erected in 1888 by public subscription, and was occupied early in the spring of 1889. Just

before the brick and stone institution stands a bronze monument,— that of a boy struggling with a mad dog. This statue is commemorative of an incident that occurred in the provinces, but which had its sequel in Paris in the month of October, 1885.

A lad named Jupille, a shepherd boy who lived in the Commune of Villiers-Farlay, out by the Jura Mountains, was caring for his flock in the fields, when he saw a dog with foaming mouth running that way. There were several little children playing near Jupille, and the rabid beast was evidently trying to get at them, and would have done so had not the brave young shepherd rushed between them and the dog. All that he had to defend himself with was a whip, and he was cruelly bitten on the left hand and arm. The infuriated animal held on to that hand, but with his right hand Jupille managed to get the whiplash fastened around the dog's jaws, and then he beat it to death with his wooden sabots. Three months before that, Pasteur had experimented with his preventive inoculation on a young Alsatian named Joseph Meister. The story of that first case had reached the Commune where Jupille's parents lived, and, acting on the advice of a local physician, the boy was brought to Paris to be saved. The history of how those two lads were treated at the laboratory of the Rue Ulm made the circuit of the civilised world ; and then from all parts of France, from England, Germany, and the United States,— even from the farthest extremities of the earth,— there began to arrive at the École Normale hundreds of children and adults who had been bitten by mad dogs and mad wolves, and who had hastened to the little laboratory in search of salvation. To-day

there is a commemorative metal slab in the Rue Ulm, consecrated to the discovery which so gloriously terminated the thirty-one years of labour and research that Pasteur had passed therein, and where Dr. Billings and I were among the very first to witness his wonderful life-saving operations.

The principal persons who assisted Pasteur in his discoveries, his researches, and his good works, were Messieurs Grancher, Duclaux, Metchnikoff, Chamberland, and Ruox. The last-named is probably the best known of these five collaborators, because of his studies of croup and diphtheria. Dr. Roux was the great man's chief assistant when I left Paris. At the new institution in the Rue Dutot, in his large class-room, Roux had grouped a series of glass tubes and balloons that represents some most decisive experiences. These balloons filled with a very alterable liquid, served Pasteur in his experiences with atmospheric germs. That was the time when there were such warm debates over spontaneous combustion, and Pasteur wanted to show that if every precaution possible were taken as to its purity, a liquid would become altered only when exterior germs were permitted to trouble it.

To prove this, he went off into some high mountains, carrying with him a provision of glass balloons, filled with a pure liquid. Twenty of these balloons he opened at a height of 2,770 feet, and twenty more were opened on a glacier 6,500 feet above the level of the sea. Of the first score, five only were altered in the least, and of the second twenty the contents of but one showed the slightest change. This was practical demonstration of the fact that atmospheric germs become the more rare in proportion to the distance from

habitations, that mountains have less of them than plains, and that the air of the highest atmospheres is the purest.

"I therefore affirm," declared Professor Pasteur before an international commission appointed to examine this capital question, "that it is possible to find in the midst of our atmosphere a volume of air which contains neither egg nor spore, and which will produce no generation whatever in putrescible solutions."

Air does not intervene in the development of microscopic organisms; they all come from a germ: and this is a fact learned from the little glass balloons now ranged on the table in the laboratory of the Pasteur Institute.

As a sequence of these studies Pasteur was able to explain the rôle of micro-organisms in fermentations, in organic decompositions, and in diseases. Moreover, he showed that not only could germs be isolated, but that they could be cultivated and domesticated. Following his studies on spontaneous generation came his investigations of wine and its alterations, which he showed came from exterior influences. Then, as a cure of the ill, he prescribed meat, and he said that to ensure the preservation of wine, all that was necessary was to warm it for a minute to a temperature of 134° to 146° F. to sixty deg. centigrade.

But, important as were these results, and accompanying his studies of vinegar,—which, by the way, destroyed the theories of Liebig, the German savant,—they were, so to speak, only the preface to the capital discoveries that followed. Among those were the conquest of the disease among sheep and cattle known in Europe as "*maladie charbonneuse*," which, I believe,

is the same as our "black rot." The sums thus saved to agriculturists may be valued at many hundreds of millions. The microbe of cholera in poultry, and that of measles in hogs, were also equally attenuated.

Then came Pasteur's discovery of a means of saving man from rabies after being bitten by a mad dog. Formerly, out of every hundred persons bitten by mad dogs, at least twenty perished. To-day, thanks to this treatment, not one in five hundred bitten persons dies. The amount of hydrophobia is not diminished, but the number of deaths from that frightful disease has been so enormously reduced by Pasteur's scientific discovery that now there is no longer any danger whatever in the bite of a mad dog; that is, if the person bitten is brought to treatment within a reasonable time,—say twelve or fifteen days after the flesh has been lacerated by the teeth of the rabid animal. It is because hydrophobia among dogs is still so rampant everywhere that the certain protection of mankind against it becomes such a noble work, and places Pasteur on a pedestal whence no malignant tongues or envious men can ever hurl him down.

In the meantime, while thus engaged in warring against the effects of canine madness and microbes, Professor Pasteur's assistants had been studying another disease at the Institute, that of diphtheria. Two German doctors were the first to discover that the disease was due to a mass of microbes, or bacilli; but it was Dr. Roux who discovered that these bacilli were full of deadly poison, and it was he who dicovered toxine, and then anti-toxine, although Dr. Behring contributed largely to this latter discovery.

It is not my intention, however, to say any more of

that disease, or of the serum that cures it so quickly, except this: that all that has been discovered, that all the serum produced by Dr. Roux and his brother workers in the Pasteur Institute, has been freely and liberally given to the world,—not only to the French, but to all the people of the earth. Nor did M. Pasteur ever make any money out of his marvellous discoveries, such as showing farmers how to preserve their sheep and cattle, poultrymen how to save their cocks and hens, wine-makers how to protect their wines, silk-manufacturers how to care for their great industry. It is true that he won some special prizes,—as for instance, 10,000 florins offered by Austria for the best preventive of the silkworm disease, and 12,000 francs from France for his work on wines; and he was also voted a life pension of 12,000 francs annually by the French Parliament several years ago, beside which he was paid 20,000 francs for his labours at the Normal School, at the Sorbonne, and at the Pasteur Institute; but what was all that for a man who had made such great commercial discoveries, and whose saving of human life has made his name a loved and honoured one throughout the entire world.

This man of eternal sacrifice died at Garches, his summer residence, Sept. 28, 1895. For several years he had suffered from paralysis in the left leg, and the disease had made such progress that when I last saw him he could not stand, and could only drag himself about with the aid of a man-servant. But if his old age weighed heavily on a body that had been used up by so many struggles, the face, framed in by a white beard cut very short, preserved all its powers of sweet expression and loving interest in human kind. The deep eyes, of hazel colour, shone with an admirable

brilliancy, and it always seemed to me that everything there was of greatness in the man was concentrated in his glance. He was below the medium size. His gestures were few, his words were simple, and it always seemed to me that he weighed each word. With a natural modesty and an ardour which manifested itself intensely in the struggle for new scientific discoveries, Louis Pasteur was, in all respects save one, a man more the master of himself than any other savant I ever met.

The exception was his emotions. His heart was sensitive; he was as easily touched as any child. Frequently I have seen tears rolling down his cheeks when listening to the story of some poor person bitten by a rabid dog, and who had come to the house of this dear man to be saved.

At the end of 1892, on the occasion of Pasteur's seventieth birthday, all the world sent wise men to Paris to do him honour. Six thousand persons assembled that afternoon, and before the *fête* was over he had broken down completely. When he walked into the hall, leaning on the arm of President Carnot and holding the hand of his own son, Pasteur's knees knocked together, and he was glad when he reached his chair. The tears rolled down his cheeks as distinguished savants from England, Germany, Italy,—all parts of the world,—stepped forth to grasp his hand and proclaim him great; and when it came his turn to say something he tried to do so but could not, and it was the son who told us of his father's protest against excess of glory and of his insistence that homage should be rendered only to the illustrious dead.

Garches, where this great *savant* died, is a small village about half-an-hour's ride from Paris by railway, on

the main turnpike to Versailles, and about two miles from St. Cloud. It lies in the midst of woods, and beyond it, on the same turnpike, just before coming to Vaucresson, is Villeneuve-l'Étang, where the horses that furnish anti-toxine, and the dogs and rabbits that furnish serum, are stalled and kennelled.

I passed the summer of 1892 at Vaucresson, and used to walk as often as twice a week to Villeneuve-l'Étang to see the Pasteur dogs. Thereabouts the woods of Marne, of Ville-d'Avray, and of Malmaison form a summer shade that is very popular with Parisians on Sundays. The park of Villeneuve-l'Étang forms a continuation of that of St. Cloud, and originally it was arranged by a master landscape gardener. There used to be a *château* there that belonged to the Duchesse d' Angoulême. After the revolution of 1830 it belonged to the Duke Dècazes, who sold it to Napoleon III., who transformed it into a hunting box. It was pillaged by German soldiers during the war of 1870, and the building is now almost in ruins. But the large trees, the old lindens, are still standing. Horses that now serve as producers of anti-toxine stand in stables that once were occupied by the horses of the royal guards, and among the steeds of my day was one that Marshal Canrobert used to ride as a soldier, and which his son gave to the Pasteur Institute.

The dog-kennels take up very little space in this lovely park, and they are much better cared for than are the thousands of dogs which are drowned yearly in the waters of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

It is much more humane to kill a dog in the interest of science than it is to drown it in an iron cage

because it is found in the street without a muzzle. And for the benefit of sensitive, tender-hearted persons, like anti-vivisectionists and others who are disposed to be retrospectively moved to pity over the canine victims of M. Pasteur in his noble efforts to deliver humanity from a frightful scourge, let me state that each and every dog, before being trepanned, is always chloroformed.

CHAPTER XII.

A FAMOUS SAVANT, AND AN ILLUSTRIOUS PHILOSPHER.

THE oldest Celebrity I ever knew was nearly one hundred years of age when I first met him, and he lived several years afterward. Monsieur Chevreul was not only an active man, but he was one of the most distinguished savants of Europe. My acquaintance with him began while he was still at the head of the dye-works of the Gobelins Tapestry establishment, but I had seen him at the Élysée previous to that time. In personal appearance he had a rather strange, not to say sensational look. His head was very large and powerful, forehead broad, eyes bright, but given somewhat to blinking; nose aquiline and rather prominent, and the lower lip drooped just enough to show a perfectly preserved set of teeth. With the exception of a little round bald spot at the top, his head was covered with a thick mass of perfectly white hair which seemed determined to stand up as stiff and prim as any flagstaff. And, day or night, he never wore a hat or other head-covering.

Until the Prussian war very few Frenchmen had heard of Chevreul, and yet he had added more to the nation's wealth than any other living man. One fine day during the siege of Paris shells from the enemy's guns began to fall near the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, where the already old savant had his scientific laboratory. He sat down and wrote a personal letter to

King Wilhelm, in which he protested, in the name of science, against the shelling of that particular neighbourhood, and said that if it were continued it would be an act of vandalism. His Majesty, if not a savant himself, could appreciate this appeal, and no more shells were dropped in the Jardin des Plantes. Perhaps Frenchmen would never have known anything about the matter if the King had not given the letter for publication to a German scientific journal; but when it was translated and reproduced in the Paris press after the war was over it made a great sensation. For the German editor had added to the letter that the King had acted wisely in listening to the protest of one who had consecrated sixty odd years of his life to the sciences; and the French were glad to discover that they had as fellow citizen a man so famous that even the hated invaders had respected his demands.

Born in 1786, M. Chevreul went to Paris when but seventeen years of age to enter the laboratory of Vauquelin, whom he succeeded as lecturer at the museum of the Jardin des Plantes. One of his earlier and most important discoveries was that of the composition known as stearine, for making candles. It was followed by the discovery of benzine; and a while later he found a way of extracting glycerin from the refuse matter which was being constantly thrown into the sewers. When he had passed his ninetieth year he began to give attention to the study of colours, and his wonderful success on discovering new shades, and his practical classification of tints, was so well known that when, in the spring of 1884, he was removed from the post of superintendent of the dye-works at the Gobelins, quite a noise

was made about it. Happily, however, M. Chevreul was permitted the use of the laboratory after his removal, and it was there that I had my first interview with the *grand vieillard.*

I do not think there was ever a scientist who came to Paris in those days but hastened to pay respectful homage to the *doyen* of them all. When Dom Pedro, still Emperor of Brazil, was in the capital he went to the dye-works so frequently that Chevreul used to speak of him as "my senior scholar." Summer and winter, the old fellow was up at six o'clock in the morning, and it did not take him long to dress ; indeed he was in such a hurry about it that he sometimes forgot to take off his nightgown, and not infrequently turned up at the Academy of Sciences without collar or cravat. He probably inherited a sound constitution, for his father, a country physician, died at the advanced age of ninty-one. But my old friend had not drank so much as a bottle of any kind of wine in seventy-five years, he had never touched liquor in his life, and he abhorred tobacco. He ate but two meals a day, both very frugal,— one plate of meat, one of vegetables, bread, and a glass of water. The first meal was partaken of at seven in the morning, the second twelve hours later; but between times, at midday, he ate a cent's worth of plain bread. He read no newspapers, politics were without interest for him ; and yet he never neglected to pay at least one visit each year to the Chief Magistrate of his country. It was at one of the balls given by President Grèvy that I first saw this centenarian.

Early in January, 1885, he showed me a toy that he had just invented and called the *pirouette complémen-*

taire, which was for the purpose of enabling people to know at a glance what colours will look well together.

"Colours are complementary," said he, "when they mutually neutralize each other and produce a white light. Red and green are colours complementary of each other; so, too, are orange and blue, while yellow has violet for its complement. An artificial black—lampblack, for instance—has orange for its complementary colour, and as orange is the complement of blue the old dyers used to say that black was nothing but a dark blue. To understand the difference between black as an artificial colour and absolute blackness you must consider the latter as represented by a very deep hole into which not a single ray of reflected white light can penetrate. No matter what may be the background on which absolute black is spread, it remains unchanged, while artificial black will assume a different shade according to the colour of the ground. If the ground is green, the black assumes a reddish tinge.

"The complementary colours exercise a very curious and important influence over the sense of sight. If two colours not complementary to each other are placed in juxtaposition, the real complement of each adds itself to the other and modifies it. Thus, if you place a streak of blue and a streak of yellow together, orange —complement of the blue — adds itself to the yellow, which accordingly assumes an orange tinge while the blue assumes a violet tone. By means of this law it is possible to produce and graduate to infinity a great variety of colours. If, on the other hand, two complementary colours are placed in juxtaposition, each gains in vividness. Place a streak of blue and a streak of orange alongside of each other: to the blue is added

blueness, and the orange becomes more orange than ever. A ruby and an emerald mounted side by side in a ring will look far more brilliant than either stone would if set singly."

This information may be old now, but it was new then, and it was on this law of complementary colours that M. Chevreul based most of his experiments.

I was present at a session of the Academy of Sciences in September, 1884, and M. Chevreul arrived rather late. The president called on the speaker who had the floor to stop for a few minutes while the Academy paid honour to a member who was just entering on his ninety-ninth year. He spoke a few words to M. Chevreul, and then the old man arose and said:

"I thank you, my dear *confrères*, for the affectionate sentiments which our president has just expressed. I am much touched by this reception, and in return can only confide to you the secret of my longevity. It is due wholly to the moderation of my taste and appetite."

Thereupon he sat down, and his *confrères* all applauded. To me there seemed something like a bit of delicious malice in his short speech. Here was an assembly of savants who made a profession of sounding the mysteries of Nature, of seeking the sources of life, of trying to prolong and ameliorate human existence, and Chevreul was saying to them: "Gentlemen, if you only had a more moderate appetite you would, like me, live to become ninety-and-nine."

Men of the world, men of work, men of pleasure, no matter who we are or what we do, we forget or disdain to follow the *régime* which our best physicians give us. Moderation is neither in our habits nor to our taste.

Bring on the birds; fill up the glasses; up with the curtain; increase the speed of trains; bring business into the home; rush the winter season and rush the summer season; go to bed late, and get out of bed early; there is no time to lose; and may heaven help us all as we burn the candle at both ends and bolt our meals like ostriches!

For many years, and until his death in 1892, "le Curé raté," as Ernest Renan once called himself, was at the head of the College of France and its forty-one professors. He was in every sense a most remarkable man; and whether he was speaking at one of the Celtic dinners, or to the *félibres* reunited at Sceaux for the purpose of crowning Florian, or to amateur pilgrims whom he happened to meet on the coast of Brittany, or to the delegates at some meeting of scientists, he always had the same attitude, the same voice, the same particular physiognomy,—a form of phrase, a sacerdotal unction, the softness of an apostolic benediction, as it were. He often indulged in irony, it is true, but it was soft, tender, even compassionate. King Clovis burned all that he once adored, while Renan blessed all that he ever burnt.

The famous philosopher always accorded me a hearty welcome, and my professional work brought me in contact with him two or three times every year. Besides, we frequently met at this or that official function. Once he expressed to me his disquietude as to future biographies, wherein ecclesiastical writers might take their revenge on him. Indeed, some of them were already classifying him among the damned, and he showed me an anonymous letter which contained the brief asser-

tion," *il y a un Enfer!*" He was ever gay and happy, or at least he pretended to be; but it sometimes seemed to me that his joyousness was lacking in sincerity. I sometimes thought that those outbursts of laughter, mingled with rather dark reflections, had taken on the form of lugubrious irony. Smiling at life, while convinced of the inanity of his researches, he perhaps wrapped himself up in a spasm of hilarity to hide the sore which the loss of hope had left. He seemed to perceive only phantoms in his long career. All his wisdom and his philosophy conducted him merely to the universal doubt with which his soul was weighed down. It was as if he wanted to believe, and yet dared not; as if he wanted to deny and could not. We find reserves on the pages of many of his printed books. "*En pareille matière*," says he, "*les négations formelles sont aussi téméraires que les affirmations absolues.*" And again: "*Ne nions rien, n'affirmons rien; espérons!*"

I found in Renan both the sceptic and the believer, and this is seen in his many volumes. In the preface to "Pages Détachées" he is a believer; in the preface to "Souvenirs" he is a sceptic. He could not have been a deist, for he wrote: "*O abime, tu es le dieu unique, tout n'est ici-bas que symbole et que songe.*" And he could not have been an atheist, for he invoked the Father. One day, when I showed my astonishment over these contradictions, Renan laughingly declared that he was possessed by two natures, one of which was eternally engaged in demolishing the other; and he compared himself to the fabled animal that eat off its own feet without knowing it. At another time he asserted that immortality of the soul is indispensable to mankind, but that it was scientifically

Joseph Ernest Renan

impossible. Pope Pius IX. called Renan "a fine star fallen from the sky;" and Père Hyacinthe, in one of his sermons in the Rue d'Assas, presented Renan to us as a man whose style and eloquence were incomparable, but who was totally lacking in moral and religious sense.

It is ten years now since Ernest Renan died; let me take my readers to the charming retreat where he was pleased to go and rest his head during the last eight or ten years of his busy life. In the main street of Rosmapamon in Brittany, which runs along the declivity of a sharp hill around to the port, there may always be found seated, with their bare feet in the gravel, several idlers who are quite ready to talk of all that is going on in that region. When a visitor arrives at Renan's old home they have the habit of running to open the gate; and, if spoken to, they follow a custom in that part of the benighted world of crossing themselves and saying: "*Ti ann iné mad*" ("here was the house of the good soul"), and they add that "that soul has left this world." It is the popular formula of regret; it is the theme of a complaint as old as the "*Quomodo sola sedet civitas?*" of the prophets.

Nothing ever seems changed at Rosmapamon, except, of course, that the flowers and the foliage are different in the autumn from what they are in the spring time. The *château* of Barac'h is always the same, and ever brings a consoling reverie to tired minds.

From the terrace in front of the old house toward the north, the blue sea which beats the rocks of Taveac is seen beyond low shrubbery; and the grand shades of Ernest Renan will never quit those parts, for the people have made up their minds to believe him wan-

dering in the wood of Rosmapamon. Around his name legend has raised, little by little, an immense mausoleum wherein it keeps all the fame and more than the tradition of him who wrote so much on the Divinity and the ends of the universe. The thickets are haunted already with strange opinions concerning a solitary Renan.

By birth and race a Breton, this wonderful man had "the gift" beyond most people. To but few other men since Shakespeare has nature given in the same manner the sense of her mysteries and of her destinies. Prospero and Antistius de Némi have at times arrived at the secret of these unconscious but fatal forces: to these rare ones she has murmured some of her profound harmonies. Where the ignorance of our ancestors placed the altars of fear, Renan imagined the temples of love as well as the worship of old Celtic saints. On these chapters of local hagiography I am in accord with ancient Brittany. I have a liking for those good hermits of the fifth and sixth centuries, most of whom were of Irish or Gallic orgin. They loved nature, and the beasts were under their protection; they had a certain air of independence which bordered on schism; but they were abandoned, and mass was said in their chapels only once a year, and that was their "pardon." At Perros, near where Renan was born, there are two Saints Kireks: one is honoured at the parish church, the other in a primitive oratory on the strand of Ploumanac'h. The first has his history written in the "Lives of the Saints," and around the anchorage of that coast oral legends and superstitions about him have spread among the people during hundreds of years; but at bottom they are really the same saint.

In the month of August, 1889, a delegation of writers went down to Brittany. Professor Rhys, of Oxford, was our conductor to Rosmapamon, and Renan walked with us as far as Ploumanac'h when we were quiting him for Havre. We passed by the church of Perros, which dates from the twelfth century, next the votive chapel of La Clarté, where the abbeys of the parish gave us pleasant welcome. On the coast the waves bathed stout old rocks at the top of which rose the consecrated edicule and there, without a shadow of irony, Renan developed the story of the habitual practices of the saints in that neighbourhood, and told us how the sailors thereabouts still consult the pious souls as to the belief they should have in the promises of their *fiancées*. And when we were leaving him Renan saluted with a sweep of his arm the sea by which his ancestors of Hibernia had come to Brittany.

In the summer of 1892, on the little promenade which overlooks the road of Perros, at the end facing the northwest, where promontories and bays mark an undulating shore, on a wild bank from which he had often watched the ocean, I once saw Renan seated in silence, his head bowed, his hands resting on moss-covered rocks. The sun was fast descending, the breezes and the first chill of evening were passing. Raising his eyes toward the waves leaping over the pass of Perros he perceived a vessel sailing toward the horizon. His eyes lightened up, and, designating with his finger the ship moving northward, he murmured:

"If ever you go to the coast of Ireland, say to those who dwell there that you saw me stranded on this shore, and carry my *adieux* to them."

With the breeze came from a distance the echo of a sound, and Renan said that one would think it the bell of Saint-Yves-en-Louannec.

"Perhaps it is the knell of the evening before the Angelus," some one answered.

He slowly shook his head, then rose and extended his hand with signs of friendship toward the hidden church, and then once more he gazed in the direction of the disappearing vessel. It was only a short while after that, that he returned to Paris to die in the College of France where he had so long been the head and leading mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMBROISE THOMAS AND CHARLES GOUNOD.

In the month of May, 1894, and on a Sunday afternoon, the thousandth performance of "Mignon" in Paris took place at the Opéra Comique theatre, before an audience which filled every part of the house, and every person present was an invited guest. But this *millième* of a very popular work was not the real apotheosis of Ambroise Thomas, that homage being reserved for the succeeding Tuesday evening, when the venerable musician was covered with flowers and hailed enthusiastically by the eighteen hundred guests bidden to the lyric feast by the Minister of Fine Arts. I doubt if the annals of music have before or since revealed so long a continuation of registered performances in a single city of any one opera during the life of its author, and certainly this thousandth representation attested the excellence of a composition which had been heard for nearly thirty consecutive years in every land. When fashion, even for uncontested works, is so fleeting, and the stage which leads to posterity, after the successes of début, is so long, Ambroise Thomas experienced the unprecedented intoxication of a success which had known no intermittance and was unparalled.

Perhaps there was more of patriotism than of love of art in this demonstration, however. Only a few

weeks before that, a first-night audience at the same Opéra Comique went into delirium over Verdi's "Falstaff," and in all probability the Parisians did not like the idea of an Italian being made more of than a Frenchman. Gounod was dead, Massenet was hardly yet entering his second youth, and there was no one except Ambroise Thomas, dean of the French school of music, to set up against immortal Verdi. Both were of about the same age, and the *millième* of "Mignon" afforded an occasion to celebrate; the opportunity was embraced, and no discordant note was heard to trouble the loving chorus.

Another reason why we showed homage to Ambroise Thomas then was because of the prestige which he was exercising in his green old age. He was bearing his eighty-three years remarkably well, and never ceased, each recurring summer, to astonish us during the burdensome fifteen days of the public contests at the Paris Conservatoire. As president of the several juries, he was ever there, supporting without complaint a Senegambian temperature, and with clang of bell sharply calling to order the noisy protests of pupils and their parents against official decisions which were not to their liking. There was something touching in the spectacle of that robust and active longevity, and there was in him a living proof that old people are not so degenerated as their enemies would have us believe. Besides, Ambroise Thomas could also be pointed to as a worthy example for all men to follow. His life had been a model of wisdom, ponderation, regularity, and method. He had always walked in the right road, had ever been an honest, God-fearing man, a sincere and conscientious artist, one who had

Ambroise Thomas

never sought success by means of a scandal or a sensation. Very likely these virtues counted for a good deal on the enthusiasm which was showered on the composer of "Hamlet" during those days in May, eleven years ago.

By the death of Auber, the management of the Conservatoire became vacant, and public opinion with one voice, designated M. Ambroise Thomas to the succession. My esteemed and venerable friend, M. Jules Simon, was then Minister of Public Instruction, and he informed the composer of his nomination to this desired post in these words:

"You are so unanimously designated for the place of Director that if I do not name you I would have the air of signing your dismissal."

For more than a quarter of a century Ambroise Thomas held the high position to which he was thus appointed. The dominating traits of his character were a modesty and a goodness which neither years nor suffering had been able to alter. This was always manifest whenever he welcomed me to his apartment at the Conservatoire. He lived in the building where one hears the vibration of voices and of catgut the year round. Flutes weep, violins prattle, pistons cackle, trombones bray, pianos bang. It is a concert of shrieking instruments, of soprano, baritone, tenor, bass, and contralto voices throwing out their sharp notes or their deeper sonorities; a shower of harmony, a tempest of melody, a whirl of sounds, a storm of undisciplined orchestras; and every day from noon till three o'clock learned professors tame nightingales and prepare virtuosos for the future stage.

It was in this house, devoted to all kinds of music

and acting, that Ambroise Thomas resided from July, 1871, till his death. Parvenu book-writers and egotistical painters would consider the luxury of the famous composer's home rather meagre, but the musician himself found the place quite to his liking. There were pictures by old masters on the walls, also portraits and engravings, while on the piano and centre table were photographs of distinguished pupils, souvenirs of royal friendships, and priceless bric-à-brac. While I was examining and enjoying this parlour, wherein an odour of relics and love tokens seemed to be floating, the author of "Hamlet" and of "Mignon" would enter and come at me with outstretched arms, as glad to see me as ever. The master was a perfect talker. His conversation was that of a scholarly man, a man of capital spirits, who strewed his phrases with the words of a philosopher and the wit of a man of the world. And there, in his own home, he talked to me of his early life.

At seventeen years of age he entered as a scholar the same Conservatoire where forty-three years later he was to become the chief Director. At nineteen he obtained his first prize for piano, and at twenty his prize for harmony. A year later, at the competition for musical composition, he carried off the grand prize. With all these laurels he took the road to Rome, persuaded that the blue sky of Italy was going to develop and ripen his youthful talent, but he was not long in perceiving that diplomas are not everything for a beginner, and that one must struggle against hundreds of difficulties in order to succeed. After some years passed in the Eternal City, studying the great masters, and living in contemplation of a country of music and

light, he returned to Paris with many projects in his head. In August, 1837, he made his début at the Opéra Comique with a small score, the "Double Échelle," into which he tried to put some Italian grace and archness, and the Paris public appreciated it. Next he attempted the broad and more sensual style with "The Caïd," and the poetic and chivalric melancholy with the "Songe d'une Nuite d'Été," and fortune smiled on these efforts.

Then capricious fortune appeared for a time to abandon him. Why are "La Tonelli," "Raymond," the "Carnaval de Venise," and others of his works where Ambroise Thomas put his best inspiration, now forgotten? Why did he who pleased so well in the "Double Échelle" fail to please in "Panier Fleuri"? The composer lost no time trying to solve this mystery, but continued to work on; besides, he was recompensed beyond his hopes, a few years later, for these passing failures. The public that ignored "Psyche" chose out of the master's scores the operas of "Hamlet" and "Mignon." Who would have dared say then that "Mignon" would have such a career, as of all his works it was the easiest for him to write. He composed it in less than two months, partly at Argenteuil, partly in Paris; and it is still a great favourite everywhere. I do not think there are many countries on earth where the song of Ambroise Thomas's little Bohemian girl has not been sung.

Asked for some details as to his manner of working and method of composition, the master answered me:

"When I was younger I liked to write in the evening, and late into the night also, and seldom went to bed without having written a page or two with which

I was entirely satisfied. But later in life I changed my habits and customs, for it is necessary to be more reasonable with growing age, and my latest works were composed during the mornings. I use a piano very little in composing; and if an idea comes to me while out walking or when at home, I let it sing in my head like a bird in its cage, and then, if it is good, I keep it; but if it is not worth while, I let it go away. Thus, little by little, before being written down on paper, pages of melody are fixed in my memory, and when I play them on the piano they have long been *orchestré* in my mind.

"But I am too old now to give new works to the theatre. My unique joy henceforth is to live in this house, to see young talents develop, and to affirm fine artistic hopes. French music is always living and ever young. My old friend Gounod is no more; I am going away soon; but others are already come whose works will honour the fatherland,—Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Reyer, Pessard, Benjamin Godard,—all these younger masters who are applauded on modern stages, who are heard in the Conservatoire, are a magnificent proof of the vitality of French art. And our country, in this respect, as in so many others, has nothing to fear or desire from our neighbours."

In personal appearance Ambroise Thomas was above medium height, of rigid bearing, and as slow as a New England bishop. Of sturdy frame and strong arms, his hands were supple and curiously modelled to play perilous octaves, while his well-shaped head was crowned with white hair that gave him a romantic style. The forehead was broad, the eyes melancholy,

the cheeks deepened, the grey beard so unkempt that it gave him almost a sad air. It could not have been, however, his early studies or the heavy cares of many years which furrowed his cheeks so deeply; it was, I think, his doubts as to the mad Prince of Denmark and the enigmatical soul of Mignon. For it was indeed a redoubtable task, that of following his wonderful study of Goethe or of Immortal Will; and, whether he was or was not a melodist of the Italian school, that which has always impressed me is the profound sense of living reality which sparkles in his works. The sweetness of love mingles with the bitterness of hate in them. Sombre, sarcastic, and generous, Hamlet astonishes and terrifies; but poetical Ophelia, with her gracious fancifulness, moves and enchants one.

The authority of Ambroise Thomas was undisputed; this he took from his past as much as from his urbanity. Age had not extinguished in the octogenarian his dominating faculties; his memory was of admirable lucidity; and he could at will lead no matter what classic work. One day, at an orchestra rehearsal in the Conservatoire, Ambroise Thomas came into the hall, and he listened, seated alone in the stalls. Suddenly he arose and, addressing one of the instrumentalists, said:

"My friend of the second stand up there with the second violins, there must be a copyist's error in your part. You played an F for an F sharp." And in this observation was Ambroise Thomas, the faultless musician, the courteous master, who, instead of imputing the fault to the player, enveloped his remonstrance in an excuse, and supposed that the error was not

made by the artist, whose *amour-propre* he cared for while correcting him.

The illustrious musician had been twice in war. The first time was in the insurgent streets, — belted, cartridge-box at his side, and carrying a musket. He helped to take the barricades, saw comrades fall dead at his side, and feared not. At that time he lived with his mother, and, as his absence might alarm her, he returned to the house every night, washed his hands of the powder, and set to work; and, while thus fighting from one barricade to another, he composed the second act of the "Caïd." Finally the paving-stones of Parisian streets were put in place, the blood of February and that of June was washed away, and peace prevailed.

Again Ambroise Thomas changed his clothing; he left off his knotted black cravat and linen collar, to put on for the second time the uniform of a national guardsman, when nearly sixty years of age. His country was invaded, and the hour was for virile resolution. The fatherland in danger, all its children were called to its relief, and the musician could not remain deaf to this appeal. His friends spoke to him of his great age, and said there was no need of him, but he responded by pains heroically endured at Metz.

When the armistice was signed, those Parisians who had small houses in the suburbs went, as a first duty, to see what the shells had done. Almost everywhere nothing remained standing and the eye wandered over ruins only. Houses which had been spared by shells bore traces of insolent occupation by the enemy. Ambroise Thomas owned a house at Argenteuil, and, because of its proximity to Versailles, everything had

been pillaged. He arrived before the gate, the garden appeared to be in order, and nothing was disturbed in his house. Each piece of furniture was in its place, the woodwork had not fed the camp-fire, as elsewhere. Still the enemy had entered there and left a convincing proof of its passage. There was a visiting-card placed on the parlor table, — that of the Prussian officer commanding the general staff of Argenteuil. He presented his respectful homage to the illustrious composer of "Mignon," and his admiration had been the safeguard of a dwelling where so many fine pages of music had been conceived. Blind, savage war, capitulating before genius, had spared the humble home of Ambroise Thomas.

Shakespeare gave birth to Hamlet, Goethe to Faust, Victor Hugo to Triboulet. These three sons of genius were adopted by Ambroise Thomas, Charles Gounod, and Verdi. "Faust" is the opera the best liked throughout the world; "Hamlet" is less known and is seldom sung; "Rigoletto," the new name of Triboulet, was composed by a musician of great power; and these three men of genius were among my many acquaintances and friends in other years. But I also knew some other illustrious composers, and they, too, are to be spoken of in these pages. I was more intimately acquainted with Massenet than with any of the rest, perhaps; but one of the first whom I met was the composer of "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette," "Mireille," "Reine de Saba," "Polyeucte," "Tribut de Zamora," etc., among operas, and of "Le Rédemption," and "Mors et Vita" among oratorios.

I was presented to Gounod early in 1882, and he

remained my friend up to the time of his death. He lived in a large house of his own in the Place Malesherbes, close to the Parc Monceau, in the very midst of what is now known as the geographical centre of the French capital. The illustrious Meissonier lived there, so did Munkacsy the Hungarian painter, also Bastien-Lepage, Alphonse de Neuville, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, etc. It is a veritable promised land for men of letters and those of the artistic and musical tribe who were once shunned by the Parisian bourgeois as carefully as ever the children of Israel were by the bigoted Christians of the Middle Ages.

In his own home Gounod always received me in his *cabinet de travail*, an immense room presenting a monumental aspect. There was a large piano close by the entrance behind the door, a carved bookcase, soft sofas, a piano-desk, and an enormous mantelpiece of old-time sort, such as may still be found in the *châteaux* of Tourraine. At the other end of the room was an organ, and on this magnificent instrument the master often played for me. Charles Gounod was always glad to remember that he and my mother were born in the same year, 1818, and he was a kindly, sympathetic personage. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and weighed, I should say, one hundred and seventy pounds. His pale face was illuminated by a fine pair of eyes, while grey hair was plentiful at the temples and back part of the cranium, though he was entirely bald at the top of the head. A wide powerful forehead, furrowed with wrinkles, and with well-formed eyebrows (not the ugly, shaggy kind, however, which are seen on so many old men); thick, long, grey beard; pale lips, heavy and sensual,—such was Gounod's appearance to the thoughtless looker-on.

Charles Gounod

There had been some talk in America of bringing out his oratorio "Le Rédemption," and those who were interested in the scheme were anxious to know if the work had been produced at Birmingham, as the master himself desired, so some American people wrote over requesting me to see Gounod about it for them. After a preliminary chat I brought up the subject. "Was 'Le Rédemption' as produced at Birmingham, such a performance as fully met your idea as composer of the work?"

"Oh yes, quite in accordance with my wishes; and it could not well be otherwise, for I myself was there. Plato has said that no one could understand all that there was in a book except its author. The same thing is true with a musical composition. In my opinion the life of a musical work is its movement, for it is in this that the living ideas of the composer find their expression. Let me illustrate my meaning more clearly to you by an example."

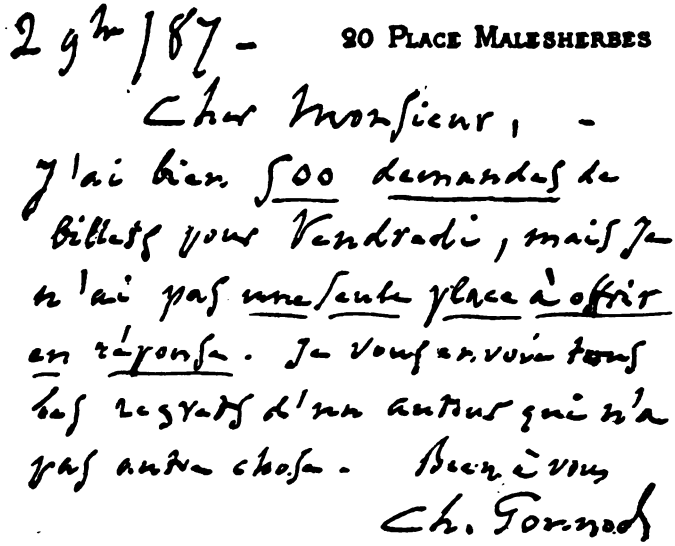
He turned around in his chair and faced the piano-desk to which I have already referred. It was a small piano, built low enough to serve as a desk, and on its top were writing materials, and generally a part of a newly penned musical score. Gounod touched the keys, and as he played he sang the notes of a few bars of Mozart's "Mariage de Figaro." No one ever loved Mozart as Gounod did. "Ah," said he to me once, "if you only knew what Mozart really is. When I was at the school in Rome I used to say 'I'; when I returned to Paris I used to say 'I and Mozart'; when I was forty years old I said 'Mozart and I'; now I say 'Mozart.'"

He paused for a moment, then continued: "Listen

well, and you will understand." Then for some ten minutes I had the great musician all to myself — Gounod translating the genius of Mozart with his own genius. It was a brief period of time, but it lasted long enough to be remembered forever. His touch was light and his voice rather weak, for he was then more than sixty, but it was of an exquisite tone, and full of warmth and expression. There was no one who could sing with such a penetrating charm as Charles Gounod. Then he resumed his critical remarks. "As I have just given the passage, it does not express the idea which Mozart sought to convey in composing it. See how different and how full of life the same thing is when given with the correct movement." And again the master turned to his desk to give me a practical illustration of his meaning. That day I could not help but hear and feel the difference, and I also felt that mysterious and indefinable connection between physical sense and inward feeling which has caused music to be called the poetry of sound. What I heard was sublime, and at the same time marked by its simplicity. I felt every nerve and sense in my whole body vibrating with every chord which he struck, with every note which he so sweetly sang for me, and me alone, and when he ceased my heart was relieved from a pleasure that had become almost oppressive.

I saw a good deal of Gounod during twelve or fourteen years, and in my opinion no other musician was more conscientious than he of the means employed. He was a musician who touched on all styles,— if not always with the same fortune, at least with incontestable superiority, and no one among his contemporaries was better instructed than himself in his art or was more

familiar with all the resources of the profession. He wrote with a freedom of the pen of which the clearness of his manuscripts can give us a good idea; and whatever may say those who find in his works the influence of Palestrina, that of Bach, or that of Mozart, his style was very personal and the primordial qualities of it were clearness and elevation. Nothing confused or troubled ever came from his pen; nor did anything commonplace or vulgar drop from it. Besides, Gounod was not only a musician, instructed as much as any musician, he was also a literary man, and some of his studies attracted the attention of the French Academy. He liked to discuss mystical subjects,— his learning was solid, his speech captivating, his manners most agreeable. He had in his whole physiognomy that irresistible charm which cannot be resisted even by those who wish to do so. He was charming in every sense of the word, and in his choice nature there was nothing but what was good and elevated. He had a great heart, and his was a subtle spirit which was both mystic and passionate. He once gave me the reason of the instinctive jealousy which is so often shown toward those who rise, who work, who shine, claiming that mediocre souls hate more easily than others do. "The grand are never injured," said he, "the little only are injured"; and he added: "It is because, with the great, *amour-propre* is killed by love."



Facsimile of an original letter from Gounod.

November 2, 1887. 20 Place Malesherbes.

DEAR SIR,

I have certainly 500 requests for tickets for Friday, but I have not one single place to offer in reply. I send you all the regrets of an author who has nothing else [to send].

Truly yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

CHAPTER XIV.

MASSENET, SAINTS-SAËNS, VERDI, AND THE ABBÉ LISZT.

NOT only did I know Massenet, but he honoured me with his affectionate friendship during many years. I saw a great deal of him and his work while in Europe, and I was particularly interested in his "Esclarmonde," his "Thaïs," his "Le Mage," "La Navarraise," etc. The libretto and the music of this last-mentioned opera were written and composed for Emma Calvé. It was my good fortune to be present at her first hearing of the score, and it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene — Massenet at the piano, playing the accompaniment; Calvé singing her part at first sight and for the first time; Henri Cain, the author of the poem, humming her the cue, and in turn taking the part of all the other characters, except when Massenet took up the words himself and sang them at his heroine; and finally myself as the only spectator at this remarkable audition. For more than two hours I had the distinguished painter-author, the famous *diva*, and the illustrious composer all to myself, and it was indeed a glorious treat.

At another time Massenet told me that the poem of an opera should be quite as much the work of the musician as it is of the librettist, the principal part of the art of the latter consisting in supplying the com-

poser with scenes in which his talents and originality may have the greatest scope possible. This is a more difficult task than it is generally supposed to be, and one in which the most skilful dramatists have failed. "The work of a musician has no similarity with that of a playwright or of a novelist. To begin with, the merely material part of his task is very much larger. A partition and the orchestration of an opera means, at least, more than a thousand pages of music to be written, and I would get lost in my figures if I were to attempt to calculate how many notes are contained in a bunch of manuscript of that size."

Massenet has a peculiar method of working. When composing a scene his first preoccupation is its general colour,— the general tonality, so to speak; and it is not until he has finally determined that, that he begins to concern himself about the melody and orchestration. In this particular he belongs to the modern French school, which had for its first apostles such musicians as Lesueur and Berlioz. Massenet pushes his method so far in this particular that he insists that everything connected with a scene shall be in accordance with the general colour which he proposes to give to the music; and when the verses of the authors are not in harmony with that general colour they must go to work again. For example: there is a prayer in the third act of "Le Cid" that was rewritten seven times before it suited Massenet. In the same order of ideas the master insists that the *mise en scène* shall also harmonize with his *andante* or his *allegro*. While he thus fixes the tone of his *morceaux* before he has determined on their melody, he also arranges the words on which he will depend for producing the chief musical effects

Jules Emile Frederic Massenet

in advance of determining the note on which those words are to be sung.

This is a sort of mental work in which he allows himself to be governed by his sensations. As a matter of fact he is of an extremely nervous excitability of temperament, and the slightest outward impressions affect him with lightning-like celerity and intensity. He does not compose with the assistance of a piano, although he is an admirable preformer on that instrument. All his composing is mental, and even his finest melodies are thought out and noted down before a single note has been played by him. When he is composing, the portrait of Berlioz is always on his table. He is a musician who has a very strongly developed literary instinct; or, rather, like all richly gifted writers, he has an instinct for all the arts. He adores painting as well as literature, has all the *chefs d'œuvre* of famous authors in his library, and lives surrounded by art and literature.

The manager of the Royal Opera House at Brussels said to Massenet once:

"My dear master, will you explain to me the secret of your extraordinary working powers. You accord hearings to any number of artists daily, assist at all rehearsals, are a professor at the Conservatoire,— pray, when do you work, if you please?"

"When you are asleep," he replied quickly. I believe that that is the whole secret of the method by which the celebrated composer gets on. He is evidently of the opinion of Emile de Girardin, that "Paris belongs to those who rise early." Add to this a marvellous force of will, and one is not surprised that he has a new opera sung every two years. For nearly half a century

Massenet has arisen regularly at five in the morning, and he leaves off work only to eat his noon breakfast. These morning hours are the most fruitful ones of his artistic labour, and no visitor is ever allowed to infringe on this rule. But in the afternoon every one can find him at the store of his music publisher. There the master is not engaged on quavers and semiquavers and there he welcomes *tout le monde.*

During the summer months Massenet goes to some place on the coast, where he composes his melodies to the murmur of waves that come to die on the sandy beach. He never tires of contemplating the "expanse of blue," and "Le Mage" was written almost entirely by the seaside. I once asked him to tell me about his musical thoughts and how they came to him.

"How come they to me?" he answered. "Why, like to Valmajour — while listening to the song of the nightingale. I am a pure naturalist in the highest sense of the word, and was early convinced of the necessity of placing personages in the midst of music which is their own, instead of isolating them by conventional songs and recitatives without relation to the *ensemble.* The dramas of Nature are of admirable unity; the least details, the least sounds, co-operate toward the majesty of this end. Everything is in its place in these grand concerts, from the shrill cry of an insect to the formidable clap of thunder. This is why I have applauded all the attempts made to transport from painting to music the theory of *plein air.* I have but one recipe, you see, to recall the fleeting inspiration and store up the ideas: to travel a great deal, and see the most beautiful things possible. This does

not give creative power to those who have it not, but it renews imagination and prints a glow on the brain wearied by continual tension. It is certain that 'William Tell' was not written amid Swiss glaciers, but the spectacle of eternal snows undoubtedly produced a strong impression on Rossini at some time in his life, as without that we should have one *chef d' œuvre* less on the lyric stage. For my part I experience an unutterable pleasure in taking the first train that comes along, to escape from the sway of our somewhat artificial life, and go at hazard to famous sites, or to wander through museums and renew my intellectual provision-bag. You know the saying of Goethe, 'An intelligent being should never go to bed without having read a beautiful page or admired a beautiful picture, so as not to allow to sleep within him for a single instant the sensation of perfect beauty.' Back in Paris I see again in thought the sublime spectacles which have been offered to my eyes, and my impressions translate themselves spontaneously in everything."

Born at Montaud, Department of the Loire, in 1842, the eleventh child in a large family, Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet at eleven years of age was studying harmony in the Paris Conservatoire. But his first professor pronounced him without musical talent, and sent him away from the Rue Poissonnière. Five years later young Massenet returned to the Conservatoire, this time to another professor, who soon discovered that he was not in the right class, and sent him to Ambroise Thomas to study counterpoint, fugue, and the highest forms of composition. His new professor not only gave him a proper musical

education, but became his friend, and that friendship lasted during the life of Ambroise Thomas. At twenty-one years of age Massenet won the Grand Prix de Rome, which prize entitled him to go, at the State expense, into Italy, Hungary, and Germany, to learn something of art in other lands. Thus began the successful career of one of the most eminent of modern composers, as he also is one of the kindest and most sympathetic friends of my many acquaintances.

Few musicians, not excepting the most renowned, have possessed such a reasonable and judicious ability for different sonorities and characteristic *timbres*, or the art of mingling and dialoguing in groups the multiple voices of symphony; — in other words, that special sentiment for instrumental colouring,— as Massenet has always shown. In the meantime, and to vary the tone of his lyre, he has often appealed to more intimate sentiments of exquisite and touching expression. His preferred muse has never failed to inspire him, and to him we owe many musical poems of purest style, as well as some of the most precious and adorable reveries that were ever written. And not only does he charm us with his music, but he pleases all who know him by his thoughtful interest and *bon camaraderie*.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of Massenet is that he is never present at the first performance of his own compositions.

" Never, never more will one see me at the theatre on the night when I am fighting a battle," he said to me, and that most emphatically; and he added: " I am too nervous, too susceptible; one hiss would exasperate me; thunders of applause would make me lose my

head; and, success or failure, I should return home sick. No, I love better to remain here, near my wife, with my books and my music-paper. While my new work is being played at the Opéra, I think of other things here; I dream of my illustrious ancestors, of Bach, of my revered and good master Ambroise Thomas; I recall all their genius and immortality; and that makes me forget that meanwhile my work is being disdained or applauded."

On the return of my wife and I to America and almost a year after the birth of our first child, I sent my illustrious friend a photograph of little Hylda in her father's arms. Acknowledging this small and personal package he wrote me a short letter of which the following is a translation:

Paris, 8 February, '96.

Dear and great friend,

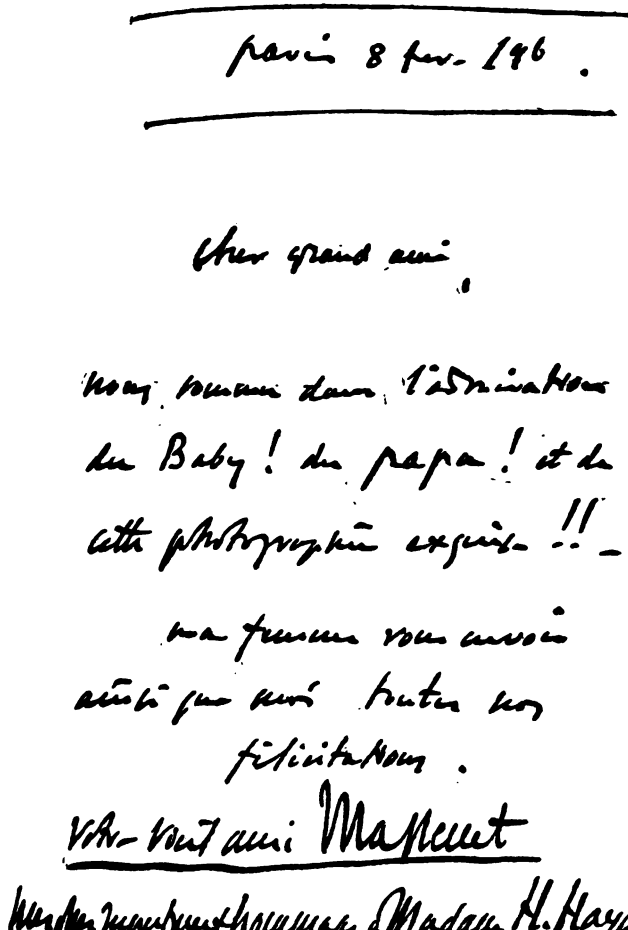
We are in a state of admiration of the Baby, of its Papa, and of this exquisite photograph. My wife sends you, in common with myself, all our congratulations.

Your old friend,

MASSENET.

My most respectful compliments to Madame H. Haynie.

I knew Saint-Saëns, and for years we lived in the same street, directly opposite each other. He is a remarkably quick and ready composer. As he told me himself, he is inclined to be lazy, and if it really tired him to compose music he would probably find some other kind of work to do. But, working as rapidly as he does, it is rather an amusement than a fatigue to find a motive, to note it down, and to arrange an orchestration for it. Everything, even the material part of his art, is a pleasant pastime, and he



Facsimile of an original letter from Massenet.

Charles Camille Saint Saens

never feels in better health and spirits than when he has a work of considerable length in hand which is advancing rapidly toward completion. Before he begins such a work he spends several days in assimilating himself completely with the subject. In order to compose with certainty, without experiencing any of that hesitancy which is so apt to interfere with the spontaneous production of ideas, he sets to work to convince himself that he is the author of the poem, and when this is done so thoroughly that he knows all its details and finds no more objection to make its action or the connection between its scenes, he commences to compose the partition in a regular and methodical way. He makes no rough draft, and his first manuscript is remarkably clean and free from erasures. He does not begin with the great efforts of his work, but with its first motive, and he goes on with each air as it presents itself in regular order, noting down at the same time the part for the voices and the orchestration, the latter only for two or three instruments; but nevertheless, it is complete in all its external parts.

Although a master performer on the piano, he makes no use of that instrument while composing, and he works so rapidly that if he did it would be a delay rather than an assistance. Of course, all the *morceaux* are not composed with equal facility, but it is his rule to complete each of them before passing to the next one. When he reaches the end, the music for the voices, for the choruses, and for the instruments is all there, and nothing remains for him to do but to complete the orchestration very much in the same way that an architect adds here

and there fanciful ornaments and elegant sculpture, which, without changing anything of the original design, gives it additional grace and beauty. It is wonderful how rapidly and easily Saint-Saëns does his orchestration. He will do this part of his work and at the same time carry on a lively conversation without finding it necessary to go back and make changes and corrections.

The first time I ever saw Verdi was in London, where he had gone to oversee the production of his "Requiem Mass" at Albert Memorial Hall. That was in the spring of 1875, and I remember that among the first violinists on that occasion was a son of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Edinburgh, who several years afterward left England to rule over the Principality of Saxe-Coburg. I saw Verdi for the second time when he went to Paris in 1880 to attend the *première* of his "Aïda" at the Opéra. It is a regulation of the Republic that no work by a living foreign musician can be given in that State theatre except the composer himself is present; hence, and much against his own wishes, Verdi was obliged to leave home and go to the French capital when that work, originally written for the Khédive of Egypt, was produced.

It is true that "Aïda" had already been sung at the Théâtre Italien, with such great artistes as Mesdames Tresina Stolz and Marie Waldman, and Messrs. Masini, Pandolfini, and Édouard de Reszki in the cast; but Verdi was not compelled to be there then, as the Italiens was not a State opera house. When presented at the Opéra, then under the management of M. Vaucorbeil, the principal singers were Mesdames Gabrielle

Krauss and Rosine Bloch, and Messrs. Sellier, Maurel, and Boudouresque, with the master himself in the orchestra pulpit.

After that, and while travelling in Italy, I met Verdi for the third time ; and the fourth was when he came again to Paris to supervise the production of his "Falstaff." That was in April, 1894, and the work was presented in the temporary Opéra Comique, in the Place du Châtelet. There was a dress rehearsal the day before the Paris *première*, at which only a few of us were present, not more than two hundred at most. But among this small number was Ambroise Thomas, and during one of the *entr'actes* Verdi left his seat near the orchestra and went to the box of the French master to shake hands with him. Ambroise Thomas was then in his eighty-fourth year, while Verdi was almost eighty. Six months later the Italian master returned to Paris, this time to superintend the production of his "Otello" at the Opéra, and it was again my good fortune to be among those who "assisted" at the dress rehearal, *à huis clos*, as it was supposed to be. The opera made a great hit in Paris.

Verdi was not a man with many friends, as he was not at all companionable; but he had innumerable admirers, as was right, for he was a great artist. His face was full of character ; it was framed in a white beard, not allowed to grow unkempt, but neatly trimmed and shaped to the contour of a strong face in which the nose was particularly prominent. The ears were large and conchoid ; the strong lines on the forehead and between the immense brows suggested the earnest student and deep thinker. His figure was

wiry and showed strength. Simple in his tastes, honourable in his dealings, charitable to the poor, and an excellent husband, he was humble almost to a fault, and nothing was more odious to him than a personal ovation after the performance of any of his operas.

The Abbé Franz Liszt was in Paris on two different occasions while I was residing there, and I met him both times. I first met him when he came to Paris in 1886 to supervise the rehearsals and execution of a full orchestral Mass — his "Messe de Gran" — with solos and chorus, which was given in the old church of Saint Eustache, an edifice second only in size to Nôtre Dame. The *maître de chapelle*, M. Steenman, was a learned musician, while the curé of the parish, Rev. Father Quignard, was an excellent violinist. I used to go there frequently to hear the musical high masses which the curé had founded for the benefit of the church schools. It was at two of these that I heard Gounod's Easter Mass executed by the orchestra of Benjamin Godard, but under the leadership of the illustrious composer in person. What distinguished this particular Mass of Gounod's from those by other musicians was that it was written as near as possible to the ideas of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who desired to replace solo in religious music by *ensemble* singing. The Cardinal would never permit any woman to sing in the churches of his diocese except during the month of Mary. Then we heard the greatest of prima donnas in these masses.

This performance of Liszt's Mass was not its first one at the church of Saint Eustache, however; it had been given there a quarter of a century before; but

Franz Liszt

neither then nor elsewhere did it have so complete an interpretation as in March, 1886.

At that time Munkacsy was painting his famous picture of Mozart playing the piano, and I was among those invited to see the completed work and to meet l'Abbé Liszt. Besides showing his picture, a grand *musicale* was arranged for our enjoyment, and we heard Liszt's compositions interpreted by such great pianists as Diemer, Marsick, and Saint-Saëns, while the singers were Faure and Madame Conneau. And then, before the concert was over, the illustrious Liszt seated himself at the piano and he played as no man ever played before or since, for he was the most phenomenal pianist that ever existed. Nor is it to be wondered at that Franz Liszt was adored, almost idolized, by the world of his time; for he was very handsome and very generous, while there was a vein of religious mysticism in his nature which fairly crowned his musical genius. No other virtuoso, except Paganini, was everywhere greeted with such enthusiasm as Liszt, and his goings and comings were so many grand marches of triumph.

A little more than four months after that memorable *soirée* at Munkacsy's house the Abbé Liszt departed this life, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the world lost one of the sweetest of natures,—a man who was always in music and never in business, and than whom no more generous musician ever lived. If it should happen to be the good fortune of my readers to find themselves at Weimar, they must not fail to go and see the Liszt Museum in that city. It is in the house last occupied by the illustrious master, and it contains innumerable and valuable souvenirs of him.

CHAPTER XV.

A GROUP OF GREAT FRENCH PAINTERS.

WHILE residing in Paris I used to write letters to American newspapers about the Salon, and other annual exhibitions of paintings and statuary; and I often wondered if we of the press had the right to hold ourselves up as the creators or destroyers of reputations, or to impose opinions on the public which we were some times forced to take back in after years. Look at Millet, for instance. He wore wooden shoes all his life because his brush did not earn him the means of paying for anything better. He sold for three dollars drawings which to-day are worth three thousand. After labouring half a life time and painting five hundred works, he wrote to a friend that he had not forty cents in the house, and that he had been in the same straits for twenty years. Take Corot. He was forty years old before he sold a single picture for anything above twenty dollars. Barye, the greatest sculptor of his time, whose friezes may some day rival those of the Parthenon, died so poor that his widow, to avoid perishing of hunger, was forced to sell the moulds of her husband's works, and from these moulds casts were afterward made which were disposed of as originals. Delacroix, not so very long before his death, told a friend that he had never been able to get as much as three hundred dollars for a picture.

How can critics venture to pass judgment on works

of art to-day when it is very probable that at the moment they are writing there is some great artist not only misunderstood and abused as all these men were, but who is absolutely unknown, and yet whose canvases a few years hence may be literally covered with gold by the same purchasers who now pass them by without a glance? Henri Rochefort once told me that a picture-dealer in the Rue Laffite offered to sell him Millet's "Winnowers" for sixty dollars, and that the only reason why he did not accept the chance was that at that time he did not have that much money. But he did happen to have two louis ($8.00), and with them purchased a bronze by Barye which is now worth two thousand louis! The mass of the public who like to have their artistic opinions cut and dried for them by the critics, do not venture on voyages of discovery, but go straight to the works of well-known men. Instinctively they turn to canvases by Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, Meissonier, Carolus Duran, Benjamin-Constant, Chaplin, Bonnat, Rosa Bonheur, Jules Bréton, Cabanel, Gérome, Henner, Détaille, etc., for modern masters, and it is with some of these great artists, whom I knew personally and well, that we shall deal in this chapter.

Away over in the Rue Nôtre Dame des Champs, at a large iron-grilled gate, I ring the bell, and when a servant appears I inquire if Monsieur Bouguereau is at home. "Yes, Monsieur is in his studio. Will monsieur give himself the trouble to go up," and as I know the way well I am soon in the working-room of one of the greatest of living painters. *Bon jours* and hand shakes are exchanged; but Bouguereau does not stop

painting, nor would he for any one, unless it were some struggling pupil of art. Without quitting his work for a moment, he talks and paints, meanwhile answering questions or asking them; and all this quietly, without "putting on airs," or posing as a grander person than his fellow mortals, as is the fashion with some American painters. He has too much to do to have a regular reception day; so he makes no excuse on that account, but continues to lay on the colour on some figure which grows into life, as it were, while I am looking.

Suddenly a knock is heard at the door. "*Entrez!*" shouts the master, and in rushes a young painter whose picture has been refused at the Salon, and he has come to Bouguereau, under whom he studied, for consolation. The visitor is encouraged with advice kindly given, and he goes away in a much better humour than when he interrupted us. Hardly has he disappeared when again the door opens, and a servant appears, carrying a glass of water and a piece of bread on a silver tray. This is the master's lunch, and with an "*Excusez-moi!*" he enjoys this refreshment as he continues to paint. "It is a habit that I learned in my youth," he says to me.

Born in November, 1825, this genius owes his success as much to his energy and industry as he does to his incomparable talents. He never permitted anything to draw him from his work, always rising early, and it was as much a desire to lose no time as anything else that led him in youth to acquire this habit of *dejeuner sur le pouce*, as well as that of having several pipes, filled and ready to be lighted, within reach.

One Christmas Eve some art friends induced him to

William Adolphe Bouguereau

join them in a midnight supper. The party was still at table when day broke. All at once young Bouguereau got up to take his leave. "What! you lazy fellow! going to bed?" "No, I am going to work," he replied, and left them. The others did not believe him; they supposed he had gone to get a few hours' sleep, and determined to drag him out of bed. But when they arrived at his studio, there he was, drawing from a man-model, who was very tired. Bouguereau improved the opportunity, and forced one of his companions to pose while the real model rested. It is to such severe discipline as this that he owes, in part, his reputation and his fortune.

As every one knows — that is, every one who knows anything at all of real art — Bouguereau brings into his work a great deal of style and the perfection of drawing. He is conventional, clean, careful, hates all that is ugly or coarse, and only paints subjects which are agreeable to look at.

In nature he picks out those portions which are the most graceful, most in conformity with that ideal which we call beauty. Bouguereau has one great merit which no one denies him. It is that of knowing how to treat the same subjects as the old masters of the Italian and Spanish schools, and yet to give a new accent to his work. That which is more striking about his canvases is the harmony, naturalness, and grace of his drawing. Sure of his lines, knowing as but few do, the complete anatomy of the human form, he is uncompromising in all that relates to the *art du dessin.* The delicate contours of a woman are in his eyes something sacred, and in his inflexible worship of form he traces them without making a single concession to the tastes

of the day; and he certainly succeeds in rendering all their suave gracefulness. Nothing is more changeable than the body of a child, but the children Bouguereau draws are absolutely faultless.

Once a few of Édouard Détaille's friends were invited by him to a luncheon on the anniversary of his birthday. Of great painters there were present Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, Chaplin, and Henner; but there were also more humble mortals among the guests. Bouguereau was invited, but he excused himself on the plea of work to do. Breakfast over and cigars finished, some one proposed a call on the absent master and friend of all; so into carriages we clambered, by and by we entered the studio of the Rue Nôtre Dame des Champs, and there was Bouguereau with a nude male-model in pose. When they had told him of the *déjeuner*, and how they all regretted his absence therefrom, those men of genius began to tease and plague Bouguereau. "Pshaw! he thinks he can paint; poor man!"

"Why, he even imagines he can draw!" "Look at those canvases — how amateurish!" "Here, Édouard, show William how to draw!" and so on. Now Détaille is also noted for the excellence of his drawing; and, entering into the spirit of the fun, he stepped up to the easel, gently pushed Bouguereau to one side, laid on a large, clean sheet of white paper, and with a crayon began. In the centre of the paper he quickly drew the head of a cavalryman. Next, at one corner near the bottom of the paper, he drew the hind hoof of a horse; then, higher up, but on the left, he drew a horse's nose; and then, in a few minutes, without having to erase a single stroke, he completed

the man for whom he already had a head, and showed him seated on the horse for which he already had a hoof and nose.

Every one, Bouguereau alone excepted, applauded Détaille's masterful skill, but our host said nothing. Instead, he made a sign to his model to take a pose. He laid on a clean sheet of paper, took up a crayon, and then, without once taking the point of it from the paper, he traced the outline of the model's entire body, with his face in profile. It was perfect drawing; and when he laid down the pencil those famous painters all stood up, bowed to Bouguereau, and exclaimed "Master!"

With all of Bouguereau's certainty he is constantly at work adding to the documents he already possesses. His studio is crowded with portfolios full of drawings, studies, and sketches, and very few days pass without his adding to their number. It is in these portfolios that he finds the materials for the composition of his many great canvases. He is a patient, sincere, and honest worker, and yet, in the midst of all his artistic labour, he always finds time for an active and efficacious self-sacrifice in the service of others. There is in him, besides the artist, the kind and generous professor, the comrade who is always ready to take in hand, in the most efficient way, the cause of art. Whenever an occasion presents itself, whenever there is some call on artists for a collective effort, Bouguereau is the representative man, the natural spokesman of the craft toward whom all turn. He owes this prominence not only to his artistic reputation, but also to the integrity of his character, to the intelligence which he has shown whenever a mission of any kind

has been entrusted to him, and to the services he has so often rendered in such matters. No matter how busy he may be, he never refuses to assist, nor does he ever hesitate to lay aside his work to take the side of a just or deserving cause.

None of the rewards which an artist can possibly desire have been refused him. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1876, and that same year he was elected a member of the Institute and received the medal of honour at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. In 1885 he was promoted commander of the Legion of Honour, and that year his "Adoration of the Magi" was awarded the medal of honour at the Salon — a recompense given, not so much to a single picture as to the artist's whole career.

William Bouguereau is also one of the distinguished professors at that famous French school known as the Beaux Arts. To him was entrusted, one year I remember well, the selection of the subject for the Prix de Rome competition. He fixed on "Tiberius Gracchus, tearing himself from his family in order to go to the Forum," and thereupon there was a howl among certain artists, who complained that the Institute was systematically trying to eliminate everything modern from its teachings. As these dissatisfied ones were particularly abusive of Bouguereau in their talk, I went to ask him why he had chosen that subject. In reply he said:

"Because the regulations of the Prix de Rome impose on us the obligation of taking the subject from Greek or Roman history, mythology, or the Bible. As the regulation limited my choice, it is no fault of mine if everybody is not pleased. The reason

why such restrictions have been made is that the nude and drapery are the only two things by which we judge whether a painter really knows his art — that is to say, if he knows how to draw, if he has studied the rudiments. A man may be able to paint an original picture, full of fire, vigour, and talent, but if his drawing is defective it is an inferior work. It is only in the nude that faults in drawing are plainly visible. There no trickery is possible. The faults are so plain to the eyes of the jury that all mistake is out of the question. It being admitted that the nude is necessary in order to enable us to know whether a pupil can paint or not, what would you have us select as a subject — a naked woman, a bather, a fashionable lady at her toilet? None of these are subjects; for, in the *concours*, it is necessary that the pupil should show not only that he knows how to draw, but also how to compose a picture. If we take a modern subject, what have we to select from? A 'Swimming School in the Seine?' 'A Board of Military Examiners at Work?' It is evidently impossible for us to do otherwise than choose our subjects in an epoch where the nude is accepted and acceptable.

"The Greek, Roman, and Biblical periods have also the advantage of giving us opportunities for draping our personages, and the Art of Drapery is one of the great difficulties of a painter. You must remember that pictures painted for a *concours* are not to be looked at in the same light as pictures intended for sale; they are painted for the jury, who judge only two qualities, drawing and composition. The subject is of very little importance; it is quite secondary. What we desire is to detect the pupil who has studied the

most efficiently. Study is the great glory of French art; it is by it that we are enabled to keep our position in the first rank. It is by reason of perfection, which is almost general among our artists in drawing, that our art is superior to that of all other countries. I can see proofs of this every day at the École des Beaux Arts. Strangers, English, American and others who have talent, but who have not learned to draw, come to us; they work with difficulty, and what they do is never completed. Study has never stifled talent or originality. Show me a painter who has lost what nature endowed him with at the school. He has learned there to paint, to draw, to compose, and thus obtained, to aid his originality, his power, his genius, if he has any, the complete science of the trade.

"Look at the works of all our painters, even of those who are most revolutionary in their ideas, and see what a noble air, what an inner perfection, they have. You stop to look at and discuss them, because you see they are the work of men who know their trade, while you would not even pause before the canvas of an artist who contents himself with his imagination as palate, and whose art is consequently imperfect. All this is undeniable, and the most violent enemies of the Institute will admit it, and it is because of this that we select ancient subjects, for they alone will enable us to judge with certainty if the pupil has the two primordal qualities of a painter — drawing and composition, which are in no way damaging to his natural originality."

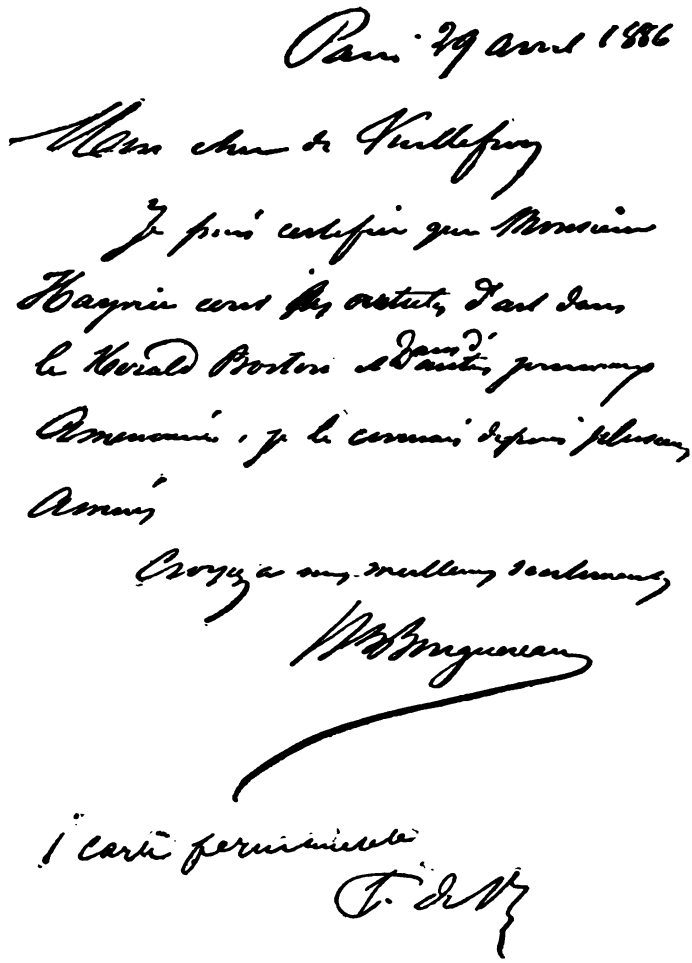
The wife of this illustrious French painter is an American, and she, too, is a famous artist, known to the public as Elizabeth Gardner. She went to Europe

during the last years of the Empire, and was in Paris while the Germans were shelling the city. In the meantime she was studying art, and among the first to show her kindness was William Bouguereau. The friendship then commenced grew into a lasting love, but his mother was not willing that he should marry while she lived. On her death Miss Gardner became Madame Bouguereau; they live happily together, both painting, both helping others younger than themselves in their efforts to succeed, both charitable, kind, generous, and devoted alike to their art and to their friends.

Dear old Jules Breton, painter and author, was also a hearty country gentleman. He was born in the small village of Courrières, near Calais, and there, after a few years of artistic experience in Paris, he lived to the end of his days on earth. It was there he did his best work. He was a painter whose heart was always in the fields and cottages of rural France; and, as he loved farm labourers and farmers, the gleaners in fields of grain, those who tend cattle on provincial hills, country skies, the twilight, moon and stars, merry-makings among peasants and harvest men and women,—naturally he left the capital when he could to go and live where all these things could be seen and enjoyed. I once said to him:

"Don't you ever feel the lack of society down there, the need of some one to talk with about painting?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "I have my brothers and wife, and their society suffices me. Émile paints landscapes, and my other brother, who is a manufacturer, and *maire* of the village, does his best to root



Facsimile of an original letter from Bouguereau, recommending the author for a permanent card to the annual Salon.

Bonapartism out of the neighbourhood, and when he has any spare time on his hands he paints for his amusement. No, I have no time to become bored. The fields, the growing grain, the trees, the sky,— in one word, Nature, that sublime model that never grows tired of posing for us, is all around me. When I am weary of painting I rest myself by writing poetry. Are you aware that it took me five years to write 'Jeanne?' And it was the praise of Lecomte de Lisle and other poets who encouraged me, that induced me to complete my poem."

At another time I congratulated him on account of his "First Communicants" bringing $45,000 at the Morgan sale in New York, whereupon he said:

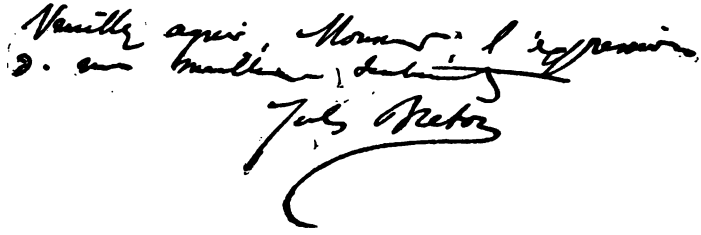
"Bah! of course I am pleased to think that I sold the same picture three years ago for $10,000. The difference is flattering, but you know it was the Americans."

That expression, "It was the Americans," speaks not only volumes, but it is just what most of the French masters think, even if they do not say it. Benjamin-Constant turned on me one afternoon and asked some questions,— among others, what I honestly thought of my compatriots as judges of works of art. Put to it thus, I replied frankly: "*Ils sont acheteurs, pas amateurs,*" and he thanked me for giving him a fit definition of Americans as patrons of art.

All the works of Jules Breton are strongly stamped with local colour, and have a true rustic flavour about them. The types of people shown are sincerely, conscientiously, and accurately studied, and his landscapes are full of a sweet and poetic harmony that lays hold of and deeply touches the heart of the spectator. He

was a most agreeable man to know, and he showed me some kindnesses which will never be forgotten.

His daughter, Madame Virginie Démont Breton, whose husband, Adrien Demot, was also a strong painter, was a lady whose talents as an artist won her a medal of the third class at the Salon when she was but twenty years of age. She was among the first to send me congratulations when the French Government decorated me with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and it was to me a sincere pleasure when the Government honoured her with the same red ribbon for her work as a painter in 1896.



Facsimile of the end of a letter from Jules Breton.

Alexander Cabanel, at the time I knew him, was not only among the seniors in French art, but he was a very great painter. He thrice won the Salon medal of honour, was a professor at the École des Beaux Arts for more than a quarter of a century, hence, with Bouguereau, the leading and most convinced champion of the academic school. Moreover, Cabanel was in every way an interesting and amiable personality. Sent to Rome, in 1845, at Government expense, although he had won only the second prize, he remained in the Eternal City two years, and then he returned to

Paris, determined, however, to work on the same lines as the old masters. There was conscientious ardour in the way in which he set himself this task, but, on the whole, his labours were well rewarded, and it was not his fault entirely if he did not succeed better in his undertaking. In his opinion, in order to make art of a high kind, it is only necessary to season some historical subject with plenty of academic sauce, to improve nature whenever her imperfections require it, and to have each pupil know that beside what he sees there is what the master teaches, and that formulas were invented in order to aid truth in becoming more striking and attractive. Nearly every one of Cabanel's pictures were drawn from mythology and history. The life of people of to-day did not seem to offer food sufficient for his masterly meditations, and if he deigned from time to time to concern himself about them, it was only in the way of portrait-painting. The likeness finished, he returned to his testaments and legends; he illustrated them and put them into pictures, thus doing art a good turn by concerning himself with oil and canvases.

There was a time when Cabanel was, so to speak, the fashionable portrait-painter of all the *grandes dames* of Paris. His style, manual skill, and perpetual desire to make something more beautiful than nature, had conquered a great many *dames du monde*, among others Mrs. John W. Mackay, who was then living in the Rue Tilsit. Mrs. Mackay is very fond of art, music, and literature. Cabanel was always a welcome guest at her house, and the portraits that he painted of Mr. Mackay, Mrs. Hungerford, and Miss Mackay, are among the very best things that he ever executed.

In those other days the ladies went mad over lovely portraits that had complexions of amber-like pallor, eyes enlarged by a skilful management of shadows, and porcelain whiteness, on which the bright red looked like a pomegranate blossom in full bloom. And what hands! Long, patrician hands, with tapering fingers, so delicate and so transparent that no wonder Cabanel's models called him a "dear old dear" and gave him good-sized checks for canvases that would have been expensive at half the money. The painter gained a considerable fortune and built himself a large mansion, for residence and studio, in the Rue de Vigny, close by the Parc Monceau. The house is now owned and occupied by an American lady who paints well and has high social position. In 1891 or 1892 her husband bought her the title of Marquise from the Pope, but it has not increased her reputation as an artist to any considerable degree.

Charles Chaplin was not only one of the most exquisite and talented of painters, but he was also a man to be admired, for he was simple and gentle, as all great men like him should be. His parents were English, but he and his were naturalized as French citizens. He owned a splendid residence in the Rue Lisbonne, and his studio, which was at the top of the mansion, was one of the most renowned of Paris. Here art was studied with an earnestness and seriousness that one would hardly expect of lady pupils, nearly all of whom were of the higher and more fashionable circles. His studio was large, and some of those "dreams on canvas," those wonderfully beautiful bits of poesy that have human form and flesh, but are really

beyond and above all earthly semblance, whose glowing colours and sweet expression are quite indescribable, and in the creation of which he was then so famous, were on easels there and the walls had many sketches. There was adjoining another studio into which visitors might not enter, for it was occupied by his female students and as like as not they were at the very moment of one's call busily engaged making drawings of the entirely nude torso of some very pretty young woman. Mr. Chaplin had the handsomest models I ever saw. He kept it a close secret where he discovered them, and it was only by the merest accident that I happened to find out that one of the most lovely bosoms, neck and head that he ever reproduced in sempiternal form was that of a society young lady, who lived, when at home, somewhere in the Mohawk Valley.

M. Chaplin's house was a veritable gem of a place, one of the most artistic residences of the Monceau zone. The large drawing-room was in white satin, and opened on a small veranda, ornamented with exotic plants. The panels and ceiling were signed "Charles Chaplin," and they were painted in his best style. There also hung a portrait of the master, which was painted by Ricord. The dining-room was ornamented with paintings and flowers by Madeleine Lemaire, one of Chaplin's most famous pupils. Chaplin was fond of society and very hospitable. He drew accurately, and his colours were the production of a man of genius. He painted magnificent portraits, but he painted best pictures that receive light and emit it, like his "Souvenirs," that was exhibited at the Salon of 1882, and which, having been purchased by

the State, now hangs with other masterpieces in the Luxembourg. He was a large-hearted man and nothing could be simpler or more free from affected posing than he was in his own house. With palette in hand, and dressed in an ample jacket of dark blue cloth, he himself opened the door of the studio, and showed his visitors, one after the other, the panels he was decorating, the pictures on which he was then engaged. One afternoon when I was there, two young ladies entered with an air of timid embarrassment. The master, to whom they had previously sent word that they would like to enter his class, met them with a jovial, joking air.

"Ah, so you wish to learn to paint real painting! Do you know what you are undertaking? You can have no idea of the sufferings I undergo when I am painting. What a wretched trade it is, to be sure. Think, ladies, to what you are exposing yourselves!" and thus he ran on, mingling paradox and truth, with a *bonhomie* full of vigour, until he saw that one of them was troubled by what he was saying, and then he grew more serious. Yes, he would admit them to his class, and if, as pupils, they were as devoted to their work as he would be as their master, then, may be, their future would be, after all, a really artistic and enviable one.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GROUP OF GREAT FRENCH PAINTERS — *Continued.*

MEISSONIER! The infant was christened Jean Louis Ernest, but the illustrious painter was always merely Meissonier, and he was among my earliest acquaintances in Europe. In personal appearance he was a curious type of manhood. Picture to yourself a little bit of an individual, "*pas plus haut que ça*," as the French song says, and on this body of a dwarf a magnificent head, almost that of a visionary, framed in by long curly locks and a snowy-white beard, and you have Meissonier. Seeing him for the first time you might fancy yourself looking at one of those rivers that Mythology deified, or at one of those bountiful nursing fathers of the earth that Coysevox carved under the thick linden-trees of the Versailles park. But when looking at this strong head and imposing beard one forgot the slender legs enclosed in the trousers of a horse trainer.

Learned and witty to the utmost limit, given to mockery, and always with an eye to his own glory, the great painter was especially interesting in the familiar intimacy of his studio, and it was there I used to see him. Undoubtedly the most strongly individual of all French artists, Meissonier was the veteran of them all. Just how old he was no one ever knew, for he was singularly reticent about his early life. A celebrated painter once said to me that the

only way to learn to draw well was not to allow a day to pass without using the pencil. In Meissonier's career may be found ample testimony to the soundness of this advice. He seemed to be for ever drawing when he was not painting. But his paint work is his lasting glory. His subjects comprise chiefly genre or costumed figures. One naturally expects, on being told he may see a Meissonier, to find a cavalier, musician, dashing ruffian, or a man occupied in reading, smoking, or playing cards. Of course, he will be picturesque, and show, in his pose and facial expression, the unmistakable evidence of his character and momentary employment. If he has seen other Meissoniers, the spectator will feel assured he will find in the new canvas precise and forceful drawing, keen dramatic spirit, brilliant colouring, and the unity and harmony inseparable from the best mechanical execution. If none of these qualities appeal to him, he will find that even while confessing this fact he is rendering admiration to the artist for having accomplished with so much knowledge and skill the only result he attempted. When Meissonier strayed from this, his usual choice of subjects, he was urged to do so by adverse criticism, which in one instance declared that he could not paint action. The result was "La Rixe," a composition depicting a tavern fight. It is full of movement, energy, and reserve power. It was bought by Napoleon III., for $5,000, presented to Prince Albert, and it is esteemed in England as the artist's finest work.

It has also been said that Meissonier could not succeed with an historical subject. He set to work and produced Diderot among a group of philosophers,

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier

all listening eagerly to the reading of an interesting essay. It was, in the faithful delineation of its theme and the spirit of the period described, regarded as a complete justification of the artist's effort. But still again he was charged with having confined himself so exclusively to the rendering of interiors that he would not be able to depict a figure in the open air. In response to this challenge he painted the picture of "The Sergeant," a daring and triumphant experiment, the rendition of a figure bathed in light.

There has never, however, been a reversal of some other judgments regarding Meissonier's powers,—that, for instance, his genius was restricted in expression to small canvases and his imagination to the treatment of description alone. He saw with wonderful clearness and truth, and he had the manipulative skill to tell all he saw, but he saw nothing below the surface, nor did he divine or reveal anything. He had not the poetic charm that transforms the plain or ugly thing into the pathetic, interesting, or beautiful. His art was all objective, and, remarkable as it is within its range, its limitations are defined as sharply as a knife can cut. Outside of this art of Meissonier's is a plane of ideal art potent in its influence upon the mind, the soul, and the heart. It speaks to the immortal part of us. But Meissonier never appeals to noble or tender emotions. He gives the eye gratification, it is true, and the mind, perhaps, to a small extent; but he interests only in a human, commonplace way, and all his knowledge and versatile draughtsmanship seem, after all, exercised somewhat unworthily. It is precisely as one feels in the presence of most of the works of the Dutch masters with whom Meissonier is oftenest

compared. There is fine drawing, skilful composition and arrangement of light, and a wonderfully accurate description of the common life of the artist's time. Lastly, there is superb colour — finer than the French artist's — and it is this last quality that goes farther than all the rest to touch and delight us. But, exquisitely painted as are the pictures of Teniers, Mieris, Metsu, Dow, etc., one speedily forgets them all in the presence of works less refined in technique, but more refined in subject and more elevated in sentiment.

Upon the painting of his military compositions Meissonier expended almost infinite labour and pains. When engaged on the picture "1814" he used to array himself in a coat made in exact imitation of Napoleon's, and sit astride a wooden horse while he studied the effect in a mirror. He also had his studio arranged with a landscape covered with white powder to simulate snow, and with miniature wagons, etc. He is said to have been engaged fifteen years upon "1807," for which he had all the horses modelled in wax, and drew every figure from life. It is not difficult to credit such statements as these, for the reason that the pictures seemed to bear them out. They are full of patiently described details, and the hardness of their general effect shows a dependence upon mechanical devices rather than a broad grasp of the essential points of a mental conception. With all the fine points in these pictures, such as the superb action and expression of certain of the horses and horsemen, yet there is wanting a unity and entirety of impression in them, and they have not the charm and completeness of the artist's earlier *genre* pictures, which he

painted from an intuitive love of the subjects, and which, after all, are typical of his best powers.

Meissonier kept up two palatial houses, which cost him vast sums of money. Indeed one of them was still unfurnished at the time of his death. When in the country Meissonier lived at a picturesque place called Poissy. The rear of his long bit of land backed up against the grounds of a French penitentiary on one side, and against the home park of Ridgway Knight, a very excellent American painter, on the other. Close by were the house and grounds of Jean Charles Meissonier, the master's son, and not far off was the river Seine, where all three of these men went often in the fishing season to catch, not sketch, the finny tribe. In town Meissonier's house was in the Boulevard Malesherbes, at the corner of the Rue Legendre. The mansion had gothic towers and a steep slate roof; in front of it was an iron gate that opened and shut under an arch which was supported by Corinthian columns. Tall, narrow windows, made up of bits of coloured glass set in leaden frames, were sunken deeply into the thick gray walls, and the whole aspect was curious and cloisteral; for, in addition to what I have just said, one who went to the house was bound to notice that the massive oaken door was covered with silvered iron work, and that the stones in the courtyard were as large as those which have lain for centuries in the Appian Way.

There were two great studios in this mansion, and in one of these Meissonier, in spite of his seventy-odd years of age, was, at the time of one of my visits working on an enormous picture, perhaps the largest he had ever painted. He was making a water-colour

replica, so to speak, of his "1807," which so long hung in the Stewart gallery, New York. It seems that a London publisher wanted to issue an engraving of the famous charge past Napoleon of the 12th Cuirassiers, but the owner of the original would not let it go out of the marble mausoleum. Thereupon the master said he would make another; but in this water-colour he was making numerous modifications. He had added a group of guides, who, carbines in hand, were drawn up on horseback in front and to the right of the Emperor and his staff; and, besides, he had introduced in the background a number of batteries going at full speed in the same direction as the cuirassiers. This gave a variety to the work and increased animation. Not satisfied with the original studies, Meissonier made a series of new ones from nature, and, as said above, used wax models of horses.

No man worked harder than Meissonier; he began early in the morning, and kept at it late at night. He would make forty or fifty sketches and innumerable studies of the details before he was ready to go ahead with the picture. I suppose there were at least half a million big and little sketches of one kind and another in his studio. His pictures always sold for high prices, and still he was not a rich man, although he could easily have been one if he could have been induced to part with his studies and sketches. The number of works in the world that bear his genuine signature is simply wonderful. At the exhibition of his pictures in Paris in 1884 no fewer than 115 were shown to the public, and none of the many owned in America were in the lot. *A propos*, I once read in an influential journal, in an article signed by a famous name, the asser-

tion that Meissonier was so determined to paint great pictures, full of fidelity to nature and thoroughly satisfactory to himself, that in many cases he kept the canvas in his studio and worked at it for three or four years! If it took him that long to paint each of the 150 pictures that are now in existence bearing his valuable signature, then let us call him Methuselah and be done with it. He was an old man, it is true, but his earlier years were passed on illustrated newspapers, and not in painting. He had been painting just about half a century; hence he had averaged three pictures annually. Out of this quantity he has twice amassed great wealth but he spent it fast, and especially on his town house. Still, it must have been a pleasure to him to know that he could retire to his studio at any time, and in the course of two or three months — perhaps in as many weeks — create a picture for which parvenus would struggle, and which would bring him in at least $15,000 or $20,000.

Fénelon, in his "Telemachus," pictures a republic which caused the arts to flourish, but which gave nothing to artists except bread and fresh water. Mentor says: "The arts love simplicity and retirement; it is in virtue and the love of glory that they find their true strength. Gold is their greatest enemy; it is gold that makes them sterile." I always liked Fénelon's work, but he lived long before the days of Meissonier. Never has a painter carried off more astonishing successes in the markets of modern art. Two hemispheres contend for the possession of his smallest canvases, and pay for them prices which the pictures of Rembrant, of Raphael, of Titian, of Teniers, of any of the old masters, seldom attain. The famous charge of the

cuirassiers — "1807" — sold in New York for over $75,000, and yet it was cracked in many places. I might mention other pictures which sold for enormous prices. He was, moreover, a man who preserved all his talents after acquiring all his great renown, and, if he had liked, he could have sold the water-colour on which he was so busy for more money than any other water-colour ever brought to dead or living artist. This long-bearded old man, who had quarrelled with many persons, who in art matters sided with the classicals against the realists, who proscribed Manet, and who in politics was a strong reactionary, had long held aloof from the annual Salon, on the ground that he was disgusted with the industrial and commercial side of these exhibitions. Doubtless he would have taken a great pleasure in showing Fénelon over his fine mansion, and in repeating to him the words of Mentor: "This is the dwelling of the painter Philodème-Meissonier."

One of the most amiable of artists, as he also was among the most perfect gentlemen that I ever knew, was Jean Léon Gérôme, the illustrious painter and sculptor, and master-teacher at the École des Beaux Arts. His mansion in the Boulevard de Clichy was large, with the studio at the top of the house, and there he often gave me cordial welcome. He was over the medium height, rather thin, somewhat of a swarthy eastern complexion, and had large intelligent eyes that overflowed with honest expression. His mouth was small and delicate, and was fringed with an iron-grey moustache. The forehead was wide, the heavy hair, closely cropped, was well whitened, and every line of

Jean Léon Gérome

the physiogomy expressed strength and determination. A painter of undisputed talents, rising in most of his works to the height of genius, he was also one of the best-bred, self-possessed and elegant *hommes du monde* in Paris. In this respect he differed as black from white from his famous colleague and rival, Alexander Cabanel, who always appeared to be ill at ease, and a parlour was certainly not his best place, albeit he liked to pose as a social artist. Gérôme was always a gentleman, and he rode a horse like a graduate of West Point. He had a generous heart, and he received one with a cordial smile and a clasp of the hand that convinced one that his greeting was genuine. He had travelled extensively in the East, and from these journeys had brought back many curious and beautiful things which decorated the halls of his house and his studios, for he had two. In one he did his painting, in the other his modelling in clay; for the master was sculptor as well as painter, and that, too, of such excellence that he carried off a second-class medal in 1878, and a first-class one three years later. As a painter he gained all the rewards that the Salon could give. He was awarded his first medal in 1847, and after that carried off the medal of honour no fewer than three times. In the months of June, July, and August, 1875, I lived within a stone's throw of the Luxembourg Palace, and I used to visit its museum very often. It was there I learned to love Gérôme's works, and when, in after years, I met the master himself, and was given that cordial greeting which I have already referred to as one of his most charming charateristics, then I felt my allegiance to his style and greatness not only renewed, but fixed for ever. Gérôme told us ancient history in

an entertaining fashion, and he was such a master of his art that his works also give us that emotion which we look for in all masterpieces. His Roman scenes and Oriental-life pictures all show patient and learned research. Some of the figures may be scantily clad, but they are most carefully treated. His works are always composed and drawn with infinite art, his colour is irreproachable. Picturesqueness is not lacking, and there is the touch of a master in it all. Famous in his day and generation, his name will also live in the coming centuries.

While I was residing at Paris, Puvis de Chavannes and Jean Jacques Henner occupied the same house in the Place Pigalle, and were both on the same floor. The former was a tall, fine looking, elderly man, whose studio was furnished, beside his own sketches and studies, with no other ornament than the portrait of the master which Mr. Léon Bonnat painted and gave him as a present. The artist was a great talker, and all that he said was interesting. It was a curious sight to see him in his vast *peignoir* of white and blue striped melton striding up and down his *atelier* and giving vent to his ideas. Like all painters from Lyons that I have ever met, Puvis de Chavannes was an idealist. He was a thinker for himself, and he tried to embrace the whole world in his reflections. He sought to introduce the ideal and the real, the past and the present, literature and art, modern and ancient history, into his compositions, and it was with no little eloquence and enthusiasm that he explained his pet theories.

Puvis de Chavannes and Henner were both old

Paris 17 Mars 86

Monsieur

Il m'est très difficile de répondre d'une manière satisfaisante à la demande que vous me faites l'honneur de m'adresser — Les tableaux que j'expose font partie d'un ensemble décoratif destiné au Musée de Lyon et la description en serait trop longue ici, d'ailleurs, en aucune façon d'auteur toute appréciation n'est intéressante — La note publiée dans le Figaro d'aujourd'hui 17 — pourra vous donner un aperçu de l'idée qui a présidé à ce travail.

Veuillez agréer monsieur avec tous mes regrets de ne pouvoir mieux répondre à ce que vous désirez, l'expression de ma considération la plus distinguée

P. Puvis de Chavannes.

Facsimile of an original letter from Puvis de Chavannes.

bachelors, and each had behind his studio an apartment which consisted of a bedroom, a dressing-room and a narrow lumber-room, which served as a storehouse for the overflowing of their *ateliers*. Henner stored in his souvenirs of all kinds, among them being his first efforts as a student, as well as heads which were outlined or thrown on only yesterday. The master touched the contents of this sacred room with much veneration, and only his most intimate friends ever saw the inside of it. Memories of a painter painted by himself were what this room contained. Every day in the week except Sunday the studio door was kept locked except to those who had been accorded a rendezvous by the master. It is true there was a cord hanging at the side of the door, and it communicated with a bell which made a dreadful noise, but Henner was deaf to it unless he knew it was the hour of an engagement given beforehand. On Sunday, however, it was different; then all the bolts and bars were drawn, the bell was silenced, and the latch-string of the door hung out as hospitably as ever it did in a western cabin. Early in the morning friends began to drop in, and before ten o'clock the room was crowded. Henner very rarely said anything; indeed, he spent most of the time during these Sunday receptions seated in the chimney corner slowly smoking an old pipe, which was always going out and which he was constantly relighting. A silent man, he was a fanatic of his art, who loved the human form, especially the female human form. When he showed me one of his Salon pictures, which he had arranged in the best light on a chair, he stood with eyes cast down in silence, waiting for the exclamation of admi-

ration that he knew his work would call forth. That heard, he uttered a "*C'est beau, n'est ce pas?*" and began to look at his work admiringly. Then he went off into a sort of ecstasy, recalling all the beautiful profiles which had posed before his eyes during the last twenty-odd years.

Born in Alsace, far in the interior, where the famous Rhine is but a narrow stream, he early showed aptitude for drawing, and in course of time was permitted to go to Strasburg, where he studied a while with Gabriel Guérin, a distinguished artist of his time. When but seventeen years of age he arrived in Paris and entered Drolling's *atelier*, where he had to work very hard in order to get enough money to keep from starving. In 1858, having gained the Grand Prize of Rome, he departed for the Eternal City, where he remained for five years, studying the works of sublime masters, which abound in its public museums and private galleries. In 1863 he exhibited his "Study of a Young Boy." It was his first Salon picture, and it won him a first-class medal. Then his "Chaste Suzanne," exhibited two years later, and purchased by the government for the Luxembourg, placed him in the first rank of young painters. Since then his pictures, portraits, and studies have all had an artistic value which very few other masters have ever surpassed.

I may venture to say that Henner is without a rival, because he has a style wholly his own. Some accuse him of being an imitator of Corregio, but this, I think, is doing him great injustice. There is quite as much of Holbein in his works as there is of Corregio, and yet I do not hesitate to give him credit for absolute originality in all his efforts. I admit that the motive of his most

celebrated characteristic canvases varies but little. A cloudless sky of a tender, deep blue, which turns pale in calm, rippleless water; rugged mountain tops, and thick woods reflected on the surface of a smooth lake like a mass of shadow that has plunged into the water; and in this serene landscape the august nudity of woman, the chastity of an unclothed form which no eye, except it be the countless eyes of a starry night, ever winking under their dark-blue brows, has ever contemplated. There is the subject, the theme, the motive of Henner's masterpieces; and you might as well complain because the roses always give forth the same scent, because the ocean waves have always the same melancholy grandeur in their sayings, because the setting sun throws on the mountain tops the same ruddy rays when lowlands are darkened by the coming night, as to complain of monotony in Henner's works, or say there is lack of invention about him. He is one of those noble painters who passionately love their art, and who are destined to live in the immortality of public museums. Perhaps in future years his painting may not interest archæologists, but it will all those who still bow down before the admirable nakedness of antique art. He is one of the very few painters of a pure style who by their genius have resuscitated the ideal of forms, the plastic idea of female beauty as was expressed with so much force and gracefulness by Phidias and by Corregio, and of whom Henner is a devoted and consistent admirer.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GROUP OF GREAT FRENCH PAINTERS — *Concluded.*

WHEN Jules Joseph Lefebvre was still studying with Cogniet and at the Beaux Arts, there were already young giants in the Paris world, and his ambition was stirred by the presence of men of uncommon talents. In the theatres Émile Augier and Octave Feuillet were producing comedies; Maxime Ducamp, Édmond About, Flaubert, Alfred Assolant, and others were writing successful novels, and the poems of Charles Baudelaire and Pierre Dupont were already rivalling those of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. In his own art he had Robert Fleury, Corot, Diaz, Millet, Rosa Bonheur, and Coutine, while Gérome, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, had already thrice won medals at the Salon.

Those were the days when the old school rose up in opposition to the young one. Great revolutions in the intellectual world always meet with many obstacles. The old fogies would not consent to accord to younger men the authority they deserved: they felt that progress was pushing them forward, but they had not the courage to fall into line and keep step to the march of advancement. They did all they could to prevent the new light from breaking, but their efforts were not successful.

Lefebvre made his début at the Salon in 1855; it was three years later when he competed at the Beaux

Arts for the Prix de Rome with his "Adam and Eve Finding the Body of Abel," and which, however, won him only third place in the contest. In 1861 he exhibited a large canvas, "The Death of Priam"; it gained for him the Grand Prix de Rome, and now hangs in one of the main galleries at the Beaux Arts.

Since then he has gained a world-wide fame for his beautifully artistic pictures and his striking portraits. He has always been careful as to his forms and movement, and is very particular in the selection of his models. His great desire is to produce striking effects by simple means, and he draws by preference in masses rather than in lines. There is an intelligent suppleness about his talent which keeps him up to every art movement, and which prevents him from refusing to make a change when progress or perfection can be achieved by his doing so. In his time he has done his full share toward developing art and in securing public recognition of the very important fact that the French school is superior to all others. He is, however, the most modest of men in speaking of his own work, and it really seems as if the more his talent and experience have increased, the more doubtful does he himself become concerning them. He doubts so much that when anything about a picture fails to satisfy him completely he scratches out or repaints sometimes as often as three or four times the most successful portions of a work. He never attains his ideal, and yet nothing equals the beauty of his drawing and the suave purity of his colour. Everything about his work is complete and remarkable. The flesh in his pictures has a pearly lustre, is brilliant and of admirable tint; the silks and satins and stuffs which his

Jules Joseph Lefebvre

modes wear are rendered with surprising power of colour and execution. It was this same beauty of drawing, this brilliant lustre about his portrait of a lady, which enabled him to gain with it the Salon gold medal. The longer I look at one of his pictures the more do I admire it, and this is because it speaks to my heart as well as to my intellect; and it is only after some such long study that I think I understand the artist's inspiration. I need hardly say that Jules Lefebvre has a grand reputation in both hemispheres. So great is his prestige as one of the most illustrious personalities of French art that persons from all parts of the world are anxious to visit his studio and have him paint their portraits. He has to work a great deal to fill his orders, and yet he will never deliver a picture until it seems to him to realize in the highest degree all the qualities of that art of which he is such an earnest disciple. He is a conscientious painter, who seeks only after the true in art; he possesses profound powers of observation, and in all that he executes there is suppleness and much simplicity. Lefebvre has obtained all the successes that any painter can ever hope for. He has worn all the medals of the Salon, is an officer in the Legion of Honour, is on terms of intimate friendship with the most eminent men of the day, and has a great many pupils who look up to him with the utmost admiration.

Jules Lefebvre's house is, or was, in the Rue la Bruyère; the studio is on the fourth floor, and on the walls of the stairways, all the way up, are splendid drawings, rare engravings, copies of fine old canvases. I knock at the door; a voice from within bids me enter, and, when I do so, the outstretched hand of the

master gives me a welcome grasp. He is a man of about fifty years of age, is above the average height of his countrymen, and is physically well proportioned. His face, a nobly kind one, is illuminated by a pair of bright, gentle blue eyes set beneath a lofty forehead, which is crowned by not overmuch of light brown hair. He sports a moustache, his ears are small and delicate, his fingers are tapering, his voice is musical, and his manners as sympathetic and graceful as you can possibly imagine. The cares of life have not yet bestowed wrinkles on face or forehead, but the natural furrows have been slightly deepened. One cannot help being impressed by the distinction of his manners and his courtly bearing. He is gentle, kind, and affable. He has a great, good heart, as indeed he ought to have, for he comes out of a country which is as pure and lovely as any part of fair France. He was born at Tournau, in the province of Brie, not far from the green banks and sheltered ways of the undulating Marne, which empties its gentle waters into the Seine by Charenton. There are cool nooks and corners, quiet little canals winding in between lines of lofty poplars, undulating fields and pastures, picturesque villages and hamlets, church spires here and there, woods, orchards, gardens, now and then a *château*, and a vineyard occasionally in the rich province whence this master painter came, and of which he is a noble and characteristic representative. I do not think there is much of poesy in the province of Brie, but there is hardly a trace of poverty, and its famous *fromage* is alone enough to give it good reputation. The province is unequalled throughout France for fruitfulness and abundance, and out of one of its most delicious

retreats, where the people are the most sympathetic, the peasantry the most industrious, and the priests the least bigoted; where there is a cathedral of Meaux, and a palace and forest of Fontainebleau, not to mention other things of interest to archæologist and artist; where you can see the ruins of an old convent to which Mme. Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV., was exiled after his death, and in the garden of which she buried her diamonds when she fled to England on the outbreak of the French Revolution; where there are reminiscences of the Franco-German war; where the house still stands in which Jules Favre and Bismarck had their conference; where the finest millstones in the world are made; where there is a famous Merovingian crypt, in which are columns of jasper, porphyry, and other rare marbles — hard by an old convent perched upon an airy eminence, and where scores of Bernardine nuns have cloistered themselves; where there is a princely *château* called Les Ferrières, which is owned by a Rothschild; where there is much that is good and very little that is superstitious or disagreeable; where all the men are brave, strong, and industrious, and where all the women are as virtuous and good as those in our own great land,— out of this country came this talented, famous gentleman.

Édouard Détaille was born at Paris in October, 1848, and in the years that have elapsed since he made his Salon début he has come to be the first among military painters. At fifteen or sixteen years of age he commenced to study with Meissonier, and so attentive was he to advice, and so talented withal, that he soon became not only the favourite pupil of the illustri-

5 rue Labruyère
mercredi

Monsieur.

J'ai bien regretté de n'avoir pas
été chez moi, hier, lorsque
vous êtes venu.
Je serai à mon atelier
demain jeudi à partir
de 4 heures et vendredi
même heure, et s'il vous
convenait de venir voir
la toile que je destine au
Salon, j'en serai très heureux
agréez je vous prie Monsieur
mes bien sincères salutations

Jules Lefebvre

Facsimile of an original letter from Jules Lefebvre.

ous master, but one of the very best to be found in any *atelier*. His first Salon picture was a revelation in French art, and won for him immediate recognition by the best artists and critics of the capital. When I was residing in Paris, Détaille's studio was in the Boulevard Malesherbes, not very far from that of his former master. One crossed a courtyard, turned the handle of a door in the centre of a wide glass structure, and stepped right into a spacious room with a highly waxed floor, where everything was as spick and span as the deck of a man-of-war or the interior of a country house in Holland. Perhaps the first person seen was a soldier of the army of Italy, with an old flint-lock musket. But beyond this model was a screen, and behind the screen the young master, who, hearing a footstep in his studio, would come out to meet the visitor.

Physically, Détaille is hardly of average height, but he is handsome; his face shows intelligence and at the time of which I write his hair was brown, and his blue eyes had a kindly look in them. He did not then look a day older than thirty-five, and yet he was close on to his fortieth year. On the walls of the studio were photographs almost in thousands, also engravings, of his own works. He declared a preference for photographs over engravings for reproduction, as being more accurate. Above these, near the ceiling, hung armour, muskets, sabres, bayonets, helmets, clean cuirasses and flags. He was a famous collector of military flags, and owned some rare standards that were borne in the French Revolution. Some of these were inscribed with such boastful mottoes as: "The 57th cannot be stopped by anything"; "The 25th has covered itself

with glory"; "The enemy cannot face us," etc. He had the flag of the Mousquetaires of Louis XIV., that of the French Guards, as well as a lot of German and Swiss local banners, curious by reason of their history or because of their elaborate armorial decoration. Along one end of the studio ran a gallery, and under this was an interesting series of water-colours and small oil paintings on wood, where figures were painted without any background, but with perfect exactness as to every detail, not only of the uniforms, but of physiognomies, as typical of the different nations or provinces. Among these are commanding generals, officers of all grades and branches of military service, soldiers of the line, chasseurs, artillery and hussars, dragoons and lancers, with horses in every imaginable position. There were also dandy English Horse Guards, German Uhlans, fierce Cossacks, Arabs, and Highlanders, well tarlataned as to torso, but quite *décolleté* in their lower extremities. There were sketches of reviews, of inspections, of guard-mounts, of fatigue parties, of the interiors of barracks, of platoons at drill, of awkward squads (so well made that in fancy one could hear the profane orders of the corporal), and of scenes around the sutler's cart. These depicted the calm side of military life, and it was from these studies, rendered with such absolute fidelity as to strict minutiæ and faultless in art, that he produced those wonderful pictures which bear his famous signature. There were also other studies — of war in all its horrors; of soldiers advancing in the face of volleys of musketry; of charges and retreats; soldiers lying on the ground, wounded or dead; of prisoners, of disembowelled horses, torn flags, routed

armies; also of the herd of hangers-on that follow in hopes of finding a chance to gain by trafficking with soldiers or by robbing the dead on battlefields.

Alphonse de Neuville and Édouard Détaille were warm friends, and, although rivals in a certain sense, they were never jealous of each other. Together they painted the splendid diorama, "Battle of Champigny," which was for years one of the great attractions of the Champs Élysées. It was the widow of Alphonse de Neuville herself who told me the story of the life-long love that existed between her and the great painter. When Mademoiselle Maréchal first met M. de Neuville he was a handsome fellow of twenty, full of ambition and talent, but very poor. She too, was young, but she was already celebrated for her beauty and her success on the stage, as well as for her many rich admirers. The two fell in love at first sight, and she abandoned her profession, refused all the offers made her, turned her back on society, and went to live with him. Without a pang of remorse, without a single regret, she accepted the new situation, devoted herself to encouraging the young artist, whom she loved and in whose success she had confidence, sharing poverty and misery with him without one word of complaint. They lived in rooms for which they paid only forty cents a day, in a house where the other tenants were such questionable characters that de Neuville slept with a sword under his pillow. They had to put up with sufferings of all kinds, and with insults from their respective families, because they were not married.

"Leave your mistress," said the painter's people, "and you shall want for nothing."

Her friends said: "You have lots of talent and you are a beautiful woman. Return to the stage, and you will have no lack of admirers who will do everything for you." But they both refused, preferring the wealth of their love to all the gold the world contained. One day, during a summer holiday in Belgium, they strolled into a small village church. There was no one there but themselves, and de Neuville and "Mimi," as he always called her, knelt before the altar of the Virgin.

"We are united in the sight of God," said he, "and we will never leave each other."

She answered, "Never!"

Then the painter slipped a gold ring on her finger which was to be the real wedding ring later on. On their return to Paris the artist went to work on a painting the canvas of which was so large that it stretched from floor to ceiling, and he had to sit on the floor cross-legged while painting the lower portion. While he worked, "Mimi" sat near by, sewing on embroideries copied from old tapestries in the Cluny Museum, and with these she managed to earn a few francs daily. At last de Neuville had a studio of his own,—in a dirty street, it is true, and it was only a loft over a tinsmith's shop, but it was large enough to be their home and studio together, and it was there that he painted "Les Dernières Cartouches." A long illness forced him to lay down his brushes, and little by little everything was sold, so that when the landlord came to distrain for his rent there was nothing for him to seize.

At last, and after many sufferings, success, glory, and fortune came. But in the very midst of this success de Neuville was stricken down. He had been sick before, but this time there was no hope for him, and,

although she knew it, "Mimi" managed to keep him from finding out that his illness was bound to be fatal. One day, when feeling a little better, he said to her:

"I have been very ill, have I not?"

"Yes, my dear one, and now that you are recovering I may tell you so."

She turned away her head to hide her tears, and he said:

"Well, don't worry, love, I am much better now. But, Mimi mine, if I should happen to die, what would become of you? All I have in the world would then go to my own relatives. Come, let us be married at once."

So they were married in his bedroom, with no person present but the mayor of that arrondissement and a priest, with three or four friends. Fifteen days later the great painter was dead.

Fortunately Alphonse de Neuville left many signed pictures, sketches, decorations, etc., and a year after his death these were sold at public auction in Paris. Good prices were realised, and the widow and their son had a considerable fortune in their possession. The painter had collected quite a lot of valuable and rare flags; these sold for high prices. They were of all times and of every conceivable shape, among them being a standard of the first Knights of Malta, etc., in the lot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME MASTER DRAMATISTS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

In November, 1895, the world lost a brilliant man of letters, and I a personal friend, in Alexandre Dumas *fils*. There are very few people but know that he wrote comedies, dramas, romances, short stories, and prefaces, each of which was a literary gem of the first order. Dumas *fils* died at Marly-le-Roi, in the house which was bequeathed to him by M. de Leuven, an intimate friend of his father, and it was there I last saw the master. Marly-le-Roi is a charming little village not very far from Paris, and Dumas had his good friend and fellow Academician, Victorien Sardou, for a close neighbour. The family generally went there in the month of March or April, but when the hot days arrived they were off for the seashore. On their return to Marly at the end of August they remained till early in December, when they moved back to Paris.

The country villa was large and comfortable, and the park lovely. One of the great pleasures that Dumas gave me there was showing me the bench on which Madame de Staël sat when she vowed an eternal love for the assassin of Gustavus III. One of my visits to Marly-le-Roi was on behalf of a young American who had not been treated well at the Conservatoire. She had been promised admission to the class

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

of Monsieur Got, but some sort of intrigue had put her in a lower room, and she was nearly heartbroken. Dumas was a member of the Council and one of the official examiners. The girl was certain that he could have her admitted to Got's class, but he was not so sure about it. He said, however, that he would do all he could if she was sufficiently advanced in her knowledge of the French language, and in the end she gained her point. It did her no good, however, and when she "went wrong" I expected quite a reproach from him. All that he said was: "It appears that there is not much difference between the immorals of American girls and French girls."

At his town house in the Avenue de Villiers Dumas *fils* was quite another sort of person to what he was at Marly. Once a week, on Tuesdays, he gave a big dinner, usually followed by an informal reception, where one met some of the brightest minds of Europe. On these occasions it was great fun to see Dumas and Meissonier at the billiard-table. Both were good players, but each played badly in order not to *chagrin* the other with defeat. The green cloth was covered with innumerable seams where their cues had torn large holes in awkward attempts at an impossible *massé*, or some ridiculous miss to escape a count. And I cannot help smiling now as I think of those famous men, so unequal in size, one always playing on his tiptoes, the other squatting down, as it were, to equalize matters. Dumas was tall, robust, solidly built, while Meissonier was short and heavy. The former had a powerful head without a wrinkle on its front, with the black hair of his younger days now gray and frizzy, but scarcely thinned even on the crown. The forehead

was lofty, heavy brows arched the soft blue eyes, the lips were full, and disclosed a fine set of teeth when the face took on a smile, as it often did.

Born at Paris, in 1824, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, in 1865, married a noble native of Finland, the Princess Narischkine. She was his first wife — and to them were born two girls: Colette, who became the wife of Maurice Lippmann — from whom she was divorced, and Jeannine, who married Captain d'Hauterive, of the French army. Dumas did not believe that young girls should enjoy much liberty, and his two daughters were hardly ever allowed to go to the theatre or to balls. Up to the day of her marriage Mademoiselle Colette had gone to but one evening party, and only twice to the theatre, on both of which occasions tragedies were played. She was always a great help to her father in his work. She copied his manuscripts,— a thing that was necessary, for he would use none other than a quill pen, and the legibility of his writing suffered in consequence. She even dared to criticise her father's work, and he was not ashamed to profit by her observations when just.

His practice was to get up tolerably early,— sometimes at five o'clock,— when he proceeded to warm for himself a plate of soup which had been prepared the night beforehand, and consume the same. "I have tried," he told me, "all sorts of things in the morning,— tea, coffee, chocolate, or a glass of white wine, and I find there is nothing like soup for the health." That plate of soup was all he had till the noon breakfast. Meanwhile he wrote letters, or penned a story, or touched up an act or so of a new play. Now and then the morning was given up to reading. French

literature he knew by heart, as it were; but with that of other languages, including our own, his acquaintance was limited. I have heard him quote, not without evident pride, the words from Shakespeare, "That is the question," but then I have also heard a hundred other Frenchmen make that same quotation in English, or in a broken attempt at it.

Dumas' knowledge of the great works in the English language was not extensive or profound. Of Cowper and Shelley, of Burns and Wordsworth, of Macaulay and De Quincey, of Tennyson and Edwin Arnold, he had hardly heard, as he probably had not of William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Motley; but he knew something about Edgar Allen Poe, Charles Dickens, Swinburne, and Washington Irving, the last-named mainly through the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." It was at the suggestion of Alexandre Dumas that a famous French *chroniqueur* and I set out to make a pantomime piece from the play of "Rip Van Winkle." Paris was at that moment half mad over pantomimes. The "Enfant Prodigue" had brought about a new taste, so to speak, and nearly every manager wanted a pantomime. At one of his receptions Dumas said that Irving's "Sleepy Hollow" legend would make a fine pamtomime, whereupon I told him of Joe Jefferson's play of "Rip Van Winkle." He made me give the *scenario* of that piece, and then exclaimed, "Charming, charming! Just the thing. I must find you a collaborator." He did so and we made our pantomime; but the fashion changed just when the work was done, and "Reep," as my esteemed and kind *confrère* always pronounced it, was never presented.

I once indiscreetly asked Dumas if he meant "Le Père Prodigue" for his father. He was not offended, however, and replied:

"No, indeed; had I meant an allusion to him I should have called it 'Le Père Prodige.'"

Then he told us a story of his father. "When I was about eighteen," he said, "I met a friend on the boulevard and suggested to him that he dine with me. I told him I had just come into the possession of a fortune, fifteen francs, if you please, Messieurs, and that we would go and have *une vrai orgie*. He consented willingly, and we were looking for the right place when I saw father on the other side of the street. He beckoned me over, and, excusing myself to my friend, I ran across the road. Then *mon cher père* borrowed all that vast fortune, and our dinner was off."

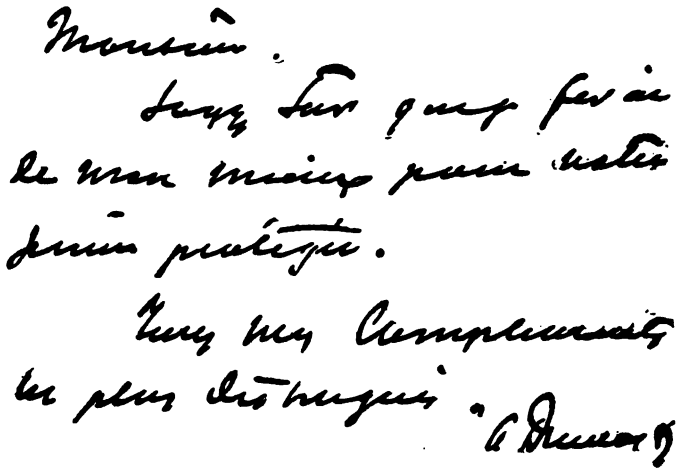
There was another story of his father which the younger Dumas liked to tell. The father came one afternoon to a gentleman of his acquaintance and begged the loan of a hundred francs, for the want of which he was seriously pressed. The money, five bright louis d'or, was given to the old man, and he was also tempted to stay to dinner. In the course of the repast some pickles were served which Dumas *père* highly praised. The wife of his host begged that she might be permitted to offer him a jar of them, as they were her own putting up, and here he again consented. Just as Dumas was getting into the carriage to leave, a pretty maid came running to the cab with the jar of pickles, "which Monsieur had forgotten." "Thanks, *ma fille*," said he, and, never thinking, he

poured the golden pieces into her hand as a *pourboire* for her thoughtfulness — and beauty.

The elder Dumas was rather slow to believe in his son's powers. He laughed at the "Sins of Youth," which were sins indeed, but pardonable enough to a boy of seventeen, and even indicative of something better. Dumas *fils* soon saw that poetry was not his forte, and sinned no more in metre. After a tour with his father in Spain and Africa — "a better travelling companion than my father was could not be imagined," said Dumas to me — the son wrote "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet," and the old gentleman began to admit there was something in the boy. The latter was then twenty-two. A year or so later he showed the manuscript of the "Dame aux Camélias" to his father, and he said to him, "I have written a play. I would like you to look it over, if you please." Dumas *père* laid aside the work he was doing and gazed at his son kindly. "Suppose you read your play to me," he remarked. Thereupon the son — well, let him tell the rest, as he did to me in his own house at Marly.

"I read the first act. Father had grown interested, but not especially enthusiastic. 'Quite good,' he exclaimed when I had finished. Then I read the second and third acts to him. They made father cry. Just there the reading was broken off, because I had an important engagement; but I promised father to read the last act to him on my return. I did not do so, however, for he had read it himself. That alone was a great compliment, as father disliked to read, and his eyesight was not very good just then. When I entered the room where he was, he wiped the tears

out of his eyes, grasped me in his arms, and half-sobbingly whispered: "My boy, you have written a masterpiece!"



Facsimile of an original letter from Dumas.

Victorien Sardou was always a more popular playright than Alexandre Dumas *fils*. The former was not more liked than the latter, but he was always more surprising, and wrote comedies and dramas that were of wider breadth and embraced a larger plot. Dumas was of Paris, Parisian, and cared less for foreign success than Sardou. The former knew only the life of Paris; the latter knew the whole world, in a way. The one saw the theatre through the eyes of a Parisian, the other through the eyes of a clever business man, and he worked for broader fields than the boulevards. Sardou was the more versatile of the two, and his pieces bore exportation, while those of Dumas

Victorien Sardou

were, with few exceptions, of a local character only. Each was a master in his own sphere of work, and they were warm friends.

I knew Sardou well, and met him often. He once did me the great honour to have me in mind when writing a part in one of his most successful plays. In December, 1886, at the dress rehearsal of the "Crocodile," one of the leading characters of the piece announced herself — the scene represented a ship at sea with all the passengers, the captain, and doctor on deck — as the correspondent of the newspaper that I then represented in Paris. "Miss Olivia" was an excellent part and was played by a clever actress; she made a good American journalist, and several of my *confrères* of the French and foreign press who were present complimented me on my charming colleague. As the personage had much to do with the run of the plot I soon understood why Sardou was so inquisitive about my paper and work some few months previously. He said then that he did not know there was any other newspaper of importance in the United States than one published in New York by a friend of his, and which maintained a local office in the Rue de l' Opéra. It was said afterward that this friend was rather provoked when told that another paper than his own had thus been recognised by the great dramatist but I know nothing about that, however.

As I have already stated, Sardou lived at Marly-le-Roi when away from Paris. Founded by the "Roi Soleil," Marly is one of the most beautiful places on the river Seine, and there is something of historical irony in the fact that the cherished dream of Louis XIV. should have as successors those of whom he

never dreamt. The King wished to establish a rural retreat, a real hermitage, where he could forget that grandeur which kept him on the banks of the river Rhine when his troops crossed into Germany, and he built it under the trees of Marly, even as Dumas and Sardou found quiet and repose there in after years. But of all the grandeur which Louis XIV. established at Marly nothing now remains save some broken marble steps and a watering-place. The only edifice of that period still in existence is the mansion of the once governor of the King's majestic seat, and it to-day is the country home of Sardou.

The mansion itself is without historical interest except in this, that it was built on the ruins of a feudal castle which was destroyed by the English during the Hundred Years' War. There is a "V" and an "S" at the top of the iron gate which leads into the grounds, while six enormous stone sphinxes, three on either side of the way, guard the entrance to a wide avenue that is lost in the distance of the lovely grounds. The gate is always locked, but a bell will call the gardener, or some one else, to it promptly, for Sardou is hospitable. At the front door a valet, or a smart-looking maid, meets you, and you are soon conducted to the great man. He is sure to be in working costume; that is to say, wearing a light jacket, a blue *béret* on his head, a silk kerchief of many colours wound around his neck, and his feet in slippers.

The wood wainscoting of the room in which the famous dramatist works is painted a dull grey chrome, and some eighteenth-century sketches hang on the wall. The house is known at Marly as "Le Verduron," and Sardou lives there several months in every year.

There is no furniture in the place which is not old and valuable, while the tapestries that hang on the walls are almost priceless. It is a veritable museum, full of rich and rare bric-à-brac and old books. There are culverins of the time of Louis XIII., and sedan chairs which used to belong to Madame de Maintenon. It was Sardou himself who showed me over the house. In the dining-room he said: "Here Racine and Boileau used often to sit at a table, for they were great friends of Blouin." That was the name of the *valet de chambre* to whom the "Roi Soleil" gave the place. Sardou continued: "Let me tell you another thing about this dining-room. Napoleon I. once crossed it on horseback. He was hunting in the forest of Marly. The stag jumped over the wall into this park. Napoleon was leading the lot of riders, and entered by yonder door, which was open; he traversed the room without leaving his saddle, and continued swiftly after the animal."

It would be difficult to give a portrait according to nature of Victorien Sardou, because the expression of his face is so excessively mobile. Dumas was always Dumas, and resembled no one but himself; but Sardou is all expression, and, as the expression is infinitely variable and shaded, the result is that one sees the light and emotion which passes over his mobile face as reflections of other physiognomies. He is a delicate-looking man, and yet he is not at all delicate, but has a healthy vigour, while as for elegance of appearance he will have none of that. Eager intensity is the keynote of his nature; he is eager in everything he says and does, and he is nearly always successful. Above all else Sardou is a man of the theatre, and all

his faculties appear to be adapted to this form of literary production. Outside the theatre he has written but one novel; he considers himself capable of writing others, but says he has no time to do so. He once told me that he looked on writing fiction as the easiest kind of literary work. "The novel is analysis, the drama synthesis," said he, "and the man of the theatre puts in a state of essence that which the novelist puts in a state of dilution. The novelist gathers flowers by the wayside at his ease, but the playwright is compelled to run quickly, for his time is measured."

I never assisted at a more interesting scene in a theatre than when I was present at a rehearsal of Sardou's "Theodora." The drama had been written for Sarah Bernhardt, and it was being rehearsed by the illustrious actress and the famous writer. Both are great artists, and each has unbounded admiration for the other. In turn the *tragédienne* and the dramatist took the stage and held it to the end of the impending scene. He played every part, including that of Bernhardt. "*Voyons*, Sarah!" he would cry, and then he acted the scene as he thought it ought to be given. In the meantime Sarah was not all smiles and cream, but she knew him to be a great actor as well as a great writer and was willing to put up with the master's outbursts for the good of the cause in which they were mutually interested. They appeared to be endeavouring to outdo each other as hard workers, and at length reached that height of fervour which, if produced in a crowded theatre, would have made the house rise in the wildest enthusiasm. At last the fatiguing rehearsal was over; their dual passion now

torn to tatters, the two began to joke each other, and there was fine fun for a few minutes. Then on leaving for their respective homes, "*Bon jour, cher maître!*" and "*Bon jour, ma chère!*" were heard, and the stage was empty of their genius until another day.

In October, 1889, I called at Sardou's town house, accompanied by Miss Grace Hawthorne, an American actress, and lessee of the Princess's Theatre in London. The primary object of our visit that day was to talk with him about "Theodora," the rights of which Miss Hawthorne owned for England and Ireland provided she produced it before a certain date, then not very far distant. She was unable to speak French, and, as I was interested in her earnest efforts to succeed, I gladly went with her to serve as interpreter. At her request I asked if he would accord her a prolongation of the contract, — that is to say, permit Miss Hawthorne to postpone the date of the play's production. Sardou willingly agreed to a postponement for a few weeks, and wrote her a letter saying so. He also gave her a complete copy of the piece as it had been played by Madame Bernhardt, as well as the *mise en scène* of the Porte Saint Martin production. In a word, the master showed his generosity in every possible way, and Miss Hawthorne left him a happy little woman.

There is an interesting story connected with that lady's subsequent production of "Theodora" which is worth relating in these pages, although the principals in it are not precisely celebrities. Soon after Miss Hawthorne bought the play, Mr. A. M. Palmer, who had Charles Coghlan, the English actor, on his hands idle at a heavy salary, thought it would be a good

business venture to go into partnership with Miss Hawthorne in the production of the piece, with Coghlan in the leading male part. They soon agreed on terms and Mr. Palmer, who never did anything in a half-hearted way, at once ordered the costumes of a Paris firm. They were exact reproductions of the original costumes made for Bernhardt, and cost him nearly $18,000. Then he sent Coghlan over to London to begin the rehearsals with Miss Hawthorne. For some reason or other the English actor saw fit to belittle the histrionic abilities of the American actress, and his letters to the great manager were so alarming that he cancelled the contract, leaving himself with a lot of costly costumes and accessories on hand. These were securely boxed and stored away by his Paris agent, and meanwhile Palmer was willing to sell them at any sacrifice. Unfortunately Miss Hawthorne was not able to avail herself of this bargain, and she would lose the play altogether unless she produced it by a given date, as already shown.

There was a very handsome young woman in Europe about that time who had a desire to become a great actress, hearing of which Miss Hawthorne got her interested in the "Theodora" scheme. After they had talked it all over, this young lady said:

"If you will let me play the rôle of the Empress alternately with you, I'll find the money to buy those costumes. Are they really beautiful?"

Miss Hawthorne had not seen them, but she was certain they were as fine and gorgeous as the originals.

"Well, I will go and see them," said the young and beautiful person, "and if I like them I will buy them, if you agree to my proposal."

It was finally arranged that she should play the part at matinées and one night every week, and the amateur left London for Paris. She was delighted with the dresses which the Empress was to wear, so she paid for the costumes and accessories. Then "Theodora" was produced in London, whence, after a short run, it was transferred to the provinces and played until both "stars" were bankrupt, so to speak. Whatever became of the costumes finally, or of Miss Hawthorne, I do not know, but the other sometime empress in Sardou's great play is now Mrs. Howard Gould, of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME EMINENT JOURNALISTS AND A FEW POLITICAL CAFÉS.

I HAD personal acquaintance with distinguished journalists in nearly every country in Europe, as well as some in Africa, not counting my American *confrères*. I have met some of the best men of London, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Rome, and, of course, Paris. For years I was President of the Foreign Press Association of Correspondents in the French capital, and I was always proud of my profession and of its representatives wherever I met them. The most famous journalist I ever knew was the late M. de Blowitz, and we were warm personal friends for several years. In my opinion Blowitz was the greatest newspaper correspondent that this world has yet produced. He was great as a gatherer-in of important news simply because those who had it to give out could always trust him. He was the "king of correspondents," and yet he was never popular in the profession. Personal appearances were against him with some of his brethren of the press, but he certainly never cared whether they liked him or not. His enemies called him a Jew, but he made them no reply; I know positively that he was a devout Roman Catholic. But even his greatest flatterer would never have called him a handsome man. Pic-

ture a person about four feet eight inches "short," and weighing not less than two hundred and twenty pounds, may be more than that, with a heavy face and somewhat Hebraic features, and you have the late M. de Blowitz.

Born in Bohemia, he resided for a long time in Italy, where he did occasional work for Mr. Shakspeare, the Roman correspondent of the London *Times*. One summer Shakspeare went to England on a visit, and during his absence Blowitz interviewed Pope Pius IX. to the extent of three or four columns. It was a revelation in modern English reporting, and Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *Times*, told his editor to keep his eye on the young man. Soon afterward, however, Blowitz removed to Marseilles, where he was occupying the chair of Professor of Foreign Literature in a local institution when the war with Germany broke out. After the great reverse at Sedan a general call was made to arms, and he not only responded by taking up a musket, but he declared his intention of becoming a citizen of France. He did good service as a soldier and in helping to put down the Commune, and when Thiers became President of the Republic he promised Blowitz the appointment of French Consul-General at Riga. It was while waiting for this appointment at Versailles that Fred Marshall, long the secretary of the Japanese Legation at Paris, brought about a meeting between him and Laurence Oliphant. The latter, on learning of Blowitz's intimacy with Thiers, requested him to obtain from the latter an interview for the London *Times*, which he proceeded to do with such success that Oliphant immediately invited him to become his

principal assistant, and to abandon all thoughts of going abroad in a consular capacity for the French government. A year later Mr. Oliphant resigned his position as Paris correspondent of the *Times*, in order to go to America, and Blowitz succeeded him.

He did great newspaper work from the start, and in a short while was famous throughout Europe for the accuracy of his information. Then the Paris and London wits began to abuse Blowitz. The writers began to jibe him, and the caricaturists made fun of his chubby form. One French paper came out with a full page of little sketches after his historical interview with Prince von Bismarck at the Berlin Conference. There were about a dozen of these small pictures. They began with M. de Blowitz entering the presence of Bismarck, who looks directly over the head of the short journalist and wonders why he sees no one. Two big dogs sniff at the intruder's legs, but he is not afraid. Presently the two men begin to understand each other, and as their intimacy increases so do their positions change. The last sketch shows Bismarck in an armchair, with Blowitz sitting in his lap, writing for dear life, while the Chancellor is talking to him in confidence. All these things never did Blowitz one bit of harm, although they caused some erroneous opinions to be formed of him.

With his appointment as Paris correspondent of the *Times*, M. de Blowitz entered on a career which is unique in journalism. He was paid a very large salary, he was allowed a large sum annually for expenses outside of the regular cost of getting news, and his wife was a rich woman. When I first met him, about 1881, he was giving his famous annual

diplomatic dinners, each one of which cost the *Times* as much as $1,500. Only ambassadors and ministers, or chargés d'affaires, were invited to these feasts. To avoid all jealousies each person invited was assigned his place by lot; even the Papal nuncio had to submit to this arrangement, and this was the only house in all Paris where he would have consented to such a surrender of his diplomatic rights. These dinners, at which there were usually twenty-four persons present, were followed by an entertainment given by the best *artistes* in Paris. To this after-dinner affair some few friends who were not in diplomacy were asked, and I was not infrequently one of those thus honoured.

M. de Blowitz could not be called a brilliant writer; indeed, if his articles were judged by rules of that abomination called grammar, he would hardly pass muster anywhere, but you could always find the bed-rock of sound sense and solid facts in every line of them. He may not have been rhetorically perfect as a publicist, — but he was a most remarkable reporter, while his predictions, based on the news he was sending, were clear, concise, and very apt to come true in every particular. He had a strong power for descriptive writing, and I have read many a despatch of his to the *Times* which was matchless in graphic strength. Moreover he was one of the best after-dinner speakers I ever heard, and all guests bidden to a banquet where he was were glad when it came to Blowitz's turn to address them. He could speak in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic with equal ease, and he was eloquent in them all.

The secret of M. de Blowitz's success as a gatherer

of great news was that all European statesmen had confidence in him. He never betrayed their confidence, no matter how strong the temptation to beat a rival in news-getting. He was on intimate terms with all the great men of the Continent, and when they said to him, "Do not repeat this conversation," he would reply, "When the time is opportune, and in my judgment the facts you have just related are useful to the *Times*, I will ask you to let me use them, but I will not do so without your permission." Then he would go home and write down every word of that conversation so that it would be accurate when he did make use of it as news. It was this regard for honour that made him invaluable to his paper. Prince von Bismarck himself once said to me. "M. de Blowitz is the only newspaper correspondent whom I know to be absolutely trustworthy. His judgment is most excellent, his knowledge of European politics is wide and comprehensive, and his discretion is marvellous."

Blowitz was a man of many friends and some enemies. He has been abused as an egoist and as conceited but I never saw anything of the kind in him, and we were personal friends for many years. It was once my good fortune to help him to some exclusive news of much importance. There had been some trouble between China and the French Republic, and a new treaty had to be drawn up. China, in these negotiations, was represented by Mr. Duncan Campbell, a Scotch gentleman of the British diplomatic service, while France was represented by M. Jules Ferry, the distinguished statesman. After months of hard work the treaty was signed, and Ferry said he would communicate it to the Chamber of Deputies

next day. At that time I had as roommate a professional man who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Duncan Campbell. The latter promised us a fine dinner at the Café Voison when the treaty was signed, and that day our invitation came to meet him there at seven o'clock. Dinner over and cigars lighted, Mr. Campbell told us of the text of the treaty, with some incidental anecdotes connected therewith. We parted at eleven o'clock, and as Mr. Campbell knew me as a journalist I asked him if I could make use of the information thus obtained. He made no objections, and I drove hurriedly to the house of Blowitz, who arrived just as I got there. The news was soon on its way to London on the *Times'* private wire, and thus my friend scored another "scoop" over all other correspondents in Europe. There was quite a row about it in Paris among the French papers, and M. Jules Ferry had to declare in the Senate, on his honour, that he did not give the news to M. de Blowitz.

On the 1st of January, 1903, Blowitz retired to private life. Sixty of his colleagues on the foreign press in Paris celebrated the occasion by offering their dean and friend a testimonial in the form of a silver statuette of "Journalism Enlightening the World." The partially draped figure holds a pen in the right hand, and a lantern and sheet of paper in the left. She stands on a map of the world. The bust is nude, but over the heart is a massive breastplate, indicating that she does not allow sentiment to interfere with duty. The lower part of the robe, which descends from the waist, is entwined with telegraph wires. On the front of the onyx pedestal is a small tablet with the inscription in French:

"To Monsieur de Blowitz,
Paris Correspondent of the 'Times,'
1872-1902."

On the other sides are plates containing thirty names of the sixty subscribers to the gift, and those of the newspapers which they represented. On the 18th of January, 1903, Blowitz died of apoplexy in Paris. Journalism thus lost one of its greatest representatives, while kings and statesmen lost a friend and confident.

It is a curious fact that the radical Republican newspapers of Paris, during the time that I resided in that city, were for the most part in the hands of men who by birth and education were aristocrats. Perhaps the most important radical journal in existence was the *Intransigeant*, yet the leading editorial in it was sure to be signed by Henri Rochefort, who is by birthright Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay, while on the same page of that paper would appear the equally aristocratic name of Grammont. In the *Reveil* the leader was signed De Lanessan, a name of note in the French peerage. The editor-in-chief of the *Radical* was Henry Maret, and his patronymic was the same as that of the Duc de Bassano. In the *Mot d' Ordre* the editor who signed his articles "Edmond Lepelletier," would have had to write Edmond de Bonhelier-Lepelletier de Saint-Farjean if he had used his full name. To these may be added the names of Viscount André Gesset de Guines, and Ayrand de Georges, both members of old noble families; and all these gentlemen of aristocratic birth and ancestry were active agents for the propagation of

Victor Henri de Rochefort

socialistic and revolutionary doctrines among the masses. They were bold and persevering workers in a cause which, if triumphant, would have inaugurated a new Reign of Terror in fair France, and some of them deserve more than passing mention here.

Henri Rochefort has been a prominent figure in French troubles ever since he contributed so powerfully, with his clandestine publication *La Lanterne*, toward the overthrow of the Second Empire. But the Rochefort of to-day, even aside from age, bears little resemblance to the Rochefort of 1868–69. Exile, the hardships of life in a penal colony, mental and physical sufferings of all kinds, had already acted on him when I renewed in Paris an acquaintance begun in this country at the time he was escaping from New Caledonia. In 1869 Henri Rochefort was simply a sceptical Parisian whose chief excellence as a writer lay in the aptness of his wit, and his unrivalled command of *persiflage*. He sneered, but without bitterness or hatred, and he aimed less at arousing the anger of his readers than at making them laugh at the men and things which he attacked with his virile pen.

But after his exile he changed a great deal, and became a much feared publicist. For where he had before merely despised, he now hated, and his banter had turned to violent satire or bitter denunciation. His articles against Gambetta, for instance, were full of hate and irony, almost every sentence being an outburst of contempt or of anger. As a writer Rochefort never fenced with his adversaries to overcome them by his superior skill in rhetoric; but he overthrew them with quick vehement trips, and

once they were down he seldom let them up again. He had a style of grouping syllables together in the most unexpected manner, in a way which at once echoed, as it were, grotesque ideas about the person or things that he was writing of, and meanwhile the most singularly comic words imaginable were falling from his ready pen. What he wrote was read by everybody, from the lowest rowdy in Paris up to the most brilliant lady in the capital; every one enjoyed his articles, that is, provided they had breathed in the air which puts into the brain that unknown something which may be called the Soul of Paris.

By appearance, if not personally, Rochefort was known to all people. To me his was an agreeable countenance, and to me there was always much charming cordiality in the manners of a man who, were he to be judged by his political articles alone, might well be supposed an irreconcilable hater of everybody and everything. Even his most violent political enemies liked him personally and associated with him with pleasure; for, notwithstanding his rabid democracy and red republicanism, he was always a cultivated gentleman, as he was also a remarkable connoisseur of art in every form. I remember with what exaltation the *Figaro* made announcement of what it termed "*une bonne nouvelle pour les Parisiens*" not very long ago, and which was nothing more or less than the engagement of Henri Rochefort by the editor of that morning journal to write the critical reviews of the two Salons. The article continued:

"For reasons that can be guessed, we cannot employ this famous politician as one of our regular contributors; but we may have him for our art critic, and he will assuredly give a new ex-

pression to the reports of the annual exhibitions. It is the only occasion that we shall have of offering to our readers the lively and intellectual prose of this brilliant polemist."

Notwithstanding and in spite of his having been always an outrageous writer to whom nothing, neither women nor the family, nor the honour of mankind, seemed sacred or respectable, Henri Rochefort was a most agreeable and interesting personage, and especially so in his private life. Opposed from the beginning of his journalistic career by all the "respectable" elements of society, imprisoned, exiled, fined, and troubled by the State authorities of Empire and Republic, Rochefort long since outlived all his persecutors, and is no longer an outcast in his own town. There is not in this whole world a being more inconsistent or more contradictory than Rochefort. He has abused the liberty of the press with a violence which often rose to absolute fury. And when the same terrible power was used against himself he replied with a heavy cane, even going so far on one occasion as to beat the printer of a newspaper that had attacked him. Always, from his youth to his old age, drawn along by words alone, he became by instinct an opponent of reason and right in every form. He was without philosophy, faith, or fixed opinions, and presented the strange and lamentable spectacle of a man of adventures, the apostle of an idea without any idea of his own.

Furthermore, he was incapable of having other than an unbounded admiration or a hatred without measure for personages. The ability to criticise ideas, systems, or impersonal conceptions was completely lacking in his mental make-up. In all probability he

had written as many as four thousand articles when I last saw him, and one cannot find a hundred lines of methodical discussion of any institution or important event in all that immense work. He adored, scorned and feared the public. Personally he was a good fellow, politically he was a cruel man. He called himself a Republican, yet he always abused the Third Republic. He despised, even hated, Jules Ferry, who was an eminent statesman, and pretended to adore Boulanger, who was an upstart and a demagogue. No one knew why he thus showed himself, even as no one can tell why a small boy in a country town will put out his tongue at one passer-by and smile at another. *Il est comme ça parce qu'il est comme ça*, as the French say. In brief, he is a sort of living symbol of that light and frothy Parisian world which has contempt for the past, scorns the present, is thoughtless about the future, and is without conscience. *Mais il est un bon homme.*

The Grammont of the *Intransigeant* already mentioned is Louis de Grammont, the son of a Count, and himself a Viscount of ancient family, although he long since utterly repudiated the title. He devoted his pen chiefly to attacking the Church and to advocating the tenets of the Free-thinking School. Three times a week, and *à propos* of this or that passing event, he found an opportunity to write an article in which he expressed many sophisms in a pleasant way. From the literary point of view he was a man of much promise.

Lepelletier, the editor-in-chief of the *Mot d' Ordre*,

belonged to a family that was ennobled in the sixteenth century. However, the revolutionary impulse was hereditary with him despite his aristocratic ancestry, for his grandfather was a prominent Republican member of the Convention during the First Revolution. He was an effective speaker as well as a clever writer, and although there was nothing democratic in his personal appearance he was popular among the more advanced Radicals.

Dr. de Lanessan, editor-in-chief of the *Reveil*, came from an old Bordeaux family of excellent reputation. He was an avowed atheist, and was the most persistent and bitterest journalist in his attacks an all forms of religious faith that I have ever known.

As I have already said, Henri Maret was related to a ducal family. He was far more academic as a writer than Rochefort, but during the Empire he was quite as bitter as the latter in all that savoured of aristocracy. He was too much of a gentleman in appearance and bearing ever to be personally popular with the rank and file, but they had confidence in his sincerity and respect for his undoubted ability as a leading journalist. When the Third Republic was well established Maret's bitter style was changed to a clear, bright, incisive method in which he expressed his opinions sincerely, yet with boldness and independence. An instinct of what was just and fair pervaded his articles, and when he found fault he did so in a witty way that removed the sting from the severe things he conceived it his duty to publish. He was a true man of letters, charming in his manners, and an agreeable, sympathetic *confrère*.

"It was the Café," says Michelet, the historian, referring to the Paris cafés, "which brought about the French Revolution." That synthesis was perhaps exaggerated, although it reposes on a foundation of truth, for certain Paris cafés of the eighteenth century did undoubtedly play a considerable rôle in public affairs. They furnished philosophers and encyclopedists, who did not care to meet in the Salons of the nobility with a place of reunion where they could not be intimidated by society and diplomats. The "hommes du Tiers" and the young men of the parliaments also assembled in the cafés early in the nineteenth century, but it was during the Second Empire that they became most important as places of rendezvous for French politicians. It is quite safe to assert that it was out of certain eating and drinking houses of Paris that came all those famous young men who moulded public opinion and led the people up to the 4th of September, thus preparing the fall of the imperial *régime* and making the rise of a Republic possible.

Before then the cafés were the only places where those who were struggling against despotism, as they hoped for a better future, could possibly meet and be safe from Louis Napoleon's spies. It was in some café, which was both their club and their salon, that the young men of the '40s and the '50s made their plans and advanced their plots toward Emancipation. Indeed the Paris cafés have always played an important rôle in French affairs, and they were still the favourite resorts of politicians during the early years of my stay in Paris.

This is especially true of the Café Félix, which was

a political resort *par excellence* during the ten years or so that Léon Gambetta was one of the human forces of the Third Republic. It was situated under the colonnades at the angle of the Rue d' Amsterdam, and was demolished to make room for the enlargement of the St. Lazare railway station. During the stay of Parliament at Versailles the Café Félix had its own special *clientèle* of deputies, journalists, and politicians who were on their way out to or coming back from the *château*. Members of all the parties would drop in at Félix's, but it was more especially the politicians from southern France, those who followed the fortunes of Gambetta, who made it their headquarters.

Etienne, the right-hand man and lieutenant of the "Eagle of Cahors," was the life and soul of the group. He made his appearance there in 1876, on his arrival from Marseilles, where he had edited a local Republican newspaper. Edmund Arène, Dedebat, Gustave Eyres, Rebuffel, Constans, Rouvier, Mollard, and others among Gambetta's supporters, were regular in their attendance, as was also for several years the elder Coquelin. A great deal of political work was done, and many ministries were formed or upset at these social gatherings of Deputies, Senators, and citizens. The day when the Gambetta cabinet was formed, and he quit the Speaker's chair to become Prime Minister, there was great rejoicing at the Café Félix. The good news was brought by Étienne, who told those present that almost the first thing Gambetta said, after taking portfolio, was:

"If I only dared, I would ask the Duc d'Aumale to go to St. Petersburg as the ambassador of the French Republic, but these idiots" — referring to his

colleagues in the Chamber — "would not understand it and would raise a row."

Another leading member of the Gambetta party who frequented the Café Félix was Barrère. The origin of his political fortune was somewhat curious. He was compromised in the insurrection of the Commune, and was forced to seek refuge in London, whence he wrote letters to the *Republique Française* newspaper. When Mr. Waddington was going to the Congress of Berlin he asked Gambetta if he could recommend some one to be his private secretary who was posted on the questions that would come before that body. Barrère's name was suggested, and it was arranged that he should meet Waddington in the German capital. He acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of the French plenipotentiary, and when the Congress adjourned *sine die*, he was offered a place in the Foreign Office at Paris. But it was not until after the passage of the General Amnesty bill that he dared return home to enter the diplomatic service, in which, later, he rose rapidly.

We journalists used to go to the Café Félix during the illness of Gambetta, to learn the latest news from Ville d'Avarey, where he was dying. Usually the place was very noisy, thanks to the exuberance of the southern gentlemen, who were numerous; but at that time they were a sad and gloomy crowd, all of them being either the sick man's personal friends or under obligation to him in one way or another.

The Café Americain was also a political resort, being a favourite meeting-place at midday for departmental préfets and provincial editors visiting Paris on

business or pleasure. The Café Riche was frequented by republicans like Ranc, Strauss and Isambert, who talked government, while sipping absinthe or lemonade, every afternoon. These three Deputies from the Hérault were regular in their attendance, and always sat at the same table. At another table one was pretty sure to find all the Deputies from the Ardennes, headed by a rich manufacturer named Corneau, a man of much political influence.

The Café de la Paix was long a sort of headquarters for the Bonapartists, and on that account had been nicknamed the "Island of Elba." It would be impossible to find a more gorgeous or more convenient meeting-place than this café in the Boulevard des Capucines. Situated at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, and taking up a large part of the ground floor and *entresol* of one of the immense buildings constructed during the reign of Napoleon III., the Café de la Paix certainly is a luxurious establishment. Its ceilings were painted by the best French artists, its mouldings are richly gilded, its walls hidden behind enormous mirrors, its floors finely inlaid mosaics, its doors draped by heavy velvet curtains, with splendid columns and brilliantly lighted; it is a marvellous palace open to everybody. At one side stands the immense Opéra House which was mainly built by the last of the Bonapartes; in front, across its boulevard, opens a grand thoroughfare which would have been called Avenue Napoléon if the Empire had not been overthrown; also the Rue de la Paix, laid out, as it now is, by the chief of the imperial dynasty, and at the end of which stands the Column Vendôme, on the site of the Colonne d'Aus-

terlitz that was destroyed by the Communarders at the instigation of Courbet, the famous painter. Almost everything in the quarter recalls souvenirs of the two empires, and instinctively the Bonapartists chose this café as their meeting-place and kept it so for some time after the downfall of their sovereign, Napoleon. For ten or a dozen years it was the regular resort of Paul de Cassagnac, Dugué de la Fauconnerie, Léonce Dupont, Rogat, Alexandre Guesse, and many others of the leading personages of the Bonapartist party. Later on the Opportunists rushed in, and I often saw there those who were ex-ministers of the Third Republic, or who were already booked, in a way, for portfolios, in the place. Laguerre, Susini, Lauer, all three of them Deputies and Boulangists, became regular *habitués* of the Café de la Paix. In the meantime the Bonapartists had abandoned that resort for the Grand Café, where one was sure to find Robert Mitchell, de Loqueyssic, Hirvoix, Maurice Richard, Lengle and Poivier. In spite of his republicanism, Mario Uchard, the novelist, was also a member of this group.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. GLADSTONE, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WHILE living in Europe I had the honour of knowing all the men who have been President of the French Republic since it was founded in 1870. It is true I was not there until one of them had passed out of the office, but I met Ex-president Thiers soon after my arrival in Paris and was not infrequently a guest at his house in the Place St. George. I also made the acquaintance of Marshal MacMahon after he had resigned the presidency. President Grévy often invited me to the Élysée, and I once had the pleasure of presenting to him a representative body of working-men and -women from Boston whom a generous employer took over to London and Paris at his own expense. I was present at Grévy's second election, as I also was at the elections of Presidents Carnot, Casimir-Périer, and Felix Faure, the last-named being still in power when I returned to America. It is not, however, my intention to speak of any of these gentlemen except MacMahon, as elsewhere recorded. This and the succeeding two chapters are to be devoted to a few of the leading statesmen and to some diplomats whom I knew.

Diplomacy at Paris is concentrated in its best form on the Quai d'Orsay, and at London in Downing Street. In an odd corner of the British Metropolis,

not so very far from St. James's Park, and almost hidden behind tall buildings, lies Downing Street, and that means the official residence of the British Prime Minister. Downing Street is the political and diplomatic centre of the great Empire over which Edward VII. reigns. It is a short and narrow passage extending from Whitehall to the park. In other days the gloomy street was only open at the Whitehall end, but now a flight of stone steps leads to St. James's Park. It was here that I saw Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, each for half an hour or so, and here I made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone, who died an octogenarian, was the youngest old man I ever knew. His eyes were full and singularly bright, his face clean-shaven and wonderfully intellectual, his lips tender and tremulous. He was tall and lean, he had but little hair on his head, yet his baldness was not apparent with his hat on, because there was a fair growth of silvery-grey locks around the base of the skull. He owed his unique virility in great measure to the regularity, simplicity and purity of his private life. His time was about equally divided between London and Hawarden, his beautiful estate in Flintshire. He had no town house properly so called, but hired a mansion each year for the parliamentary session of from six to seven months. When I first made his acquaintance he was living in Saint James Square, Pall Mall, where he had for neighbours the Dukes of Cleveland and Norfolk, the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Bristol, Earl Cowper, and other great men.

No matter how late the House of Commons might

William Ewart Gladstone

detain him at night, he was always up and dressed before nine o'clock. While at breakfast he read the morning papers, and he took eager interest in the doings of the world. That meal over, he entered his library, where he disposed of his correspondence; he once told me that his letters and postal cards aggregated at least twenty thousand annually. Everything that came to hand, no matter what or how trivial, was answered, and no correspondence was allowed to accumulate. Having disposed of his mail, the "Grand Old Man" devoted the remainder of the forenoon to the study of Homer, Virgil, or Dante, and this intellectual seclusion was reverently respected by the entire household from Mrs. Gladstone downward. He was never disturbed except on some grave occasion of political business, or by a private affair of urgent importance. In the afternoon he often rode out with Mrs. Gladstone in the family carriage, but he seldom failed to run into the House of Commons for a short while before dinner, and was rarely away from important night sessions.

Mr. Gladstone disliked tobacco in every form, and he never drank anything but light claret. He had a contempt for smart attire and disliked new clothes. He had accustomed himself to look upon the matter of dress as within that domestic department of which he recognized his wife as paramount chief and donned without demur any suit which she might put in his way. The great solace of his old age, outside of his wife's company, was reading, and the hobby to which he was most passionately devoted was the collection of old and rare books. He never passed a second-hand book-shop without stopping to look over

the stock. His taste was eclectic, and he gratified it on all possible occasions. I remember how amused everybody was at the time of Henry Stanley's wedding in Westminister Abbey; for hardly had the happy couple been pronounced man and wife than Gladstone slipped away and was next seen overhauling old books in a shop hard by. He always had his purchases rebound, holding that any book worth reading was worth a good cover.

Having moved among the great ones of the earth for upward of half a century he was necessarily versed in the courtier's arts, but he thoroughly disliked them, and when in office practised them as little as possible. In this, as in other respects, he differed from Lord Salisbury. The latter loved nothing better than to wear Court uniform and bask in the smiles of royalty. He had frequent audiences with the late Queen, and a supple backbone inherited through a long line of ancestors of the house of Cecil enabled him to bow so low as nearly to touch the floor with his noble nose. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, could not or would not talk down to the level of the average Court personage, and even in the presence of Queen Victoria bore himself with an air of proud humility and manly deference which was quite annoying to that illustrious woman. The great commoner was not a favourite at the Court of Her Majesty.

While Parliament was in session Mr. Gladstone was very regular in his attendance at the House of Commons, but he seldom remained late except when a great debate was in progress or an important division was expected. One of his peculiarities was a dislike for the inner lobby, which is always crowded with

journalists, ex-members of Parliament, and some others who enjoy the precious privilege of being on the Speaker's list. He always passed in through a small door near the entrance to the press gallery, and entered the House from behind the Speaker's chair, whence he reached his place in a few strides. When not actually engaged in debate, but sitting as an interested listener, he had hard work to suppress his natural inclination to join in the fray, and he had the curious habit of betraying his eagerness and impatience by grabbing his knees and clutching impressively at the air with his long muscular fingers. Every member knew when Gladstone was going to make an important speech, the event being heralded, so to speak, by the appearance of Mrs. Gladstone in the ladies' gallery. He had a superb voice, and when I last heard him speak it seemed to me as full and strong and musical as ever. Once when the Comédie Française company of actors had returned to Paris from London, I asked Monsieur Got, the best *artiste* of that famous organization, what had given him the most pleasure while in the metropolis, and he answered:

"The purity of Mr. Gladstone's voice, his wonderful eloquence, and his scholarly intelligence. He is the greatest orator I have ever heard."

A great student of political economy, with no equal in his own land as a speaker, wonderfully strong in questions of finance, and always opposed to cruelty and oppression, Mr. Gladstone was also familiar with his classics as few men are. Home Rule was the only power which finally overthrew him. If it had not been for the eternal Irish question, he would not have

fallen in 1886. Eighty-four of his followers — some of them (as, for instance, the Marquis of Hartington and Joseph Chamberlain) had been his trusted friends and lieutenants for many years — refused to give to Ireland the same prerogatives in the United Kingdom which Hungary possesses in the Austrian Empire, and deserted their chief on the battle-field.

Joseph Chamberlain was a personal friend of Lord Randolph Churchill. Both were clever enough early to discover that the shortest cut to power was through radicalism. Mr. Chamberlain, being somewhat of an epicurean, was all along a Tory at heart, as all ambitious English plebeians should be, while Churchill was always a Radical at heart, as all ambitious English patricians should be; still the latter took good care, by his overbearing and hectoring manner strongly to accentuate the fact that he belonged by birth to the "governing classes." That one born of the people should strive to benefit the condition of the class from which he sprang seemed natural enough; but that the son of a Duke should care to take the trouble to endeavour to unite his patrician toryism with plebeian radicalism was an act of condescension which ought to have been rewarded with greater success than that which attended "Ranny's" efforts to make the people understand all they owed to a nobleman who stooped to decorate a smock frock with the shadow of a strawberry-leaf. Mr. Chamberlain's desertion of his old-time leader and friend, Mr. Gladstone, and the Liberal party, for Lord Salisbury and the Tory benches, was received with rapturous applause by the Olympian gods, whereas

Lord Randolph Churchill

Churchill's stooping down earned for him a severe strain in the spine which for ever afterward prevented his assuming a prominent attitude in British politics.

Mr. Chamberlain is not only a very great and successful politician, he is also fond of precious stones, more especially of diamonds. Once, at an evening party in London, we had not been talking together five minutes before he drew my attention to the fine diamonds worn by a rich and beautiful American lady present. Some years later, while we were walking in the streets of Paris, he stopped suddenly in front of a noted jeweller's shop to exclaim enthusiastically: "What magnificent diamonds! I confess to a weakness for diamonds!" There is an immense distance between Whitechapel and Mayfair, and it is notorious that rare jewels and rich raiment are more prolific in one than in the other place, hence it is hardly to be wondered at that "Our Joe" always found it possible to keep a warm corner in his cardiac apparatus wherein a love for the aristocracy could nestle.

As for Lord Randolph, gambling and gastronomy seem to have been the two most serious stumbling-blocks in his upward path. He detested Americans, certain individuals excepted, but he admired our enterprise, and endeavoured to imitate the way in which some of our public men have forced their way to fame. During the absence of the then Prince of Wales in India he had the audacity to go to Marlborough House and speak to the Princess about a dreadful social scandal. The Prince of Wales was so angry when he heard of this that, so it was told me, he actually challenged Churchill to fight a duel.

The last time I saw Lord Randolph was in Paris,

where he had come to renew his acquaintance with "something fit to eat," as he expressed it. We dined together one evening *chez* Bignon — the old place in the boulevard — and next day I started for Africa. It was during this trip to Paris, but after my departure, that Lord Churchill pompously announced he had the British Crown in his pocket, and that were he to produce certain documents which he possessed "the days of monarchy in England would be numbered." Even after this tempest in a teapot was stilled, Lord Randolph was anything but *persona gratissima* at Court, and for years the Prince and Princess — now the King and Queen — sent him to Coventry. The reconciliation was eventually brought about by his charming American wife, whose handsome face and winning ways exerted great influence over Albert Edward, and whose knowledge and love of, and skill in, music enabled her to find her way to the heart of Princess Alexandra.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE OF FRANCE AND THREE STATESMEN.

IN Paris the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères (Foreign Affairs Office) is on the south bank of the river Seine, and adjoins the official residence of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Built several years ago, the house was planned by Thiers, commenced by Guizot continued by various Ministers, and completed under Drouyn de Lhuys, about a dozen Foreign Ministers succeeding each other during its construction. It is a large and handsome structure which fronts on the Quai d' Orsay, and hence its appellation. M. de Freycinet was one of the first Ministers whom I knew at the Quai d' Orsay, but the most distinguished of them all was Alexandre Ribot. Born in February, 1842, and a lawyer by profession, M. Ribot's political life dates from 1878, when he was elected to the Chamber from his native Department. As an orator his style is direct and eloquent. He is tall, well built, and has a prepossessing face and most agreeable manners. To see him at his best is to see him in the Chamber when there is a House in front of him whose opposition must be overcome. Until then a somewhat retiring person, he is now a thoroughly aroused leader defending some affair of State or insisting on a principle, and he is particularly strong when it is a question of foreign policy.

I remember well his reply to an interpellation from one of the Radical members about the obnoxious passport affair which Germany had insisted on. He spoke in measured tones, his words were aptly chosen, he uttered simple sentences, yet they were the words of a statesman and bore such regard for the honour of France that a question which the day before threatened the Cabinet now became a triumphant victory. Such has been his patriotic demeanour at all times that one can point to him as a man ready at any moment to go to the front if his country is not respected, and yet he is an unpretentious man. The only ambition of his life seems to be to do his duty by the Republic, to meet his friends, and to make his wife and family happy.

I used to see Monsieur Ribot at the Ministry of the Interior, but more often when he was at the Foreign Office. What he accomplished at the Quai d'Orsay was all to the glory of his country, and while there he showed his greatness as a statesman and as a manager of diplomats. One of the wisest acts of his life was when he married his present wife. Madame Ribot is an American woman by birth, and was born, I think, in Chicago. She is a noble woman in every way, and, though the wife of one of France's most distinguished leaders, she always has a good place in her kind heart for Americans.

Before Ribot, it was Eugène Spuller whom I saw at the French Foreign Office, and I also knew him afterward when he was Minister of Public Instruction and Religions. Spuller was *un enfant du peuple.* All that was good and touching and profound in the peo-

ple was in Eugène Spuller. He loved the people, and never thought or dreamed or worked except for the people. That which was most apparent in him was the plebeian, with the plebeian's aspirations, pride, and passion for freedom and justice; but one remarked also his patience, his goodness, his courage and his infinite capacity for work. He was one of those beings for whom idleness is a word devoid of sense, and effort, action, labour seemed to him to be the aim of life. But in his most ambitious efforts his broad intelligence never lost sight of the reality, and no matter how high his ideal he had the courage to put it aside if convinced that it was inaccessible. He knew that victories could be obtained only by man's efforts, and he never, like some leaders, tumbled into fairyland. But neither did he hesitate in the accomplishment of a duty, and his robust body, vigourous intellect, and ready wit helped him through many a trying hour. He knew how to wait, though seemingly he never slept, and he knew the hopes and miseries of all human conditions. As editor of an influential newspaper he dealt with the masses; as an eloquent member of Parliament he dealt with the representatives; as a philosopher he dealt with the humanities; and as a personage he was kind and good to those of us who, as foreigners, often needed help. His high culture, his broad philosophy, his profound knowledge of public affairs, his prodigious memory, and his grave yet attentive attitude made him an indispensable friend to those who were not seeking political favours, but were dependent, in a large measure, on the recognition and support of those in power.

Gambetta's love for Eugène Spuller was remark-

able, and the latter returned this affection with all his heart and soul. Gambetta dead, Spuller gave all his devotion to Jules Ferry, and his was a devotion without reserve. I will never forget his attitude at that memorable session of the Chamber on the morrow of Lang-Son, in 1885. Assailed on every side, and denied even by some of his dearest friends, Jules Ferry lost his usual coolness, and, without asking for a few hours' rest, bowed his head in silence before the mighty storm. If the Deputies had but accorded him twenty-four hours he could have produced the famous dispatch which so powerfully sustained his statesmanship. Alone of those present who were strong and great, Spuller resisted the terrible attack on Jules Ferry, and vainly did his colleagues implore him to keep out of the Tonkin mess. Spuller stood boldly forth to battle for the humbled man, and in that supreme hour of need gave proof once more of his own steadfastness of purpose, of his devotion to principle, and of his affection for his chief.

I was always, and am yet, proud of the friendship which Eugène Spuller, the great statesman, the scholarly journalist, the splendid orator, and the staunch colleague gave to me. When the Hon. Whitelaw Reid was quitting Paris after serving the United States with rare ability as Minister to France, the Americans gave him a grand farewell banquet. Among the distinguished speakers on that occasion were two of my illustrious foreign friends, Jules Simon and Eugène Spuller, and that was the last time I ever heard either of them in all their glorious eloquence. Both are dead now, and when they were taken away from earth not only France but the world

lost two noble, beautiful men to whom nothing relating to the human race was foreign, and who always felt an interest in everything that benefited that race.

Jules Simon, by turn Normalien, Professor at the Sorbonne, Deputy, Minister, Academician, Senator, Prime Minister, and always journalist, was a dear old man who had known all the joys and bitterness of public life, and merited well the many honours he had gained. For fifty years he lived in the same apartment, on the fifth floor of a house in the Place de la Madeleine, and there was no elevator to help him up to his pleasant home. His sons and his grand-daughters were born in that same apartment. He was the good old classic grandfather who never returned to the house empty-handed, and for whose coming the bright eyes of sweet children watched impatiently. The house rules of Jules Simon's home were modest, its life calm and retired. The day hours were divided between study, writing, work at the Senate or at the French Academy, and in keeping appointments with those to whom he had granted the privilege of calling on him in his own house. He was fond of music and was often seen at the Opera. A beautiful picture touched him as deeply as a fine symphony, and he attended all the art exhibitions. He was passionately fond of books, and his apartment was full of them. They extended from his front door through the antechamber, into the parlour, into his study, into the dining-room, and into his bedchamber. This wandering library contained thousands of volumes, and in every book he had written his own signature. It was

a varied and complete collection, where masterpieces of antiquity touched those of modern times.

At the end of the Empire, when he represented the city of Bordeaux in the new Assembly, the popularity of Jules Simon was that of the most triumphant. As Minister of Public Instruction he became Grand Master of the University, and then his political troubles began. Among Republicans were many who would not forgive the struggle he engaged in against Gambetta. Jules Simon belonged to the government of Paris, which never believed in the National Defense, while Gambetta preserved to the end the sublime hope of saving the fatherland. It was several years before he got back the sympathy of his party. The word "sympathy" is not the right one. I should write "admiration." And this admiration which returned to him in his old age was only a just recompense for an entire life of work and talent and devotion. And so it was that my old friend found himself, at an age when a person has won the right to rest, at an age when it is customary for the most valiant to leave the public stage, "still in the ring," as resolute and strong as ever. It was as if by some extraordinary psychological phenomenon he had suddenly regained his youth once more. But his character was modified, his ideas had enlarged, his eloquence had become warmer. Love for humanity as well as for his country, a passion for freedom and for virtue, had transformed him; he was quite another kind of friend and philosopher.

In February, 1894, the Society of Foreign Correspondents in Paris, of which I was then President, gave a banquet in honour of Senator Jules Simon.

Jules Simon

He was entering his eightieth year, and he had been a journalist for sixty years, therefore we sought to do him honour in our humble way. The editors of all the leading French newspapers were our guests that evening. Speeches were made by Paul Deschenel — he was afterward President of the Chamber of Deputies, and is now a member of the French Academy; by M. de Blowitz, by Senator Edward Hervé, editor of *Le Soleil* and a member of the Academy; by Jules Claretie, Director of the Théâtre Français, and, finally, by our illustrious guest of honour. It was a grand affair.

When our committee went to ask his permission to give him this banquet, the old Senator looked at us in perfect amazement. At first he could not understand, and asked for more information. Satisfied on that point, he showed profound emotion, and asked with trembling voice if it was really true that his younger *confrères*, and they foreigners, were desirous of offering him a banquet. He was very much touched by our invitation and accepted it with tears in his eyes. When we were coming away he asked me how many countries were represented in our Society.

"Nearly thirty," I replied, "Empires, Kingdoms, Republics, and Principalities."

"And do they all speak French?" he asked naïvely.

The day after this banquet the venerable Senator wrote me the following letter:

SÉNAT

Paris, le 11 février 1894

Cher monsieur,

Je vous remercie de votre carte pour la charmante fête que vous nous avez donnée hier, et dont j'ai eu l'honneur d'être l'occasion. Soyez, je vous prie, mon interprète auprès des autres membres du syndicat. Je suis persuadé que cette soirée laissera de longs souvenirs à tous vos convives. J'en ai rapporté pour part la reconnaissance la plus vive. Veuillez agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus cordialement dévoués

Jules Simon

SENATE. PARIS, February 11, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—

I thank you anew for the charming feast which you gave us yesterday, and of which I had the honour to be the occasion. Be, I pray you, my interpreter to the other members of the Association. I am persuaded that that evening will leave long memories with all your guests.

With deep gratitude on my part, accept the assurance of my most cordially devoted sentiments.

JULES SIMON.

Translation of the letter from Jules Simon.

CHAPTER XXII.

SENATOR JULES FERRY, LÉON GAMBETTA, THE LAST OF THE LAFAYETTES, AND WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

"I DESIRE to rest in the cemetery of Saint-Die, near my father and my sister, and close by that blue line of the Vosges from whence my faithful heart has long heard the wailing of the vanquished." Such were the final words of Jules Ferry's last will and testament, and his cherished desires were faithfully carried out by those who escorted his remains from the Palais de Luxembourg to his native village. It was a magnificent funeral ceremony, that of the dead statesman in Paris, fully equalling that of Marshal MacMahon, and in far better taste than the greater one which had been given to Victor Hugo. The courtyard of the Senate House was so solemnly and splendidly prepared that all who entered it were touched by its uncommon grandeur. There were fifty flames in massive urns standing on tall silver columns in the courtyard in semicircle to the right and left of the coffin; there were twenty tall candelabra, each holding fifty-five lighted candles; there was an enormous catafalque, heavily draped with black and hung with funeral wreaths; there was a pulpit for the speakers, and over and around were masses of sombre velvet and gloomy stuff as thin as veils, covered with silver stars. There were bands of music playing solemn airs; there were Ambassadors,

Ministers, magistrates, members of the Government and of the University, Senators and Deputies, publicists, savants, painters, aldermen, and invited guests from every land. Outside stood 5,000 infantry soldiers, and these served as escort to the funeral car as it rolled slowly from the Palace to the Eastern Railway station. The distance was three miles; the streets and avenues were lined with people; as the coffin passed they stood with uncovered heads; and nowhere was a word heard against a grand statesman who not long before was hated by so many Frenchmen who did not understand his greatness or appreciate his patriotism. He was then the most unpopular man in the French Republic; but the day after his election as President of the Senate all the country seemed glad of his return to high position; and when he died, if the nation did not mourn, they stood with respect before his hearse as it passed by.

To me Jules Ferry, when in power or when in the valley of temporary oblivion, was always friendly and showed his goodness in many ways. I was continually hopeful of his return to position, for I believed in his wisdom and his greatness as a statesman. But the sound of his triumph when elected President of the Upper House had hardly reached his native home when the news came of his sudden death. Rejoicings at Saint-Die were suddenly turned into mourning sounds. When last he went away from that town there was gladness in the place, but when he returned to it church bells tolled sadly, houses put on black robes, and the people wept. Bugles sounded, drums rolled, bands played dead marches, and brave soldiers presented arms when the body was lowered

of the man who asked that he might rest in front of the blue line of the Vosges.

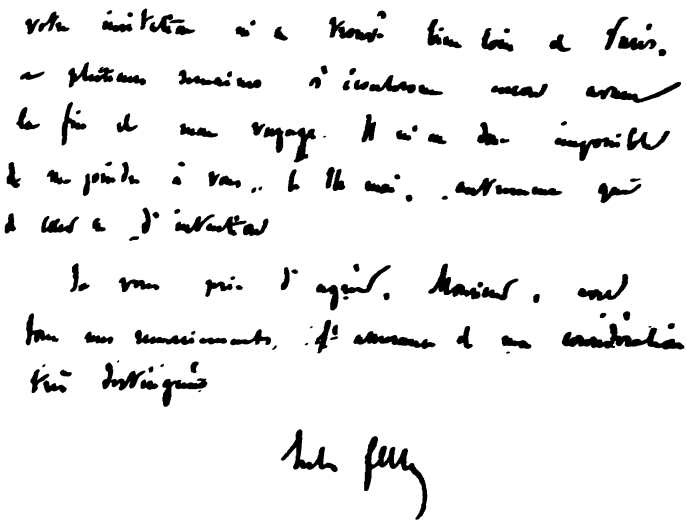
It is a lovely, peaceful, and pure country where this dead statesman lies; a land of plains and mountains, on which his eyes looked when he was but a babe. Between two flat shores and among poplar-trees and willows, flows the river Meurthe, as clear and limped under the morning sun as any stream in fair France. Around a church built of pink granite stone the straggling village scatters its red roofs. Factories smoke, and the hum of busy working-people and machinery mounts toward the hills. At the end of the town, on the main road leading out of Saint-Die, is the family residence of the Ferrys. It is a house sweetened with glorious souvenirs and ennobled with solid virtues. It was from this happy home that young Jules, the son of a modest lawyer, went one day in autumn to go and study in the Lyceum at Strassburg. With each recurring vacation he returned home bearing prizes, and the village people prophesied for him wide renown. Before his father's house stood that of his uncle, and there, the last time I visited Saint-Die, I saw his aunt, then in her ninety-second year, and she told me that Jules had always been a good boy.

As was the boy, so was the man. He was always good and great. There was never any doubt in my mind but that Jules Ferry would come into his own again, as a statesman admired by his fellow citizens. When a man does so much in so short a time, gives to his diminished country two new colonies, both together being as large as France; when a man lifts his country from a long eclipse and gives a speech to a

mute nation; when he shows the inhabitants how they may become instructed, and inaugurates free school-houses throughout the land,— he and his can await in quietude the judgment of public conscience. Reparation came slowly to Jules Ferry, but it was complete before he died; and in the meantime his character never wavered, his patriotism never grew weary, and his private and public life was without a blot.

Large and robust, though somewhat round-shouldered, Jules Ferry was a man who had had as many caricatures made of him as Bismarck. His features had been so grossly maligned that the public had really no correct idea of them. His nose was large, but it was not too long, nor was it hooked; his whiskers had none of that *maître d'hotel* style which clever pencillers had given them, and he was not at all common-place. He was a man who would attract attention anywhere. It is true that his countenance was not always pleasant; it used sometimes to have that rather hard and solid cast which Roscoe Conkling's features often wore; but Ferry's physiognomy was softer and more smiling in the last years of his life. I cannot say that he was an eloquent speaker, using the word in the sense of elocution, but his facts were convincing and his arguments were well propounded. When in the tribune he had the habit of marching to and fro with slow and heavy step on the narrow platform. His head was stooped forward, and he frequently brought his hand down with a ringing blow on the small table. He was a believer in whatever he said, and his manner was authoritative. There was none too much of politeness in his discourses, the unexpected did not disconcert him, he had an apt reply

for all interruptions, and he was altogether one of the most intelligent men I ever knew.



Facsimile of an original letter from Jules Ferry.

Your invitation has found me very far from Paris, and many weeks will elapse before the end of my journey. It will therefore be impossible for me to join you on the 14th of May otherwise than with sincere good intention.

I beg you to accept, Sir, with my thanks, the assurance of my very distinguished consideration.

JULES FERRY.

Translation of the letter from Jules Ferry.

"Eagle of Cahors" was the nickname which his political opponents put upon Léon Gambetta. In 1868 he was a Bohemian in the Latin Quarter. One

Léon Gambetta

year later he was a member of the Corps Législatif, and in the Chamber dared to denounce an Emperor. In 1870 he left Paris in a balloon to become a Dictater without an Assembly, without a constitution, without responsible Ministers, to be master of France as absolute as were the ancient kings. In 1878 he was President of the Chamber of Deputies; in 1881 Prime Minister; in January of 1882 he was overthrown; and on the last day and last hour of that same year he died of a pistol-shot wound received in a quarrel with a woman.

It was while he was President of the Chamber of Deputies that I made the acquaintance of Gambetta, and we were frequently thrown together afterward. Besides being one of the great political leaders of France, he was the editor-proprietor of a newspaper called *La République Française*, and he had a strong staff of writers about him. He was a very sociable person and fond of being in company. If he had been less lazy, and less indifferent as to public opinion in his private morals, he would have been a much greater man than he ever was. He was not a statesman, but he was a strong leader and had to be counted always in the politics of the republic.

At the time he was President of the Chamber of Deputies Gambetta was a royal host, and all his salary was spent in freely keeping up the Duc de Morny traditions of the Palais Bourbon. It was there that Trompette first became famous. Trompette was the *chef* whom Gambetta took from the Duc de Noailles at wages of twelve thousand francs a year, something enormous for Paris, and as Gambetta was a bachelor he put a great deal of luxury into his *cuisine* and

wine-cellar, his *déjeuners* being celebrated. One evening he gave a grand *fête* at which I was one among five hundred other guests. A small stage had been constructed in the large gallery, and we witnessed some curious *divertissements* danced and pantomimed by the *corps de ballet* from the Opéra.

Senator Édmond de Lafayette, the last of that name by direct birth, was my good friend during many years. In August, 1886, I wrote to him, inviting him to a public function which Americans in Paris had organized, but received in reply his regrets because he had been cruelly afflicted in his affections. He had just lost his only sister, Madame Gustave de Beaumont, known in single life as Clémentine de Lafayette, and this family grief prevented his indulging in any pleasures. Madame de Beaumont was all that was left to the old Senator of his very distinguished family, and the brother and sister were, in their old age as in their younger days, lovingly devoted to each other. A little more than four years after that the last of the Lafayettes passed away. My distinguished and venerable friend had been ill for nearly six weeks, and died of congestion of the lungs. His funeral was but a simple affair,—a mass in the church of Saint Augustin, a small procession to Père La Chaise cemetery, and that was all.

The Marquis de Lafayette was the father of three children who bore the names of George Washington, Anastasia, and Virginie. George was born in 1779, and our General Washington was his godfather. In 1802 he married Mademoiselle Émilie Destutt de Tracy, by whom he had two sons and three daugh-

ters. The boys were christened Oscar Thomas Gilbert, and Édmond du Motier; the girls were Natalie, who married Adolphe Périer; Mathilde, who married Bayard Depusy, and Clémentine, who married Gustave de Beaumont, already named. Oscar was born in 1815 and died in 1881. He resided at the *château* of La Grange, the hereditary home of the family, which I have visited. Oscar also married a Depusy, the young lady being his second cousin. She died childless, and he remained a widower to the day of his death. Of the direct line the last to depart was my dear friend, Édmond.

The Senator was a tall, well-built man, well preserved physically, and had, as he more than once proved in the debates of the Senate of the Republic, intellectual powers that were at their ripest. His whiskers and moustache were quite white, and his grey eyes had that kindly, benevolent look which is said to have been the characteristic feature of the physiognomy of his illustrious grandfather. I first made his acquaintance in July, 1880, at his apartment in the Rue de Rome. That day he took my hand in his and made me welcome in hearty words, but, despite the cordiality of his greeting, I was not at ease, for there was to me something sacred in his very name and presence. It was the first time I had ever seen a member of a family whose name is so deeply revered by all Americans; and when I saw standing before me the only living representative of one whose character as a soldier and a statesman, whose public services and private virtues were so universally known, my thoughts hastened back through a century of years to "the time that tried men's souls,"

and when a gallant French nobleman was the trusted friend and companion of the "Father of Our Country."

Senator de Lafayette was born the same year as my mother, and sometimes he called me "*mon fils*" on that account. In 1875 he was chosen Senator for the department of the Haute Loire, and he held that high position until his death. At all American *fêtes* in Paris he was sure to be present, and everywhere his frank and honest face was a gladsome sight. Before Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, was elected Vice-President of the United States, he went to Paris with his wife, and while they were there I took him over to the Chamber of Deputies. The members happened to get up quite a good-sized row that day, shaking their fists at each other and yelling in a most remarkable manner. The Governor was a disgusted spectator for a while, and then we went to the Senate House. Senator de Lafayette came out in answer to my card, and welcomed Mr. Hendricks pleasantly to the Luxembourg. Several Senators were presented to the distinguished American, and in the course of the general conversation he spoke of the row in the Chamber which we had just quitted, and thoughtlessly remarked that he had never before heard of such a scene in any Parliament.

"But you have quite as ugly rows as that at Washington," said Senator de Lafayette. Mr. Hendricks promptly denied this, whereupon the Senator added:

"Well, you may have forgotten them, but I have not. I lived in the United States two years, and I spent most of the time at Washington. I have witnessed some very ugly rows in your House of Representatives."

As we were nearing the hotel, after bidding the Senators good-bye, Governor Hendricks, who said never a word at the moment of this rebuke, quietly remarked to me:

"Had I known that Senator de Lafayette had ever been in the United States, I think I would not have said what I did about the scene in the Chamber."

Once the Senator took me with him to his country seat not far from Le Puy, a town of considerable size, in the Auvergnat. Hard by is the *château* of Chavaniac, where General de Lafayette was born in 1757, and we visited the old place. At another time I accompanied him to the *château* of La Grange, which, with the domain around it, came into the possession of the General when he married Mademoiselle de Noailles, of the ducal family of that name. This *château* is in the fertile district of La Brie, about forty miles from Paris, on the Fontainebleau road, and in it my friend was born. It is a venerable and picturesque country seat, with ivy clambering around the gables and towers, and with trees of great antiquity that gave a stately air to the surrounding park. Some of this ivy was planted by Charles James Fox in one of his visits to the place.

It was in the town of Le Puy, already mentioned, that I made the acquaintance of that very distinguished statesman who only quite recently was Prime Minister of the French Republic, Waldeck-Rousseau. In 1883 a statue of General Lafayette was uncovered at that place, and several of "us Americans" went down to assist at the ceremony. The Government was represented by Waldeck-Rousseau, who was then Minister of the Interior, and he

made a glorious speech to the large crowd present. While the "Grand Ministère" of Gambetta lasted I used to hear Waldeck-Rousseau occasionally in the Chamber of Deputies, but soon after the downfall of the "Eagle of Cahors" he abandoned politics and statecraft and returned to the bar, where he soon gained a great reputation. It was my good luck to be present in the Palais de Justice when he was pleading the Lebaudy affair, for which he was paid $10,000. I also heard him advocate the claim of M. Eiffel, and for that case he received $20,000.

Having succeeded as a lawyer, Waldeck-Rousseau was again seized with political ambitions, and in 1894 was chosen Senator for the Department of the Loire. He was born in 1846, at Nantes, where his father was a distinguished member of the provincial bar, and mayor of the city. The Ex-prime Minister of France — he arrived at that high position since my return to America — is an eloquent speaker, a clever statesman, an enthusiastic hunter, an excellent painter, and an amiable and courteous gentleman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DIPLOMATS OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

ANYWHERE in Paris, along the interior or the exterior boulevards, in the Champs Élysées or in the Faubourg St. Antoine, no matter where you might stop a cabman and say, "*Ambassade d'Angleterre!*" he would know where to take you without asking questions of any one. All the Paris *cochers* — and there are nearly 14,000 of them — know that the British Embassy is in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, as it has been for nearly a hundred years. Most of the other Ambassadors and Plenipotentiaries — our own included — have to skirmish around, house-hunting, when they go to Paris, but the English Ambassador is spared all that trouble, expense, and annoyance.

Built soon after the Revolution, the mansion now owned by the British Crown passed into the hands of Pauline Bonaparte when she became Princess of Borghese, and one can yet see in its many rich rooms that it was finished and furnished to suit the tastes of a beautiful woman. In 1814 the Emperor Francis was installed there by Chancellor Metternich, and it was on his departure that it and the adjoining land became the property of England. By a special treaty then insisted on it is a part and parcel of the United Kingdom in every particular. Since it was bought by the Crown, no more than seven Ambassadors have been

sent to live in it as the Sovereign's representative, and of these I was personally acquainted with Lord Lyons, Lord Lytton, and Lord Dufferin.

Senator Jules Simon, referring to Lord Lyons, once said to me: "*Il est plus qu'un Ambassadeur consommé, il est un gentilhomme accompli.*" Lord Lyons was at the Embassy when I first went to Paris. He was one of the oldest members of Her Majesty's diplomatic service then living, his appointment dating back almost to the commencement of her reign. During this long career he had served in many different lands, and it had been his good fortune to represent his Sovereign at some of the most critical epochs in the histories of the various countries to which he was accredited. At Athens, at the very beginning of his career, he had the privilege of contemplating the resurrection of a valiant people and the formation of their new kingdom. A few years later he was sent to Saxony, where he was enabled to study the opening scenes of the struggle by which the little kingdom of Prussia, in the fulfillment of her strange destiny, was placed in a position to become the head of the great and powerful German Empire. Appointed next to Florence, he found, on his arrival in Italy, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany in the throes of revolution, out of which was to come another great kingdom. Promoted to Minister Plenipotentiary, he was sent to Washington, where he remained seven years, all of them most eventful in our history, for they were the bitter years of the Civil War.

From Washington Lord Lyons was sent to Constantinople with the rank of Ambassador, and there he remained two years. In Pera he distinguished

himself in many ways. His carriages were the best, his horses the most spirited, his dinners the finest ever known at the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Turkey, in fact, owes Lord Lyons an everlasting debt of gratitude for having introduced the best European cookery to the shores of the Bosphorus. His dinners were the talk of the entire diplomatic corps as well as all of society in Pera. People fairly fell on their knees in order to secure invitations to these marvellous feasts, and happy was he or she who received an invitation either from his Lordship or from the illustrious lady who, while wife of the Austrian Ambassador, kindly consented to act as hostess on behalf of the bachelor Englishman. Of course the example of Lord Lyons in this respect was soon followed, and now in Constantinople as fine a dinner may be eaten at the houses of many of the Ministers, as also at those of the foreign Ambassadors, as can be found anywhere in Europe. For it may be remarked parenthetically that nowhere are there finer fish, sweeter mutton, fatter woodcocks and quail, or fresher fruit, than may be bought at any moment in the bazaars of Stamboul.

Paris was the next place to which Lord Lyons was sent, and there he resided for nearly a quarter of a century. He arrived when Louis Napoleon and Eugènie were playing the host to all the great and little sovereigns of Europe, and he was there after the Republic had been well established. Again he witnessed a frightful war, but during the siege of Paris he was at Tours. Upright, and of a conciliating nature, his diplomacy, in dealing with the successive Foreign Ministries of M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon,

and President Grévy, always tended toward finding a common ground of understanding between the interests of his own and the country to which he was accredited. There is no doubt of the fact that he exercised a beneficial influence over the relations of the two nations.

Notwithstanding his bachelorhood he kept up the Embassy in grand style. His dinners were perfect, his horses and carriages unsurpassed, his servants the admiration of all his guests. On the Queen's birthday he always gave a banquet to which Anglo-Saxons and some few others were invited, and if the weather was propitious the park was filled with guests in the afternoon. At one of these functions a lovely American took me into the throne-room of the Embassy to show me where she was married to an English Marquis. While we were standing there the Ambassador joined us. "I was showing my friend my wedding-room," said the Marchioness. Lord Lyons took her hand, looked at me, and remarked: "In a long and varied experience I do not recall an event that has given me more sorrow than that marriage." It was known to all the world that the Marquis was a low blackguard; but his wife was indeed a noble woman.

After Lyons it was the turn of Lord Lytton. Writer and diplomat, he was a popular Ambassador. He had already been in the service — at Washington, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Lisbon, I know not what other capitals — before he was sent to France. Beaconsfield sent him into the East to proclaim Victoria Empress of India, with the rank and title of Viceroy, and on the 1st of January, 1877, all the

Maharajahs and Princes of that Oriental land came and placed their oaths of fidelity to Her Majesty in his hands on the plain of Delhi. On the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, in 1880, Lord Lytton resigned his high office, but when the Conservatives were in again, and when the sickness of Lord Lyons made a vacancy at the French Embassy, Lord Lytton was sent to Paris.

That was at the end of 1887. Unlike Lord Lyons, Lord Lytton had a wife to help him do the honours of the mansion in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and she was ever a gracious hostess. It was she who popularised garden parties in the capital by making her own more numerous, and the beautiful grounds which lie between the Embassy and the Champs Élysées are well laid out for such pleasant functions. Early in the year 1888 I received a card which read as follows:

> Le Comte de Lytton a l'honneur de faire connaître à Monsieur Henry Haynie qu'il a remis le 29 Decembre 1887 à Monsieur le Président de la Republique Française les lettres l'accreditant en qualité d'Ambassadeur Extraordinaire et Plenipotentiaire de sa Majesté Britannique.
>
> L'Ambassadeur et la Comtesse de Lytton receveront officiellement le Mardi 17 Janvier a l'Hôtel de l'Ambassade, a 9½ heures.
>
> Sans uniforme.

> Earl Lytton has the honour to inform Mr. Henry Haynie that on the 29th of December, 1887, he delivered to the President of the French Republic the letters accrediting him as Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty.
>
> The Ambassador and Countess Lytton will officially receive on Tuesday, the 17th of January, at the Embassy, at 9.30 P.M.
>
> Without uniform.

Such was the wording of the invitations for the first official reception of the first new Ambassador that England had sent to France since 1865. Lord Lytton's reputation as a literary man and a princely host had preceded him. Accounts of the magnificent *fêtes* given by the Viceroy of India had reached Paris, and as a natural consequence the invitations for the opening reception were highly prized by the favoured ones. I was told at the time that fifteen hundred had been issued. Other important functions followed in due course, and while the Lyttons were in Paris the British Embassy was almost an open house. There was always a homely grace and good-natured refinement about the Ambassador and his lady, and they were very hospitable. I often saw Lord Lytton at the dress rehearsals of new plays, or at the *première* of a grand opera. He looked much more like the successful literary man than the diplomat, and he took interest in the work of all foreign correspondents. I think one of his most intimate friends was M. de Blowitz. But then he was as kind and agreeable to the French journalists as he was to the Anglo-Saxon press representatives.

On the death of Lord Lytton, Lord Dufferin, who had also been Viceroy of India, was sent to Paris, and he was the eleventh Ambassador that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland had accredited to France since the Revolution. Lord Dufferin did not really belong to the diplomatic service. He had been placed therein, but rather as an agreeable alien than as a member of the corps. His forte was rather that of a gentlemanly representative than of a

far-reaching statesman, and unquestionably all great diplomats are statesmen of the first quality. This is a truth which will hardly be denied even at Washington. But as none of our foreign Ambassadors and Ministers are great statesmen it follows that we have no great diplomats in the service of our President and our Senate in foreign lands. Lord Lyons told me that the most valuable attribute of an Ambassador or a Minister is to foresee what questions are likely to grow into subjects of angry dispute between nations, and so to shape and mould events as to deprive these thorny issues of their dangerous properties. Lord Dufferin had hardly that much wisdom, but he was a quiet, gentle, and worthy representative of the Anglo-Saxon race.

If he was lacking somewhat in diplomatic strength not so with his accomplished and charming wife. Lady Dufferin was a woman beloved by all classes of society in the French capital. After their departure from Paris — we were regretting certain changes in the diplomatic corps — the Russian Ambassador said to a small group at the Élysée:

"Si Lord Dufferin était l'Ambassadeur de la Reine Victoria, Lady Dufferin était l'Ambassadrice du bon Dieu!"

An American lady, a leader in society of the better kind, said at another time:

"After being in Lady Dufferin's presence I always feel, when I come away, as though I ought to be a better woman."

My acquaintance with the Dufferins, strange to say, began at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago. While Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of Canada he visited

that enterprising city, accompanied by her ladyship, and one of the things on the programme of entertainment was a trip to the stock yards. Arrived at that immense slaughter-house, Lady Dufferin said she did not care to see the pigs killed and pork packed, and to me was assigned the pleasure and honour of keeping her company while the others of our party went through the establishment. In Paris she not only remembered this incident, but declared it made me one of her oldest friends in the capital.

On one occasion, before my marriage, Lady Dufferin became my staunch ally in an affair which had for its purpose the saving of a musical voice to the world. An American girl was studying with one of the great teachers of singing. Her people were very poor, and she was being supported at Paris by a kind woman whose husband was in business in San Francisco. This man and his wife had brought the girl to France, and I was induced to become her "guardian," so to speak, although I stipulated that there was to be no real responsibility attached to that office. Then the San Francisco couple returned home, and the girl went to work. And she worked hard, too. For two years she studied to the complete satisfaction of her professor and her "guardian," and then the eminent teacher said:

"In another year she will be ready for the Opera. She will be either a grand singer or a great failure. But she must continue to study for another term, or I must give her up."

During the last two months the usual cheque had failed to arrive, and the girl was not only owing her teacher for those two months' education, but her

board was unpaid, and she had pawned most of her clothing. I wrote to California and received reply that the business man had failed and had moved no one knew where. The girl was penniless in a foreign land, and yet she possessed a gift which would perhaps make her rich if her chance were not destroyed. It was not possible for me to furnish her with the money to go on, and I did not care to ask my acquaintances to assist a young and beautiful girl whom no one knew. I was worrying over the problem when I called at the British Embassy to make a *visite de digestion.* Lady Dufferin insisted on knowing the cause of my worriment, and I told her. As she already had any number of poor English girls on her book to look after, I did not hope for aid from her; but I thought she could help me in another way. Lady Dufferin knew the girl personally, and indeed had paid her for singing at a diplomatic reception. So I said to her: "If your ladyship will permit me to use your name as to the virtue of Miss——, and as a sort of voucher that she needs help, I will go among the ladies of our colony and try to obtain some money for her." Lady Dufferin said she would back me up in the way suggested, and she added: "If you do not succeed, come back to me, and we will see if there is not another way to help the child."

Money was raised, the girl's debts were all paid, and she was provided with all her needs for six months to come. Her professor, who was sanguine of the girl's great success, had agreed to keep her as a pupil for nothing, and all seemed satisfactory. The girl herself was overcome with joy, and she over-

whelmed Lady Dufferin, to whom I sent her, with words of gratitude. Within a month I had a letter from the girl, written at Liverpool. She had married an American dentist in London, and they were on their way to New York. Neither Lady Dufferin nor myself ever heard afterward of the incompleted *diva.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

"UNSER FRITZ," PRINCE VON BISMARCK, AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

IN Chapter II. of this book I promised to relate something more about my interviewing certain illustrious celebrities at the time General Grant was dying. I come now to that remarkable assignment, and we shall see how I met the German Crown Prince and the Iron Chancellor. It was impossible to see the old Emperor Wilhelm, as he was far from well at the time, and his physicians forbade his receiving any one except the foreign Ambassadors, and even these kept away. The American Minister, an Ex-senator from California, refused me all assistance, but — thanks to the husband of an old schoolmate — I succeeded despite his discourtesy. I reported my meeting and conversation with "Unser Fritz" to the *Boston Herald* at the time pretty much in the following words:

It was known that the Crown Prince would attend the races on a certain afternoon of that week, and I followed him to the course. In all there were five races; three of them for army officers only, one for officers and gentlemen riders, and one for professional jockeys. The Crown Prince showed interest in each race, and spoke a few words to the winners of four as each of them rode past the Imperial box to the

weighing-in room. With the Prince were two of his daughters, and I hope I shall not be called to account for saying that neither of them can be called handsome. I have heard that they are very sensible and unaffected. The Imperial box is a plain little structure, nothing so pretentious as the one occupied by President Grévy at Longchamps. Between races the Crown Prince walked twice into the saddling-paddock, where he spoke with owners and trainers. On each occasion he was treated with becoming courtesy, but no one cheered. Gentlemen raised their hats, and officers, standing at attention, touched their caps, a military salute which His Imperial Highness invariably returned in the same manner. Before the professional race, he drove away in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, ridden by postillions. Two regimental bands played frequently. The crowd numbered upward of 30,000 and was perfectly well behaved. The course was cleared, when necessary, by a dozen policemen, and, happily, there was no bookmaking or pool-selling.

As the Crown Prince was returning from the paddock for the second time, he stopped to speak to an Egyptian Pasha, and one of my Berlin friends improved the occasion to ask him to honour me with a short interview. He based his request on the ground that I had come expressly from Paris to speak to him about General Grant, knowing that the Crown Prince was a warm admirer of our distinguished Ex-president, and presently I was presented to the Heir Apparent in the Imperial stand. He was exceedingly gracious, and when I told him that my latest news was that the General was improving, he said, with

some show of emotion: "I am happy to hear it." Then he remarked that he had always been a great admirer of Grant, particularly so since 1870, because of the latter's undoubted sympathy with Germany in her war with France. "But," said the Crown Prince, "I do not think Grant had any ill-will against the French people; it was his way of showing how he detested Napoleon and his imperial policy. Indeed, he told me that he believed in the French Republic, and hoped for its continual existence."

I asked the Crown Prince if he saw much of Grant when in Berlin, and his reply was: "Yes and no"; and then he added that while he saw him several times, he did not see him often enough. "It was difficult to find him at his hotel," said Fritz, "as he was always out sightseeing when not attending receptions or returning official calls. I remember quite a military scandal that occurred while he was here. The officers and men on duty at the different places had strict orders to treat him with all possible honours, in the way of salutes, turning out the guard, etc. But the sentries got it into their heads that the Ex-president of the United States would go about in great style, in an open coach like a Sovereign, whereas he was almost always on foot and seldom accompanied by more than one or two persons. Well, the day he first came to see me, he sauntered along Unter den Linden in a nonchalent way, and was past the sentries at the Palace door before they saw him. Even then they did not know him, and, perhaps, would not have saluted him at all had it not been for the sudden opening of the doors by the valets who had been watching for his coming. Then the two

soldiers came to a present. General Grant threw away his cigar, lifted his hat to them, and passed indoors. The poor captain of the Guard, when he heard of this incident, was wild with chagrin. He went so far as to punish one of the sentries, and for this was reprimanded in general orders. What most struck me was Grant's utter disregard for all things pertaining to the army. I had some trouble in inducing him to permit me to give him a review of some of the garrison troops. Ah, what a disagreeable morning that was, but he stood it bravely."

Then, in answer to my question whether his august father, the Emperor, and himself looked on General Grant as one of the great men of the nineteenth century, he replied in these words: "I heard the Emperor express himself about General Grant only the other day, when the news came of his serious illness. It would not do, however, for me to repeat what the Emperor then said, but this much I will say, that it was of the most sympathetic interest, and he gave orders that the latest bulletins of the progress of the disease should be furnished him as often as received. But, speaking for myself, I can say that Grant is one of the central figures of the period in which he lived and worked. I admire him greatly as a commander of armies, and have an unbounded respect for him as a plain citizen of the American republic. As for his acts while President, it is not for me to speak of them one way or the other. History will deal with his policy as he deserves. I am deeply pained because of his terrible sufferings and I am glad that with the fortitude of a true soldier he endures his pains with such uncomplaining nobleness."

Less than three years afterward professional duty took me to San Reino, in Italy, where "Unser Fritz" was lying "sick unto death," as it was believed; and although I could not see him then, I did see the Crown Princess and some of her younger children almost daily. It was from that place that the Prince and his august wife hastened north to succeed his father as King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. Frederick William III. and his two sons had occupied the throne of Prussia for nearly one hundred years; Frederick III. occupied it for three months only; his son, William II. has occupied it since June, 1888, and with these names before us we might profitably pause for a few brief moments, to think of the prodigious forward movement which has been made beyond the Rhine since the first of these five Sovereigns was crowned.

I met and talked with Prince von Bismarck on two different occasions, and the first time was when I was sent to Berlin to find out what the venerable Emperor, his son, and others, thought of General Grant, on whom the sympathy of the entire civilised world was just then centred. The Baron von R., already mentioned in this work, helped me to see the Iron Chancellor by arranging matters with the military officer in command at the railway station, so that I was enabled to ride on the same train that carried Bismarck and his family from Berlin to Schönhausen, on Easter Monday, 1885.

The reason why the Prince was travelling to that place on that particular date is easily explained. A few months before Bismarck's seventieth birthday a

national movement was commenced to endow him with a donation worthy of his reputation, and as a slight recompense for all that he had done for the Fatherland. Schönhausen had formerly belonged to the Bismarcks, and he was born there; but through adverse circumstances it had been lost to the family some sixty years before. It was proposed to buy the *château* and domain by a national subscription and give it back to the Prince. The money was quickly raised, the purchase made, the property legally transferred, and now its owner was on his way to take possession of his own again.

When the train pulled out, I was comfortably seated in one of the cars; but the mere fact of travelling with Bismarck, of going with him to his native spot, of witnessing the enthusiastic reception which the people of his farm and village were sure to give him, were for me things of very little importance, unless, of course, I succeeded eventually in having with him the much desired interview. I did succeed, but perhaps I would not have been so fortunate on some other occasion. This particular time found Bismarck down on the earth among common folks, and not high up among the gods and great men of immortality. He was again a lad, so to speak, going over his boyhood days once more; out for a holiday; and I felt sure he would say something I wanted to know if I could only get at him without his suspecting my intentions.

When we were nearing Schönhausen the old village church loomed up. It stands on a low hill, and back of it, in the trees, we caught a glimpse of the mansion. The church is an unpretentious structure; the front

BISMARCK.

part is quite as tall as the body of the building is long; a tall tower, in several stories, so to speak, extending clear across the width of the edifice. It reminded me very much of the old Hapsburg castle in northern Switzerland, where the Imperial House of Austria originated.

A few minutes later the train pulled up at Schönhausen, and all the people of the place were there to meet us. Prince Bismarck quietly descended from his car, and, followed by friends, stepped proudly into his native town. Eight years before he visited the place, but for a few hours only, and he had not been there since. The day was a glorious one, and his reception was all that you can imagine. With drums, fifes, and trombones the farm hands and villagers came out to meet him; the girls dressed in all their Sunday finery — short, bright-coloured skirts, black-velvet bodices, and hair in two long pleats, tied with ribbons, *à la Marguérite*, hanging down their backs, from under silk capotes. There were a great many uniforms in the crowd, a general furlough having been given to all soldiers born in Schönhausen and the neighbourhood, in order that they might take part in the reception of their celebrated townsman.

The moment the Chancellor stepped out of the car, the crowd rushed for him; the church bells rang merrily; the bands struck up; the locomotive whistled; the boys shouted; the girls waved their handkerchiefs; and it began to look as if the elderly gentleman, whose bald head towered above those of all the other people that were pushing and struggling to get near him, would not get out of the station alive, and that now, if ever, was the time for him

to utter the prayer: "Lord deliver me from my friends!" In fact, he was so pressed upon and surrounded that he could hardly move; all those who succeeded in reaching him he shook by the hand; he managed to know everybody, remembering names, asking after the old folks and the children, referring to domestic incidents, and all this in their own patois, a low Dutch spoken by the peasantry of this one of the oldest provinces of the kingdom of Prussia. However, little by little, he managed to work his way through the throng, inviting everybody to accompany him, and I, as eagerly as all the others, followed his hasty footsteps.

But a short distance separates the railway station from the *château;* it lies just beyond the village church, in the midst of a fine park filled with old chestnut and ash trees. When he reached the lawn, Bismarck paused, and, leaning on his stout cane, stood for a few minutes looking at the old castle without saying a word; it was easy to see that he was deeply moved. Then he entered the house alone; he was out of sight for a little while, during which the crowd assembled on the lawn, remaining perfectly silent.

Presently he reappeared, and then, accompanied by the members of his family, went over to call on the former proprietor. That interview is said to have been a very cordial one, and ended with a tour of inspection of the estate, which the new proprietor made under the guidance of his predecessor.

The farm comprised about 1,500 acres, 600 of which were laid out in wheat fields, while the rest were wooded lawns. The new farm adjoining, and

presented to him along with the ancestral manor, contained 6,000 acres, and both were in perfect order and condition. The soil was fertile and the woodland portions were well stocked with game.

After the Prince and his family had returned from their neighbourly visit, dinner was served in the *château*, and to this his suite were invited. The meal over, Bismarck took another stroll over the place, and it was during this rural promenade that I managed to join him. He talked freely to me of farming, of country life, and of the good, honest peasantry of the domain, as compared with the same things and classes in France and America. I was near putting my foot into it when I said that many of the Germans in the United States were good farmers and fast gaining wealth. He did not like to talk about his compatriots who had gone away from the Fatherland, either because they preferred to live in a republic or because they hoped to better their condition. Presently arrived the anxiously expected telegram which I had arranged by wire with my secretary in Paris to send to me at Schönhausen, in "care of the suite of Prince Bismarck." It read as follows:

"General Grant not yet dead, but the worst is anticipated."

"This is bad news," I remarked, and I handed the Prince the despatch. It was a risky thing to do, but fortunately he took it, read it, then handed it back to me and asked if I knew General Grant personally. When I replied that I had served under him and had been present at several of his victories, he began to talk freely of the Ex-president. I listened attentively, and, as soon as ever I could get away, I sat down by a large tree, and noted down all that he said, as I

believe, word for word, and here it is faithfully transcribed from my note-book:

"The news of General Grant's illness and sufferings has grieved me very much, for there is in him the personification of much that is to be admired. When he visited Germany, in 1878, the Berlin Congress was in session, and I had but little time to devote to our illustrious guest. Still we saw each other frequently in Berlin, and later on at Gastein. I remember particularly the horror he expressed because of the then recent attack on the life of the Emperor, and his sorrow that he could not be permitted to see him. This sorrow was shared by Emperor Wilhelm, but his physician had positively forbidden him to receive any one. One thing that struck me forcibly was the clear and concise manner in which Grant talked on the various subjects that we discussed. I saw at once that he knew his subject thoroughly, or else that he avoided it completely. The impressions I had formed previously of the man as a general and as a ruler of the American people were, perhaps, slightly modified by these conversations, but, if so, not to any considerable extent. He had been to me before then, was at that time, and is still, the personification of an epoch in the history of the United States. In the terrific civil struggle which resulted in the destruction of slavery, he was, after Mr. Lincoln, the greatest figure, and, just as his character reflected that of the northern half of the nation during those years of war, so, too, does it reflect the errors of the new tendencies that took hold of the American people when that war was ended. He, the great soldier, whose glory in the United States had but one rival, that of Washington, permitted himself to commit reprehensible political and private acts that it is not necessary for me to enumerate. As a general he was skilful, bold, cool, and patient, and all the qualities needed by a great commander seem to have been united in him. He never hesitated to sacrifice 10,000 men for the sake of obtaining an important advantage; but he also preferred to retreat rather than spill a drop of blood in order to win a fruitless victory. He was always ready to expose himself to the fire of the enemy, and was astonishingly phlegmatic and modest. He was always generous in recom-

mending his rivals for promotion, exceedingly delicate and sparing of humiliation toward the conquered. The deliverer of the slaves, the saviour of a country, and the idol of a nation, Grant might have played the rôle of Monk when the assassination of President Lincoln threw everything into disorder. I do not think the idea of taking advantage of his position in order to usurp power ever crossed his mind. As President, he did some great things, but he allowed the contagion of the immorality of public life to reach him. His glory became spotted with gangrene, but then everybody was more or less touched with the same disease, and when the American people refused to give him the presidency for a third term it was not because of the corruption of his administration — to have condemned him for that would have been to condemn themselves — but because it was feared that too long a sojourn of power in the hands of a great soldier might some day serve as a precedent to an aspiring dictator. When he visited Europe he was received everywhere with sovereign honours, and so he deserved to be. I am proud to have met him, and I was greatly pleased with his remarkable modesty. I have read of his illness with the deepest regret, and of his fortitude and patience under great suffering with much admiration. I shall be grieved by his death, and so will be all Germany. There are but few great men now living, and he is one of them. I hope sincerely he will soon pass through the present crisis and live a long time to come, not only for the sake of his sorrowing family, but also for that of his country."

A propos of General Grant on his dying bed, Marshal MacMahon was also interviewed on that sad subject. The Marshal was President of the French Republic when Grant went to Paris in 1877, but he was no longer holding that exalted office when I knew him.

The Marshal had a very high opinion of the General, not only as a soldier, but as a ruler and a private citizen. "My countrymen," said he, "are not always interested in other nations, and some of our generals

know a great deal less about foreign armies than they ought; but I was personally interested in your Civil War from the first. I don't know why I happened to do so, but I early selected Grant as one of the coming men of that war, and I was watching his movements long before the siege of Vicksburg."

We discussed some of the battles in which Grant took part; and when I told the old hero of Magenta that I was at Chattanooga when Grant's armies disobeyed orders by taking Missionary Ridge — a bold and fatiguing rush up a steep, rocky hill strongly held by forty thousand picked soldiers, one of the bravest dashes in the history of wars — the Marshal grasped my hand and said that everybody in that tremendously gallant charge should be for ever proud of such an act.

"One of the greatest pleasures of my life," said he, "was my being able to receive and entertain General Grant at the Élysée as the guest of France. He called to see me several times, and his knowledge of the commerce and industries of Europe was most remarkable. I never met a foreigner who knew so much about the resources of this country as he did."

Marshal MacMahon was one of the best riders I ever knew. Like Lamartine, he believed that "the horse is the pedestal of kings," and he never owned a poor one. When a lieutenant in Algeria, while carrying despatches between two outposts, he was caught on the edge of a ravine by a party of mounted Arabs, but he escaped by forcing his horse to leap across a yawning abyss over which none of them dared to follow. At Sedan he rode the same horse that had safely carried him at Magenta,— a splendid

Marshal MacMahon

animal, named Forest King, which was killed under him in that battle. Then he mounted another English thoroughbred, and the same shell which seriously wounded the Marshal injured the horse so badly that it had to be killed. When President of the Republic he never attended military reviews except on the best blooded and most handsomely caparisoned of chargers. At the review where I first saw him, in 1875, he presented the perfect picture of a modern warrior, handsome, noble-looking, a master horseman. It has been said of MacMahon that he had the energy of Wellington and the elegance of Richelieu, and that his face was the exact reflection of this dual character, made up of austerity and gentleness in equal parts. Though a stern soldier and a strict disciplinarian, the Marshal was extremely simple and affable in the ordinary relations of life, and he was always very courteous and kind to me.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF, THE RUSSIAN HERO, AND COUNT VON MOLTKE, THE STRATEGIST.

EVERYBODY admires a hero. How thrilling the word sounds, and what memories it often recalls, of brave deeds not necessarily in battle, for a man may be a hero and still not be a soldier. There is a difference between courage and bravery, and it does not require both, or either even, to become a hero.

In one of the battles of our Civil War a young officer in the artillery, a mere boy, with barely a bit of down on his upper lip, was grievously wounded, but he would not let himself be carried from the field. Instead, he was propped up against a clump of bushes, and to a General who protested he said: "So long as there is any voice left me I would like to stay here and see that my men aim their guns to kill."

He was a hero.

During the battle of Chickamauga an Illinois infantry officer was shot through the thigh, and most of his leg was carried away. "More work for the regimental tailor," he said, laughingly, as he looked at his torn trousers. Then he fell to the earth, and some of the men wanted to bear him to the surgeons' pit, but he waved them back. "Not yet, not yet!" he exclaimed. "See, see, here come the Johnnies!" He raised himself, partly supported by a corporal, and

then, when the rebels were in the open field and very near our line, he said quietly: "Now then, boys, let 'em have it, and aim low or I'll put every one of you in the guardhouse to-morrow."

That was bravery.

The Russians and the Turks had been fighting furiously for weeks and weeks, and many a good fellow had bit the dust on both sides. One of Gourko's artillery regiments was having a duel with the Ottomans when suddenly a sergeant from St. Petersburg, who saw three men killed, instantly, near him by a bursting shell, funked, and, to the astonishment of his comrades, turned his back to the enemy and ran as swiftly as possible toward the rear. But he had not gone very far, a hundred yards or so, when he stopped as if petrified, closed his teeth, regained control over himself, and ran back to his post of danger.

That was courage.

Some men have shown all three of these noble qualities. I could name many soldiers of the Civil War who displayed courage and bravery on trying occasions and were heroes in their odd moments. The most celebrated European hero I ever knew was a Russian soldier. Battlefields have for centuries been the playgrounds, and wars the great school, of courage, bravery, and heroism, and General Skobeleff was a noted figure in these while he was on earth. The war between Russia and Turkey produced a few great leaders on both sides. Chief among the Turks were the Pashas Osman and Mukhtar. The former's defence of Plevna was heroic; but his persistent occupation of the place was a military blunder. No

strategic foresight brought him to that celebrated town, and his own stubbornness, not the necessities of the occasion, kept him there until he surrendered to the Russians. Mukhtar Pasha, as a strategist and as an organizer, was much greater than Osman but he was far less renowned as a warrior than the hero of Plevna. But in the face of adverse circumstances the former achieved a reputation which will live long in military history. The mountain passes in Armenia were more stubbornly and systematically defended than were the hills and villages of Bulgaria, the Balkan mountains, or the rose-fields of Roumania.

The able soldiers in the Russian service were too long overshadowed by princes of the royal blood. It took time for the Czar to discover that great generals are not made to order, and that there is no royal road to learning. With due respect to the memories of Gourko and Loris Melikoff, in my opinion Skobeleff the younger was the real hero of that war, and as I knew him I have taken him as the subject for this present sketch. What Ney was to Napoleon, what Hill was to Wellington, what Sheridan was to Grant, that was Skobeleff to the Grand Duke Nicholas. The *beau idéal* of a soldier of the type which men instinctively recognize as leader, Skobeleff will go down in history among the most brilliant of modern warriors.

He was born a soldier; his father and his father's father were among the bravest and most courageous in the Russian armies. He had been in every Russian campaign since he was old enough to enter the Czar's service. Before the outbreak of the Turko-Russian war he was governor of the province of Ferghara, and it was while there that he made the acquaintance of a

famous American journalist, — an acquaintance that developed into an undying friendship. Years afterward, when MacGahan in the grip of the black fever lay on his death-bed in Constantinople, and none except the physicians and the nurses were permitted to come into his presence, so contagious was the deadly disease, Skobeleff rode to the door of the house where our distinguished countryman was guarded and asked to see his friend. The guard at the door said he could not go in; but Skobeleff hurled the man aside, sprang up the stairs, and entered the room of the dying correspondent. Then he took MacGahan in his arms and wept over him as a father would weep over his own boy. The black fever had made the American a putrid mass of corruption, but the Russian hero cared not for that. He was with his friend, and he showed his great love for that friend in his own impulsive way.

When the war between Turkey and Russia began, Skobeleff joined the army unattached, and, his position not suiting him, he indulged in mad pranks more fit for war in the fifteenth than in the nineteenth century. One day, before the army had crossed the Danube, he swam the river on horseback to show that the feat could be accomplished. After that he was no longer kept idle. He was assigned to active duty at the front, and his talent and courage made him conspicuous in the field of operations. His quick wit, fearless spirit, and swift determination soon earned him glory and renown, even as they won for him the unqualified admiration and approval of all the distinguished gentlemen representing the Press at Russian headquarters. Among these war corre-

spondents was Frank Millet of our own country, and he never tired of singing the praises of Skobeleff.

Brave almost to recklessness, Skobeleff was none the less careful of the lives of his soldiers when need be. A major-general at thirty years of age, and a lieutenant-general at thirty-three, he was the most popular commander in the army during that Turkish war. Let me relate one incident to show the stuff of which this hero was made. In an attack on Plevna, a force ordered to advance was met with such a terrible shower of lead and iron that it faltered. Other regiments dashed forward to cheer their comrades on, and, thus reinforced, the attacking party once more pushed forward. They reached the glacis, but were received with such a deadly fire that again they were on the point of breaking. Seeing the critical state of his column, Skobeleff rose in his stirrups, waved his riding-whip — he never went into battle with any other weapon — and shouted to his reserves, "My children there is work for us to do! Follow me!" The men cheered, descended the slope on the double-quick, ascended the hill with all possible speed, and soon touched the troops in front, carrying them along *en masse*. A shell burst beneath the white horse which Skobeleff was riding, and the steed rolled over dead, but the General, still bearing his charmed life, picked himself up unhurt, and, waving his whip, encouraged his men to press forward. The glacis was reached, the ditch was crossed, the parapet mounted, the stronghold was captured, and among the first to leap into the redoubt was Skobeleff. He held the place that night, but the next day it was recaptured by the Turks. During those two days every member

of Skobeleff's staff was either killed or wounded, so desperate was the fighting, but he himself was unharmed.

He always rode a white horse when going into battle. During that war he had no fewer than eight horses killed under him, but he did not receive a single wound. He bore a life as charmed as that of "Phil" Sheridan during our Civil War. Sheridan was in many skirmishes and pitched battles but he was never once wounded. General Skobeleff told me that he was a firm believer in the power of the bayonet as an auxiliary to gunpowder, and rightly so — in those times. Speaking of the attack on Osman Pasha's defences he said: "That was a new era in war, and we were making experiments for the benefit of others. The shovel and the breech-loading rifle have changed everything. Artillery goes for nothing; the infantry assault is the only, though the most precarious, mode of success." He had a curious theory that to attack positions one ought to begin late in the afternoon. This made it, in case of failure, unlikely that the enemy would retort with a counter-attack that night, leaving the unsuccessful assailant time to entrench.

In personal appearance Skobeleff was a handsome soldier. His complexion was fair, and he had bold, high features, keen blue eyes, with moustache and whiskers worn in what was known in our Civil War as the Burnside cut. He would pass anywhere as a well-born gentleman and a brilliant army officer. His smile was pleasant, his speech recklessly frank, and he was generous, charitable, and hospitable. He was respected by his officers, idolized by his soldiers, and

loved by those who knew him best. But he died an ignoble death, one wholly unworthy his glorious reputation, and I cannot even hint at it in these pages.

If Count von Moltke was less famous than Skobeleff for daring impetuosity, perhaps no other man was so possessed of cool and calculating strategy. If circumstances had not conspired to make him a doughty man of war, Moltke would in all probability have become a distinguished man of letters. There is reason to believe, also, that, unlike the majority of his cultured compatriots, his writings would have been of an objective, not of a subjective, kind. The first strategist of the age was difficult to interview; indeed he was known by the name of "The Silent," and the epithet had a much more justifiable application than in the case of William of Orange. I have seen him sitting for hours in the German Parliament without opening his mouth. He was willing to give his vote, but not his voice, to anything that Bismarck wanted. Evidently he looked on the legislative hall rather as a congenial solitude for contemplation than as an arena for the utterance of thought. He was as little allured by the bursts of the eloquent as he was exasperated by the mutterings of bores, and while the Reichstag was almost coming to blows over proposed duties on beer or tobacco, the aged soldier never for a moment changed his usual attitude of marble meditation — sword at side and arms folded, with head pensively inclined — in fancy, perhaps, wandering among the bastions of Austria or on the heights of France.

Unlike his illustrious colleague in the building up of the great German Empire, Hellmuth von Moltke

Count Helmuth Karl Von Moltke

was not a jealous man, nor did he await the coming of a new Kaiser to be "turned down." In 1882 the great Field-marshal expressed a desire to be relieved from some part of his multifarious duties and weighty responsibilities, and his venerable master and friend promptly acquiesced in his wishes by appointing another person to the direction of the General Staff. Then Von Moltke sought rest in the south of Europe, and it was there that I made acquaintance with the slim, upright, and active octogenarian whose iron frame seemed to defy the inroads of Father Time.

He had just completed the twentieth and concluding volume of a work which was the official record of his own extraordinary achievement as the strategetical genius of the Prussian and German armies during a period of glory, conquest, and aggrandisement without parallel or precedent even in the sensational annals of the House of Hohenzollern. The "History of the Franco-German War of 1870–71, edited by the Military-Historical Department of the Grand General Staff," came to a close eleven years after the termination of the tremendous struggle chronicled therein with accuracy and admirable impartiality. It was no secret that Count von Moltke had devoted much time and labour, during ten years, to the preparation of that monumental work, nor that several of its most luminous chapters, including the masterly introduction to its latest volume, were productions of his own pen. Brilliant, yet unimpassioned, authoritative, yet unassuming, his share in the history of that war was the most readable as well as the most important contribution to the work, and the great soldier was not displeased when I congratulated him on his

industry and perseverance in bringing that splendid story to a satisfactory conclusion.

Never did Count von Moltke wield the great powers entrusted to him by a Soldier-Monarch in the jealous and exclusive spirit that characterised Prince von Bismarck. On the contrary, it had been his constant aim and care to cultivate and render conspicuous in others, his professional juniors and subordinates, those qualities which raised him to an unprecedented position. Even in Germany, where the elect of the nation, in intelligence as well as in physique, is to be found in the officers' corps, men of the Moltke stamp are sufficiently rare to be regarded by their countrymen as extraordinary phenomena; but he at least did his best to discover them, and gave their talents every opportunity for obtaining public recognition. The Germans of to-day are proverbially many-sided. Indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, they devote more study to science, art, and accomplishments of all sorts than Frenchmen can spare from politics or Americans from their business vocations. They are, of all European peoples, at once the most receptive, assimilative, and tenacious of that which they acquire with infinite pains and industry. Few of them, however, despite their universality and perseverance, can emulate the acquirements of the Admirable Crichton of the nineteenth century who, besides being the greatest strategist and general in Europe, was equally eminent as an author, a painter, a musician, and a linguist. His books were delightful reading. His water-colour sketches obtained high commendation from art-critics. He played more than one instrument in a masterly manner, and his extraordinary linguistic

gifts, combined with his constitutional taciturnity, caused him to be humourously described as "the only great man living who knows how to hold his tongue in eleven languages." And that was why I failed to interview Count von Moltke.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOME FAMOUS COLLECTORS OF GREAT TREASURES.

IT has been my privilege to see many of the finest collections of rare and rich treasures in Europe. The Spitzer collection at Paris was, before its dispersal under the auctioneer's hammer in 1893, the finest and best of its kind in the whole world. There was one suit of armour in it which sold for $60,000, while seven swords in the collection brought even more than that. When he began his career, Frederic Spitzer — he was born in Vienna in 1815, and he died in Paris in 1890 — was a poor man, who educated himself while travelling over Europe in search of rare objects of art and bric-à-brac for a Vienna house. He had instinct, curiosity, untiring energy, and a keen scent for fine old specimens. Years before I became acquainted with him he was travelling in provincial Germany and stopped over night at a small out-of-the-way town. Dinner over, he got into conversation with the landlady, who told him that only a few months before a neighbour had died who owned a lot of old books and arms. Next morning, early, Spitzer called on the widow and asked to see the collection; but she could not oblige him, as everything was packed in boxes which were already at the railway station and were to start for Berlin that very day. "Have you a catalogue?" he asked. She had and gave him one. Each

article was definitely listed and its value was attached. He looked the catalogue over carefully, made a brief calculation, and then said, "Madame, you need not give yourself the trouble of sending your boxes to Berlin. I will buy the entire lot from you, and pay you in cash the price set down in this catalogue. She accepted the offer, and he returned to Paris with his prize, where he sold the articles in it for four or five times the amount that he had paid for the whole collection.

After quitting Vienna, Mr. Spitzer lived for a while in London, but in 1852 he went to the French capital. Paris was fast becoming the market-place for European curiosities, old collections being dispersed, and new ones being formed by States or private persons. In Paris Mr. Spitzer was soon at the head of all buyers and sellers of modern and ancient bric-à-brac; and when he had gained a fortune he began to form a private collection of his own such as had never before been seen. He laid out his programme, followed it closely for many years, and, retiring from business, devoted the rest of his life to the arrangement of a collection unique of its kind, and the money value of which, at his death, was placed at four million dollars.

The first time I visited this remarkable museum on the Rue de Villejust Mr. Spitzer himself was my cicerone. In his office — a large hall with four windows overlooking a small park on the side of the house toward the Avenue Victor Hugo, and where the cornice was composed of fifty-four Italian portraits of the fifteenth century — was an enormous fireplace, brought from Arnay-le-Duc, made of stone almost as fine as marble. It was one of the best

monuments of French art at the début of the Renaissance. This office, it must be stated, was the general rendezvous for Mr. Spitzer and his friends, a room where they could have under their hands specimens of all the arts, and from every land, which were not yet definitely classified. Here he showed me tapestries in gold and silver, old paintings, arms and armour, wrought-iron chests, leather bucklers, ivory bureaus, rich embroideries, remnants of chasubles and dalmatics that were worn by kings and bishops in the Middle Ages. The famous dressing-table of Annecy was there, likewise a desk of gilded leather given as a wedding present to Philip III. Two great wooden doors, the one through which I had entered and a blind one, were rich in centuries of colour, and almost priceless for their exquisite carvings. These were found in Spain, and on them were the words, deeply cut, and often repeated — "*Carpere facilius est quam imitari*," the meaning of which was, it was easier to criticise than it would be to imitate those doors.

From the office my host led me into a second gallery lighted from the top by a glass ceiling. Two show-cases held a few specimens from Italy and Germany, but all the other things in that room were made in France. "We are now with Limousin, Petit Bernard, Penicaud, Jean Gougon, Clouet, Du Cerceau, Jean Cousin, Nicolas, and Batelier," he said. He stopped before an upright show-case, and "Palissy," he half whispered, as he pointed it out.

Palissy! creator of ceramics in France, and celebrated throughout the world for his fine earthen vases ornamented with artistically sculptured figures. Palissy! he who kept his fires going for months, by burn-

ing all his household furniture, even the floor of his simple room, so that those fires might not cease until he had found the art of pottery and enamelling. There were seventy-five most rare and precious pieces of Palissy make in the show-case to which Mr. Spitzer had called my attention. Then we moved on to look at other treasures. We stood before enamels; he described their beauties, and declared that it was the best collection that any private individual had ever brought together. One hundred and seventy specimens of rare beauty were there for me to admire, all ranged in good order, and they told the story of French enamellry during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In succeeding rooms Mr. Spitzer showed me ivories and boxwoods magnificently carved by old masters. For a long while my eyes and mind feasted on fine ivory. There were Byzantine chests, Carlovingian plates for book-binding, liturgical codes, a saddle once owned by a king of Sicily, and a cross made for a bishop five hundred years ago. There were diptychs and polyptychs, where the artist had multiplied with inexhaustible imagination tiny scenes of exquisite naturalness; statuettes, groups, and boxes for hand mirrors. All these ivories were of most delicate workmanship, precious in value, an *ensemble* of historical documents which included a period of twelve hundred years.

But if France triumphed in her ivories, it was the turn of Germany when we came to the articles made out of boxwood. Those masterpieces in miniature filled five cases; reliquaries and edicules, with their interiors a small world of people and horsemen at

their ease in the space of an inch or so. It was marvellous, the elegance of the architecture, the correctness of the design, the style of those almost imperceptible figures.

Thence we went into a room devoted to religious articles wrought by gold- and silver-smiths in the Middle Ages. I saw a dazzling display of shrines, crosses, chalices, censors, ciboriums, of all other kinds of reliquaries in vermeil, in silver, in gilded copper, studded with enamel or precious stones and resplendent in show-cases which had rare old copes and chasubles for their background.

We passed next into the Italian room. Here were treasures preciously mounted in gold and in vermeil, enamels from Venice, enamelled glasses, rings, watches, golden jewelry, fine stones, superbly carved pearls, rare manuscripts, Florentine pistol holsters, chairs inlaid with ivory and ebony, silk tapestries enriched with threads of pure gold, and, to crown the whole, hundreds of pieces of faïence, specimens unrivalled by the perfection of their designs, the style of their compositions, the brilliancy of their colours, the flaming splendours of their reflections, and their great variety.

Thus far I had seen only peaceful specimens of art and human industry; and I was looking at a remarkable soup toureen of the fourteenth century when Mr. Spitzer said: "There is only one more room to look at, and if you like we will enter it." This last room was seventy-five feet long, forty wide, and thirty high; it was lighted by a dozen large windows, and it was guarded day and night by more than a score of ancient knights and noblemen armed *cap-à-pied*. In

the centre of the vast hall stood their commander, in a suit of burnished steel, the veritable armour which Maximilian I. wore when he fought with Louis XI. in the fifteenth century. I had seen other grand displays of arms and armour, the one in Warwick Castle included, but this was the most magnificent I ever saw. Six or seven hundred pieces, representing every variety of warlike weapon in use from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, were in that room; it was a collection of iron and steel instruments of war without a rival. Helmets, morions, cuirasses, shields, bucklers, fluted armours, engraved and gilded armours, armours of rich steel, armours of iron *repoussé*, swords that were chased and embossed in gold, arquebuses, pistols, halberds, cross-bows, stirrups, saddles, harness for tilting and for deadly combat,— these and many other rare old things were there, each a work of art, a lesson, a historical document. In those other rooms I had seen the products of persons who worked in gold and silver, bronze, ivory, glass, and clay — on substances that are colourable, and easily handed. In this last room I had object lessons by masters who worked on material that is cold, dry, and colourless. But what mattered it to them; they cut and hammered and wrought masterpieces in steel and iron, no two of them alike. What prodigious fertility of resources, what patience, what intelligent labour, that could make so many articles which would one day come to be of such great value! The armour of Maximilian, rich and rare though it certainly was, was not the most valuable of the lot. There was a tilting armour of German make which cost Mr. Spitzer $80,000. In one case was an armour,

a cuirass, three helmets, and seven swords which were valued together at $400,000.

Another rich and interesting private collection in Paris was that of Prince Basilewski, which was purchased in bulk by the Russian government. The Prince, who was good enough to invite me often to his house in the Rue Blanche, did not hesitate to make any sacrifice to satisfy his passion for rare bric-à-brac, and it was only when he thought he was growing old at fifty-five that he gave up collecting. Then his patriotism impelled him to accept the liberal offer of his Czar for the entire lot, which is now in the Hermitage. Of the many rare and valuable articles I must mention an enormous vase, Hispano-Mauresque, very curious from its metallic lustre and exquisite groupings. It formed a part of the collection of Fortuny, the great Spanish painter, and was bought by the Prince for $10,000. It was Fortuny's widow, a lady of rare worth and gentle character, who introduced me to Basilewski.

Then there was Secretan's most remarkable collection of paintings which he, having been ground to bankruptcy by his failure to corner all the copper in the world, was forced to send to the auction room, and this recalls a scene of which I was an interested spectator. The place was Sedelmeyer's picture gallery, and when, that day in July, 1889, the auctioneer came to No. 63 in the catalogue, he said: "The upset price of this work is 300,000 francs"; and a loud murmur ran through the hall, for No. 63 was Millet's "Angelus," and it took a few minutes to quiet the

large crowd. "The upset price on this painting is 300,000 francs," he repeated, "and I am authorized to start it at 100,000." Immediately some one sang out, "Make it 125,000"; and then the bidding jumped by five thousands up to 190,000. Then M. Montaignac, acting for the American Art Association, made a bid of 220,000. "Two hundred and thirty thousand," shouted a representative from Amsterdam, and Mr. Knoedler added 20,000 to that bid on behalf of the Corcoran Art Gallery. M. Autonin Proust, for the French government, said "275,000 francs," after which there was quiet for a minute or two. Then an Englishman bid 300,000, and a person who had not been heard of before added 50,000 to that offer. M. Proust was for leaving the field, when suddenly there ran through the room a whisper that this unknown person was a German, and that he was going to take the masterpiece to Berlin, whereupon patriotism came into play, and Proust returned to the charge with a bid of 400,000 francs. Loud was the applause that followed the announcement of this figure, but Montaignac took the lead again with an offer of 425,000; and so, what with the American Art Association, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the German representative, and the French government, the struggle had become most exciting. Men crowded about Monsieur Proust, and one noble French lady astonished everybody by standing up on her chair and shouting "*Vive la France!*" at the top of her shrill voice. All at once the Englishman sang out a bid of 490,000; and he whispered to a friend on my left that he intended to buy it for a London museum. As the others remained quiet, the auctioneer said, "Are you all done?

Can I get no more than 490,000 francs? If not—" but before his hammer fell the bidding recommenced, and the excitement was more painful than ever. The American contingent pushed the bidding on by 10,000 francs at a time, and Knoedler, now in his glory, gained rounds of applause when he bid 550,000. "Five hundred and fifty-five thousand," answered back Monsieur Proust, and as none of the others would go beyond that bid the hammer fell for good.

Originally sold for $360 by the poor man who painted it, and bought, after it had passed through several galleries, by Mr. Secretan for $32,000, the "Angelus" had now brought $111,000! But it was sold for even more than that afterward. It is now owned by the French government.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA AND THE FRENCH COLONEL. FOUR FAMOUS WOMEN PORTRAYED.

In December, 1887, while at Berlin on professional business, I was told of a charity fair at which innumerable imperial, royal, and other ladies were to be seen, and of course I went to that fair. At one table, where articles were being sold by young girls connected with the Courts of the Empire, three exhibits attracted my attention. There were some large photographs of the Empress, the wife of Wilhelm I., and each of these was ornamented with the signature, "Augusta, Impératrix et Regina"; there were some landscapes painted in oil, and signed, simply, "Victoria"; and there were a number of pairs of braces, or "suspenders," made by the present Empress.

Of these three majesties I knew only one, and of the English-born Princess who honoured me with her conversations at San Remo I want to tell a characteristic anecdote. Not long after the Franco-Prussian war the Emperor Wilhelm I. was reviewing his cavalry. A hundred splendid squadrons of horse soldiers were massed on the field near Berlin, and in front of them was an invited *État Major* made up mainly of military *attachés* of the different embassies and legations. The rain was falling in torrents, and all were awaiting the arrival of the venerable Sover-

eign. Presently was seen galloping across the field a woman enveloped in a large waterproof cape, and followed by a small escort. It was the Crown Princess Victoria. Arrived before this brilliant staff of foreign officers, she stopped her horse and appeared to be searching for some one in particular. Then she rode up to Colonel Grandin, of the French army, and, looking him in the face, she said:

"Colonel, I am especially glad to see you to-day."

The Colonel bowed low in his saddle, but said nothing.

The Princess continued:

"Yes, Colonel, I am very glad to see you, because this is the ninth of September."

As the French officer showed no signs of understanding her, the Crown Princess added:

"The ninth of September is, you know, the anniversary of the taking of Sebastopol. On that day our two countries went hand in hand to a glorious victory." With those few words the Princess brought pleasure and pride to the defeated soldier of 1870 by recalling the victories of the Crimea.

I was acquainted with the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, and was once her guest at St. Gatien. I met the Queen Regent of Spain before Alphonso was old enough to reign. I knew the Countess von Waldersee, the American wife of the famous General who commanded the allied forces in China.

The Princess de Sagan, wife of the "first gentleman in Paris," so called by the Royalists, invited me to her garden parties. At one of these her guests

were all dressed as beasts and flowers, and it was a remarkable gathering. Once the Princess wanted to give a dinner in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. For many years she and her husband had lived apart from each other; he refused to cross the threshold of their mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain and occupied rooms at his Club. It would be impossible for the Princess to have the British Heir Apparent and his gracious wife at her house unless her husband could be prevailed on to be present to help to receive them. She drove to the Club, interviewed her stubborn but impecunious husband, and finally persuaded him to come. The Prince and Princess of Wales accepted the invitation, and when all the guests were about to sit down at the table Prince de Sagan pleaded a terrible headache and left the room. A few minutes later he was on his way back to the Club with 100,000 francs in his pocket, the price of his husbandly aid in that affair.

Then there was Lady Caithness (Duchesse de Pomar), who used to take pleasure in showing us the rich suite of rooms which she had furnished for the ghostly occupancy of Mary Queen of Scots.

Of famous *divas* of other days I knew Mesdames Pauline Viardot, Laborde, Anna de La Grange, Marie Sasse, Albani, Nilsson, and Adelina Patti. I can also properly lay claim to the friendship of Nellie Melba, Emma Calvé, la Nordica, Sybil Sanderson, Gabrielle Krauss, Rose Charon, etc., of the lyric stars of the present time. Another woman of genius whom I admired, and saw frequently, was Augusta Holmés, perhaps the greatest female composer of music of

modern times, and who died but recently. Louise Michel, the anarchist — a charitable soul with a tender heart for suffering humanity — was one of my acquaintances; so too were Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. Ronalds, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady de Grey, Madame Casimir-Périèr Duchess d' Uzes, Madame Marchesi, the eminent teacher of singing, Ristori, Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Adam, and other distinguished ladies.

It is not my intention to write further of these, however; but I do want to say a few words about four famous woman whom I knew, — one, a great Franco-Italian *cantatrice*; the second, the most distinguished of female painters; the third, well, it is not so easy to classify her, and the fourth, the divinity whom the Austrians long since placed on the altar of Melpomene.

I wonder if there are persons still living who heard Marietta Alboni sing when she was in this country. Born in Italy, in March, 1824, she renounced the lyric stage in 1863, after a brilliant career of twenty years, and she died in June, 1894, at her home near Paris. Never was there such another voice, one so sonorous or of so great a range as that of Madame Alboni. One day, when asked to write her name in an autograph album, she wrote a musical octave beginning with a low *fa* and ending with a *do* sharp. Under this she wrote "*La mia estensione*," and signed. Such was indeed the range of the voice of the woman I once knew in Paris. In 1845, after her return from Russia, and while at Vienna, she was amusing herself in the hotel parlour by imitating Rubini, Tamburini, and Madame Viardot at the top of her voice, when

the door opened and Liszt appeared, his face aglow with excitement.

"Who is it that is singing?" he asked.

"Only me," was the reply.

"And pray what is your name, if you please?"

"Marietta Alboni," she answered.

"Are you aware, Mademoiselle, that you sing like a great *artiste?*" he exclaimed, and she blushingly thanked him. Twenty years later, in the parlour of Rossini, the Abbé reminded Alboni of this incident; her subsequent career had fully justified the opinion of the celebrated pianist.

But if Alboni left the stage she did not quit the world from a musical point of view, and we not infrequently heard her at some concert gotten up for a charitable purpose. In June, 1890, I had a very pleasant interview with the illustrious *cantatrice.* She was living then at the Villa Cenerentola, at Ville d' Avray, a place near Paris, where Léon Gambetta breathed his last. It was a lovely suburban home. Only a year before she had sung in "La Favorita" at the Salle Duprez because a sudden indisposition of the *artiste* who had been engaged prevented her appearance, and I complimented Alboni on the enthusiasm of the public at that *soirée.* She said:

"Perhaps that was to recognise the fraternal intention and to thank the woman as well as the *artiste.* But I admit that I did my best, for I love and respect my art, to which I owe everything. And then there is something very flattering and encouraging to be applauded in the same rôle after fifty years. I never sing now except for charitable entertainments for good purposes. I have also sung at the Trocadéro

concerts, but the last theatrical performance took place at the Opéra six years ago for the benefit of the Société Artistique."

I asked her who had been her teacher. "I am a pupil of Rossini," she replied. "He it was who made me what I afterward became. At fourteen years of age I made a tour in Italy which lasted a year. I was fifteen when, thanks to his kindness, I was engaged at the Théâtre Communal of Bologna. A contract was entered into between Eustachi Alboni, my father, and the manager of the theatre. Then I sang at La Scala, and in other Italian theatres. On coming to France I sang at the Italiens, in the Place Ventadour. I have sung in "Le Prophète" at the Opéra. I have also been in the large provincial towns of America, and, in fact, everywhere."

I said something about *artistes* not being as well paid in those days as now, and she replied:

"Oh, no, indeed. In spite of Rossini's protection I began at eighty francs a month; a great difference between this sum and the 250,000 francs I received in London!"

"Who is, in your opinion, the greatest singer?"

"Rubini. He had a voice and a method, and he was a tenor of a remarkable kind. I first heard him at St. Petersburg, and I shall never forget the impression produced upon me." She added, with a smile, "I was unable to take supper, although I generally have a very good appetite. Rubini was undoubtedly the king of tenors, and he was a musical genius, although his musical education had been very defective. He was a tailor until the age of twenty-six, but good authorities say that as a singer he never had an equal."

"And whom do you consider the foremost composer?"

"Naturally I prefer Rossini's music before everything. I am a Rossinian, and a *spirituelle* and artistic follower of Rossini, but I have been struck with a remark once made by Rossini himself. Some one asked him, 'Who is the greatest composer?' and he answered, 'Beethoven.' 'And what of Mozart?' was the next question. 'Oh, he is the only one.'"

"Do you think Madame Patti has reached the zenith of her fame?"

"She is very talented, and her voice is really marvellous."

"But you have a larger compass. You have the full register — two octaves and a half."

"You will understand that it is difficult for me to speak of myself, particularly to compare myself with others. I assure you my only desire is to be forgotten now, and I only wish to be remembered when I can help in some good work."

Madame Alboni had a religious passion for the music of the genius who had been her professor. Some days before his death, Rossini was suffering intolerable agony for which there was no relief. Among the intimate friends who were with him were Alboni and Monsieur Vaucorbeil, afterward manager of the Opéra at Paris.

"Suppose we have a little music, it may soothe the master," said the great singer.

Vaucorbeil sat down at the piano and played "Semiramide," giving the cues of the part of Assur to Alboni, who sang that of Arsace. Instantly the face of the dying composer brightened, and it may be

said that the last musical sensation of Rossini was that derived from the playing of Vaucorbeil and from the wonderful voice of Alboni.

Physically Rosa Bonheur was of medium size; her features were somewhat harsh but regular, her forehead a fine one, and inspiration showed itself in all her features. She was always dressed in masculine attire, her hair was cut very short, and she looked anything but womanly. She walked quickly, with a firm step, her eyes usually cast down, and she was nearly always accompanied by two large dogs. I knew her after she had gone to live and work in the château of By, near Fontainebleau. There her whole existence was passed in voluntary retirement and in the monotony of provincial life. She rarely deigned to go to Paris, but when Colonel Cody and his Wild West Show were there, in 1889, she was seen frequently in the camp of the American cowboys and Indians, making sketches. She painted an admirable portrait of "Buffalo Bill" and made him a present of it. Rosa Bonheur was undoubtedly a great artist, but she was narrow-minded, and not always as amiable as some other famous women.

Marie Bashkirtseff was not beautiful, but she was small and delicate, and of good form and suppleness. Toward the end of her life she had become thin, pale, and debilitated, but at the moment when I saw her for the first time she appeared in absolute health, in remarkable equilibrium of physical force, still more augmented by an exceptional intensity of nervous activity. She had that type of visage and rather

slender corporeal silhouette which is frequently encountered in girls of her country, the oval of a face softly rounded and delicate, the wilful mouth, and the fine, small, rather short nose. Her arms were of exquisite roundness and were terminated by hands of graceful suppleness, and she was proud of her golden hair, which touched on red. Her eyes were of a particular blue, and what was especially remarked in them was the mysterious strangeness, a little disquieting on reflection, of a regard, nevertheless, that was frank and youthful.

At sixteen or seventeen years of age, Marie Bashkirtseff had, so to speak, seen everything, discovered everything. In the course of multiple travels, by contact with the thoughts of great geniuses of all times, in contemplation of the highest marvels of art, there had been in her organization a brusque, precocious, and exceptional blossoming of all the powers of feeling and understanding. The philosphers and poets of Greece and Rome were as familiar to her as were the most modern writers, and despite her own modernism she enjoyed them. Attic statuary, in its superhuman realization of absolute beauty of forms, had no more judiciously enthusiastic admirer, and all the enigmas of the unknown were gravely and seriously solicited by her young brain.

However for a long while, and despite her attractions and manners, she remained a young girl, anxious to please and to dazzle, charmed by the movement and brilliancy of *fêtes*, triumphing coquettishly in her worldly successes, at once sceptical and superstitious. She was too conscious of her value and her beauty, she was of too superior a race and spirit not to be

proud. This pride expressed itself first by trifling details. A pretty toilette delighted her, flattering at once her coquetry and her love of beauty. Although woman and Russian she could for a long while only dream of the Prince Charming under the appearance of a veritable prince, the authentic heir of one of the most noble names of the world, of a whole past of honour and of grandeur, or even a member of a sovereign family. She then found her ideal in the Grand Duke Vladimir and in Don Carlos. It was the imagination which worked even to making her cry out in ecstasy: "If I were queen!" She had not yet lived enough to be touched by a tender sentiment. Delighted to see men at her feet, she herself, being incapable of sincerity in such matters, could not believe in theirs. She amused herself at Rome by flirting with the nephew of a cardinal who was in love with her. She said that she would like to have been persuaded more; in reality what she wanted was to know all the emotions, all the amusements, all that a brilliant life can offer to our insatiable desires.

When she finally came to know them she analysed them, and she only kept an after-taste of ashes and bitterness. This was because everywhere she found herself, and herself only, with her confused and tumultuous personal aspirations. She could not hope for peace except by great means, by the unique remedy of moral tortures, which was to go out of herself at any price. But how was this to be done, especially when young, beautiful, rich, fêted, admired and delivered over to all caprices? Nevertheless the miracle was worked in 1877, and it was art which was the wonder-worker. In her early youth Marie Bashkirtseff,

who had a warm, expressive voice of considerable volume, dreamed of being a great singer. She sighed for that most vivid of all enjoyments, the wild bravos of a hall transported with emotion and admiration, and which she supposed was glory. But she soon gave up that notion and showed taste for painting. She brought to the study of art, which was little by little to absorb the rest of her short existence, a labourious fervour into which everything melted, and life was afterward to have a meaning and an end for her.

In three or four years the young girl became an artist. She had ceased to be preoccupied with chiffons, with trifles, with coquetries. Her enthusiasm for illustriousness of name and grandeur of rank was attenuated; more than that, she showed sympathy for the humble and for the miserable. She preferred them as her models; she understood their touching beauty and the little distance which separated them in all respects from the superb of the world. This sincerity and this sympathy passed into her works, success came to her, and she became renowned — in a certain way.

But sickness came also. Consumption laid its clasp on her, her cheeks were hollow, her chest was coughed to pieces, and she became deaf. In the despair which seized her, in her terrible regret to say adieu to even the sadness of life which still had its joys, she found force for resignation in conversations with Bastien-Lepage, attacked also with a similar and incurable malady. It has often been related how he, also almost dying, was carried every day to her house. Marie Bashkirtseff, no longer even preserving the illusion of being cured, found her last consolations in

conversation with the young French master whose talent had, in part, awakened hers. She died a few days after the last visit he was able to make to her, in the arms of her mother, when she was but twenty-four years old, and she had already accomplished more than most men and women of twice her age.

When I made the acquaintance of Fräulein Charlotte Wolter she was living in a magnificent villa situated in the fashionable village of Hetzing, at the gates of the historic park of Schönbrunn. No one in the village knew her as Charlotte Wolter, however; to the people there she was the Countess Sullivan. Her husband was a nobleman of Irish ancestry, once in the diplomatic service of Francis Joseph. Captivated by the genius and splendid charms of the celebrated actress, the Count married her, and thus opened to her the doors of the aristocratic world. He was a member of the Vienna Jockey Club, was rich, had always held a position in the highest social circles, and was not fast. In marrying Fräulein Wolter he never entertained for an instant the idea of removing her from the stage where she reigned supreme, and was perfectly willing for her to go on acting for the enjoyment of mankind.

I made her acquaintance the year she celebrated her "silver wedding" as a member of the Burg Theatre company, not in Vienna, but at her villa, as already stated. She was possessed of a rare and classic beauty, was well formed, and had the carriage of a grand *tragédienne.* Her fine eyes were full of fire and expression, and her voice was almost as wonderful as that of Sarah Bernhardt.

Fräulein Wolter was greatly admired by the late Empress of Austria. One summer the Empress was ferried across a lake to the villa where the actress was temporarily stopping, Her Majesty being accompanied only by a maid of honour. Both had come away from home without any money, and as they rose to go the Empress asked Frau Wolter how much it was customary to pay the ferryman.

"Generally a florin," answered the actress.

"Well, then, will you be so kind as to lend me a florin to pay the man with? We have n't any money at all," exclaimed Her Majesty, very soberly.

The next day the Emperor Francis Joseph appeared at the villa, and, handing Madame Wolter a silver florin, said, smilingly, "A good husband always pays his wife's debts." That piece of money, encircled with diamonds, and converted into a brooch, was shown to me by the great Austrian actress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BANQUET WITH SIXTEEN THOUSAND GUESTS AT TABLE, AND A PRIVATE DÉJEUNER PREPARED BY THREE FAMOUS CHEFS.

Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," wrote:

"If we suppose a being from another sphere who derived his conceptions by a purely rational process, without the intervention of the senses, to descend to our world and to inquire into the principles of human nature, I imagine there are few points that would strike him as more anomalous, or which he would be more absolutely unable to realise, than the different estimates in which men hold the pleasures derived from the two senses of tasting and hearing. Under the first is comprised the enjoyment resulting from the action of certain kinds of food on the palate; under the second, the charm of music. Each of these forms of pleasure is natural; each can be greatly heightened by cultivation; in each case the pleasure may be vivid, but is transient, and in neither case do evil consequences necessarily ensue."

There is no denying the fact that eating is conducive to good humour, and it has a surprising effect on the temper of mankind. The worst dinners are those where the wines are badly chosen and served out of turn. I believe in having wine on the table at every meal except the first one of seven o'clock in the morning. The only person who ever benefited by total abstinence was Mr. Burton, of "Pickwick Papers" fame, who is on record as having said that he had discovered, since he gave up drinking gin-and-

water, that his new wooden legs lasted him longer than second-hand ones during the period of his bibulousness.

"The most unique feast of modern times," wrote some one in a comparatively recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, referring to a banquet that was given in the Hall of Knights of the Palace at Berlin, in 1877. But it was hardly the most unique feast of modern times; it seems to me that that praise should be given to the Banquet of Mayors which was eaten at Paris, in 1889, when sixteen thousand persons were seated under the same roof, and were fed from the same *menu* of well-chosen dishes. Of course, in a way, the feast at Berlin may have been unique in this, that there were more Royalties, Highnesses, and Nobles in the Hall of Knights, but we can hardly claim that they were of more importance around the festive board than were those nearly sixteen thousand French mayors with whom I dined in the pleasant month of August, fifteen years ago.

With the exception of about three hundred and fifty special guests, these *maires*, representing as many *communes*, had been invited to Paris to feast at the expense of the State and for the glory of the Republic. The banquet was served in that Palais de l'Industrie of the Champs Élysées which is no longer in existence. It was a quarter past seven o'clock when President Carnot took his place at the head of the *table d'honneur*, and immediately all the sixteen thousand guests rose up and burst into a thunder of applause, while the famous band of the Garde Republicain played the "Marseillaise." Then

seats were resumed, and the serving of the dinner commenced, silently, rapidly, and in the most perfect order. Neither in Homer, in Virgil, nor anywhere else have we read of such a banquet. Our youth has been nourished by hecatombs, yet of what account are stories about one hundred bullocks being roasted; for no ancient barbacue was ever so enormous as this one at Paris, and, rest assured, Gargantua never heard of a feast where tons of mayonnaise sauce were consumed as was the case at this great spread of ours! The service, considering the circumstances, was simply marvellous, and everything went off quite smoothly, all the many thousand feeders getting their *potage* at the same moment, and it was piping hot. After soup came the *hors d'œuvres*, and next the first *plat — truite saumonée*. Then, but each in turn, came roast turkey, *paté de canetons*, *salade Russe*, *soufflés glacés*, *babas à rhum*, *gateaux variés*, followed by dessert. And such a dessert! Why, we ate over twelve thousand peaches that evening! At the end of the banquet only two toasts were drunk, the first being proposed by the President of the Municipal Council, the second by the President of the Republic, who also delivered a political discourse. His speech ended, all the mayors defiled before Mr. Carnot and then betook themselves to the Jardin de Paris for a smoke.

It was no trifling matter, of course, to prepare for such a pantagruelan feast, and, as one may suppose, it necessitated a good deal of thought and work beforehand. Tables to the number of 998 were set in fourteen rows, forming 180 groups, separated by passages nearly three yards in width. The kitchens

were installed on the Cours la Reine side of the building, and never before did I see such enormous *marmites* for soup or such pots for vegetables. With the making of the mayonnaise sauce — an important and delicate operation that must never be hurried — eggs to the number of 4,500 were broken, and it was prepared in three vessels. Other individuals were busy cooking the 2,000 young turkeys, the 3,500 fowls, and the 2,000 ducks for *patés*. Then came the making of the *galantine* and the *filet de bœuf à la gelée*, of which there were 5,550 pounds, and which, with the fish — there were over 5,000 pounds of fresh fish — constituted the most important part of the *menu*. There were 14,000 bottles of *vin ordinaire*, 3,000 bottles of Pomard, 5,000 bottles of Graves, 5,000 bottles of Champagne, 2,000 bottles of Madeira, 7,000 bottles of mineral waters, 2,000 quarts of coffee, and 3,000 carafes of iced water. The finishing touches of this monster feast were put on, two hours before we sat down, in the shape of 16,000 *petits pains*, or bread rolls.

As may well be supposed, a large staff of servants was needed to serve such a "spread.' There were 2,000 waiters, under the orders of 150 *maîtres d'hôtel*, 300 butlers for serving the wines, 125 cooks, and 200 *marmitons* to assist them. The table service included 80,000 plates, 70,000 glasses, 48,000 forks, 32,000 knives, 18,000 table-spoons, and 36,000 teaspoons, and in order to prevent any hitch a reserve supply of two wagon-loads of *couverts* was ready at hand behind the building. If those 80,000 plates had been stacked in a single pile they would have reached to nearly four times as high as the Eiffel Tower.

There are 36,000 *communes* in France, so that it will

be seen that less than half the number of *maires* was present at this banquet. The office of *maire* is decidedly an institution in our sister Republic. He is the intermediary between towns or villages and the State, the defender of the interests of the French peasant, a citizen always to be respected and counted in politics. In some *communes* "Monsieur le Maire" is a labourer, a peasant farmer, a mechanic, a store-keeper, a retired actor, or a wine-maker. Provided that the mayor and his fellow citizens are not worried, that the agents of the Government do not impose obligations contrary to established customs, and that the municipal council is not unduly excited, all goes well, as a rule. The *maires*, such as they are, *bourgeois* or peasants, lawyers or labourers, are elected by the *Conseil Municipal*, which has already been chosen by universal suffrage, and if irritations crop up in certain *communes* they are not of long duration.

Perhaps in no other country than France — and this is to the eternal honour of that country — could such a manifestation of civil equality, supported on the most noble principles of human fraternity, be produced, and if we consider one by one the various countries of Europe, especially those which try to bring republican France into disrepute, we will not find any nation, Switzerland excepted, that could organize such a patriotically homogeneous reunion as that which I am writing of. Brittany dining with Dauphiny, Flanders with the Pyrenees, Burgundy with Normandy, and brilliant Paris giving them all a hearty welcome! It was indeed a grand gathering of good fellows.

When I was leaving New York, to settle in Paris, the president and officers of the French Cook's Society in the former city gave me a letter of introduction to their esteemed *confrères*, the *Chefs* of the French capital, who were also banded together as a sort of fraternal association. Thus introduced, it was my good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of some of the most famous cooks of modern times, and many a toothsome dish was prepared especially for my eating when it was made known in the kitchen of this or that restaurant that I was dining there that day. But the most famous of all the great *chefs* whom I have known were Urban Dubois and Melchior Pattard, and these two, with one other cook, by name Escoffier, once prepared a *déjeuner*, cooked especially for me and my friends, which was, perhaps, the most wonderful that was ever gotten up for any writer.

It was during one of my stays at the Grand Hôtel of Monte Carlo, and just as I was on the point of quitting that earthly paradise one of the proprietors of the hotel, M. Henry Noel, said:

"We should like to give you a simple little *déjeuner* before you go."

I accepted, of course, and it was arranged for three days later, I to invite whom I liked. Then Noel added, smilingly,—

"I'll send word to your friend Maître Dubois, and ask him to come over from Nice, to 'create' a new dish for your delectation."

Now Dubois, as a *chef*, was second to none in the *monde culinaire*, and, although a Frenchman, he had lived for a quarter of a century at Berlin in charge of

the royal and imperial kitchens. When he first went to the Prussian capital William I. was the Prince-Regent, and the latter's son, "Unser Fritz," was away in England taking unto himself as wife, the first-born of Queen Victoria. On the arrival at Berlin of the royal couple it was Dubois and his colleague Bernard who prepared their wedding breakfast. Dubois remained with the Prince and Princess for two years, and then, when William succeeded to his brother's crown, he and Bernard took charge of the royal kitchens of the plain-looking palace which stands in the avenue of the Lindens. In 1886 Dubois' health was not good, and the physician recommended his going to a warmer climate. He sought the Kaiser's presence and tendered his resignation, but the venerable emperor declined to accept it.

"You can go to the Riviera and remain away as long as you like," said the monarch, "but I want you to do so on furlough. You must be my *chef* until I die — that won't be a great while now — and your salary will be sent you regularly every month."

Thus it happened that Maître Dubois was at Nice while I was at Monte Carlo; and the very next day came his letter saying he would gladly "create" a *plat* in my honour. The *chef* of the Grand Hotel at that time was Escoffier, a famous cook who wrote good poetry in his spare hours; he had also published a book giving 365 ways of cooking eggs, or a different one for every day in the year. When he was told about the breakfast, and that Dubois was coming over to prepare an original dish for it, he said that he, too, would "create" something for the occasion.

M. Noel's partner was Melchior Pattard; they had

married sisters, and were now proprietors of the best hotel in Europe. Pattard had been at the head of the imperial kitchens of Alexander II., of Russia. His father was a *maître d'hôtel* at Nice; at eighteen he struck out for himself, went to London, worked in Rothschild's kitchen, learned to cook under a great *chef*, then went into the service of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. Next he cooked for the Russian Ambassador at Munich, and after that entered the service of the Czar, where he had the rank of a captain and the pay of a general. While at St. Petersburg he had no fewer than twenty-five kitchens in the palace to superintend, though they were not all in use at the same time. Pattard, not to be outdone by his old friend and master, Dubois, declared his intention to "create" still another dish for the "simple little breakfast" that Noel was preparing for me.

At eleven o'clock on the day selected ten of us sat down at table, and the *déjeuner* lasted four hours! Among those present were William Dannat, the American painter, MM. Noel, Pattard, and Dubois, and His Highness the Crown Prince of Monaco. While we were eating the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) was at one table of the restaurant with a party, and Dom Pedro, the Ex-emperor of Brazil, was at still another. When he had finished his own *déjeuner*, Dom Pedro came over to our table, at my request, and sat with us for half an hour. The Prince of Wales was obliged to catch a train for Cannes, or he would have come also. Here is the menu:

DÉJEUNER OFFERT À MONSIEUR HENRY HAYNIE

AU GRAND HÔTEL, MONTE CARLO

Le 6 Mars, 1888

Caviar frais d' Astrakan.....Royal Natives
Les Suprêmes de Poularde à la Maintenon.....(Inédit)
Les Homards à la Urbain Dubois.....(Inédit)
Les Doubles rotis : Becasses Coustades à l'Impératrice.....(Inédit)
La Salade Rochelle.....Les Pailles au Parmesan

Les Desserts

VINS :

St. Jullien.....Sauterne (1880).....Château Léoville-Poyffere (1869)
Romanée-Conti (1865).....Johannisberg-Metternich (1858)
Château Margaux (1869) ...Château Yquem (1858)
Grande Fine Champagne (Cognac) of 1811.....Turkish Coffee

The service was looked after by François, the head-waiter, helped by another man *maître d' hôtel*, but it was François who brought in each newly created dish, first to me, then to the others, in a sort of triumphal review. As for their excellence, we discussed that as we ate them. First, immediately after the oysters, came Escoffier's *plat*, a delicious pullet, which was duly disposed of, and my *remercîments* were sent to him in the kitchen, where he was busy preparing a special breakfast for an Eastern Maharajah who was spending money "like a Nabob" in the Riviera at that time. Then François brought in the Dubois "creation." It was arranged and sauced in an absolutely original manner, it was divided into ten parts, and it was eaten in a way not at all original. We overwhelmed Dubois with congratulations, and he himself pronounced it good. Later on he wrote out the recipe, as follows :

Lobsters à la Dubois. — Take a few fresh large mushrooms, cut them up into dice-shaped pieces of good size, and cook them in butter and lemon juice ; cook about half a pound of rice in fish broth, cuisson of mushrooms, and a teaspoonful of paprika in the same way as when making a pilaff. Select four or five small live lobsters and plunge them into boiling water; when they are dead, divide them lengthwise, season them, put them in a saucepan with some very hot olive boil and butter, sprinkle them with a spoonful of paprika, place the pan on a bright fire, wet them with white wine, add a few pieces of fish, and let the liquid boil for seven or eight minutes; next cover the saucepan, set it over a slow fire, and let it simmer for a quarter of an hour. Then drain off all the liquid from the lobsters, remove the meat from the tails and keep them warm while the claws are being cracked. Pass the cuisson in a stew pan, add some spoonfuls of good veloute or sauce blonde, reduce it to the consistency of half jelly, bind it with a liaison à la crême, (the yellow of eggs and cream mixed together,) and finish the sauce with a piece of good butter. At the last moment mix the cooked mushrooms and some *burre à la noisette* with the cooked rice, arrange it in a dome-shaped pile on a large dish, then place the lobster meat on the rice in rosaces, stick the claws and feet upright in the centre, cover all thinly with a little of the sauce, and serve.*

With the disappearance of this *chef d' œuvre* we began to warm up to our work of eating, drinking, and talking simultaneously, doing this in a way worthy of ourselves and of the viands and wines set before us. *A propos*, the menu will show that we did not have any champagne ; it is not a fit drink for *déjeuners*. Again a change of plates, again François came marching in, holding aloft and carefully before him Pattard's original contribution to this midday meal, than which

* Lest this recipe be found in some cook-book, or elsewhere, it is noted here that a copy of it was furnished by me to a culinary journal printed in Paris, and that it was also published soon afterward in an American paper.

Lucullus, or even Uncle Sam Ward, never had a better. With Pattard there was always an artistic side to his profession, and he was a believer in the idea that its power can be measured by the prestige with which it can be surrounded. The luxury and style in which his dish of woodcock made its appearance is simply indescribable, and Maître Dubois was our leader in acclaiming the birds arranged with such skill that the *plat* really entered into the domain of what the French called *l' art positif.*

It was while we were engaged in demolishing and discussing this dish that the Emperor Dom Pedro joined us and listened to the noisy conversation. The Château Léoville had been served with the pullet and the Romanée-Conti and Johannisberg with the lobsters; now we were having the Château Margaux — *quel bouquet! quel bouquet!* — and the Château Yquem of a vintage thirty years before. The Ex-emperor was given a chair and offered both kinds of wine, but he drank of the Yquem only, and most sparingly, but with the appreciation of a connoisseur. The Léoville — one of the grandest second-class wines of the Médoc was of a fine fruity taste, mellow, and abundant flavour. The Romanée-Conti was pronounced excellent by all except myself; I do not care for heavy wines of the Burgundy *crus.* The Johannisberg, selected in compliment of Dubois' venerable master, was celestial, though none was enthusiastic in its praise save Dannat, so the half-empty bottle was left at his side. With this one exception, we all held that the Yquem was quite superior to the nectar which Prince Metternich gets out of the hillside on the Rhine.

Dom Pedro of Brazil

The special *plats* were masterpieces, and the wines of the rarest vintages, but there was another thing of great interest about this daylight banquet, and it was the special conversation between the two famous *chefs* who were seated at table with us. Both were full of choice reminiscences. Dubois told us of his going with the Kaiser Wilhelm to meet the Czar Alexander. The *chef* took with him four French assistants and a dozen German under-cooks as his aids, also a complete set of kitchen utensils. These things and the aids went on the day before, but Dubois travelled with the Emperor and his staff. By and by the train arrived at the place of meeting, where, in the courtyard of the town hall, temporary cooking-ranges had been prepared, and Dubois was asked to get *déjeuner* for seventy persons. All was going well when suddenly an order came to throw eveything away, pack up and move immediately. From fear, the Czar had all at once refused to lunch in that town, hence the order.

"Where are we going?" asked Dubois of the marshal of the palace.

"I know not; put your things in the wagons and follow them," was the reply.

Two hours later the imperial "battery," with the cooks, reached a seaport where there was a large steamer at anchor, and on board this vessel the two Emperors had already arrived. Both were famishing, and so, too, were the staff officers. "Where is the *chef?*" "Where is Maître Dubois?" everybody was shouting. Wilhelm's patience was being sorely tried, while as for Alexander, each footstep seemed that of a Nihilist. Finally the kitchen utensils and the cooks

were sighted, quickly everything was on board, and then the Emperor William sent for his *chef*.

"We are perishing with hunger. How soon can you serve us?" he asked.

"In twenty-five minutes," replied Dubois, and he kept his word. He was congratulating himself when Prince von Bismarck's private waiter rushed into the galley, shouting for brandy for the Chancellor. He had hardly arrived when an aid-de-camp appeared.

"Prince Bismarck wants some cognac. Is there no cognac for His Excellency?" cried the officer.

It so happened that the case of brandy had gone down into the hold with some other things, and no one knew just where it was. Dubois took a lighted candle and with the assistance of three sailors began a search below. Finally he found the right package, and meanwhile two more army officers were shouting down at him to hurry up the Prince's cognac.

"How happened it that you had no brandy in your kitchen?" interrupted Pattard.

"But I did have some; it was far too good for Bismarck," replied the master. We roared with laughter and cheered the *chef's* patriotism.

Then Pattard told us of the *cuisines* in the palace at St. Petersburg.

"I was at the head of twenty-five of them," he said. "Each of these kitchens was supplied every morning with the necessities of the day for all the court. Twenty-five wagons were unloaded in front of twenty-five different kitchens, and the cooks never knew in which the Czar's breakfast or dinner would be prepared until I was informed from the palace three or four hours beforehand. I remember a gala

banquet prepared for a hundred and thirty persons, seated at sixteen tables, the Czar and Czarina with four or five Grand Dukes being at one which stood upon a platform higher than the others.

"While I was superintending the cooking that day several members of the secret police were in the kitchen watching things closely. They looked at everything, smelled of everything, tasted whatever they could, and kept their eyes on all of us. It did not embarrass me in the least, and as the place was very warm I think I stood it better than they did.

In due time all was ready, and with a few last words of instruction to my French aids, I went to put on my uniform. Everybody wears a uniform at the Russian Court. Mine was that of a captain; I carried a sword; and all officers below that rank were obliged to salute me as their superior. The sentinels treated me as an officer in the army.

"My uniform donned, my court sword buckled on, I returned to the kitchen and told the head *maître d'hôtel* that he could inform His Majesty that dinner was ready. It was part of my duty to serve the Czar, so I held dish after dish before him. 'Your Majesty will find this a choice piece,' I would say. 'Do you think so, my friend? Very well, then'—and he would permit me to lay it on his plate. Then I held the dish for the Czarina, and helped her in the same way, after which I handed the dish to a *maître d'hôtel*, who served the Grand Dukes. Meanwhile, the others present were being served by the palace valets. They walked in from the kitchen holding the dishes, no matter how small they were, with both hands, and well out before them, and an officer told each, as

he entered, the number of the table to which he was to proceed; but just as he had got them almost to that table, a *maître d'hôtel* sent him and the dish instantar to quite another one. Everything was served in the Russian style, and as a result the banquet lasted only about an hour and a half. Had it been served in our old-fashioned French way, it would have lasted three hours."

Some one asked Pattard if there were any good Russian cooks, and he replied:

"There are plenty of cooks, but no *chefs*. The Russians will never make first-class cooks; they are good at imitation, but have no imagination, and cannot be depended on because they drink too much. Just when I most wanted one of my Russian assistants, I was apt to find him dead drunk under a kitchen table. While at the palace I had forty-eight splendid French cooks and a *personnel* of about 450 Russians. These last, governed by the lash, made good help, but not otherwise."

We drank the Czar's health, and then Dubois spoke again. "I remember one day I was in the kitchen getting dinner ready for Emperor William, when all of a sudden we heard the hard gallop of cavalry in the street. The Emperor had not yet returned to the Palace, and I said to Bernard, 'I am afraid something serious has happened to His Majesty.' He ran to the window, saw a great crowd coming, and quickly closed the blinds. We were in a state of great excitement when an aid-de-camp dashed in, countermanded the order for dinner, and informed us that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Sovereign. The partly cooked food was sent to a

hospital, and then we learned that the assassin's name was Nöbiling."

We fell to talking about table supplies. Pattard said the best beef for roasting was found in England. Dubois agreed with him, but added that his friend and pupil, Charles Ranhofer, *chef* at Delmonico's in New York, had written him that the beef in America was as good as any in the world, which remark was applauded by both Dannat and myself. It was agreed that the best mutton was found in England and the best veal in France. Then Dubois startled us with a confession.

"I am," said he, "from Marseilles. I was born there, and I am fond of *bouillabaisse*. I say in one of my cook-books that the best *bouillabaisse* can only be made with fish caught off Marseilles; but that is not true. I have lately found out that the best fish for *bouillabaisse* are caught between Nice and Monte Carlo."

It occurred to me that Lady Harriet St. Claire had declared in her cook-book, then only recently published, that "almost any kind of fish may be used in making *bouillabaisse*," and so I told Dubois what she said. He shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Ask her if almost any kind of birds will make a pigeon-pie." Presently he told us that his friend Ranhofer once sent him a barrel of American oysters to Berlin. "I sent some in to the old Emperor on the half shell, off the ice, and presently an aid-de-camp came to say the Kaiser wanted to see me.

"'Pray what kind of oysters are these, Monsieur le Chef?' he asked.

"'American oysters, Your Majesty; some that were

sent me from New York.' He tasted one carefully, then he tried another. 'Really, they are very good,' he remarked, and he ate at least a dozen. Next day I made some oyster pattiés, following Ranhofer's instructions, and the Emperor pronounced them delicious. In fact he was so fond of those American oysters that I wrote over to Charles to send some more. But the next barrel did not arrive in good condition, and His Majesty would never try them a third time."

We asked if the Sovereign ever visited his kitchens, and the *chef* replied:

"Very seldom, but now and then the Empress would bring her dinner guests to see us. Usually these people were rather curious, and said all sorts of silly things. However, I shall never forget one *grande dame* who came with the Emperor to see us. She was a French Princess, and when His Majesty told her my name she said, smiling most graciously, 'So you are Monsieur Dubois!' I bowed, and said, 'And this is Monsieur Bernard,' presenting my colleague. 'Then permit me to shake hands with both of you as my excellent compatriots.' She chatted with us for a while, and when she was gone it seemed to us as though the sun of our beloved country, which had been for a few minutes over us, had suddenly been obscured."

In my library is an exquisite volume with the title of "La Patisserie d' Aujourd'hui" which bears the name and autograph of my old friend Dubois as its author. It is a book that is a pleasure to the eye, as well as a charm to the palate. I cannot analyse its

contents; I can only praise them here. How could any one ever pass in review the numerous pastries, choice cakes, marvellous bonbons, unctuous and perfumed preserves that it tells about? In it I read of pineapple fritters, Sicilian biscuits, Oriental blancmange, and Andalusian bombs; of fried snowballs, *mousseline brioches*, caramels, raspberried charlottes, iced cabbage, whipped creams, crescent crusts, *croquettes*, *croquantes*, and *croquembouches;* of sliced oranges, custards of black myrtilles, cookies *aux marrons du Périgord*, tarts, tartlettes, and *talmouses;* of *timbales à la Colbert*, many kinds of ices, and sweet puffs *à la Périgneux*, — that is to say, powdered with grated chocolate, in skilful imitation of that rustic red earth which covers odorous truffles.

In this epicurean litany, penned by Maître Dubois, dishes succeed to dishes as verses succeed verses in a book of poems, and yet those wonderful pastries could never make me quite forget the home dainties which, in my boyhood days, mother and grandma used to make with such touching solicitude. My boyhood days! that was indeed a long while ago, when there was 'coon hunting, and the gathering in of nuts to be dried on the roof of the low woodshed. Time and work have thrown a sort of snow over my head, but the heart that beats below is still young and steady; the golden grain which grows in the field of hope is as encouraging as ever; and God has blessed me almost beyond measure with a wife who is the comforting friend, and children who are the joy, of my declining years.

THE END.

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